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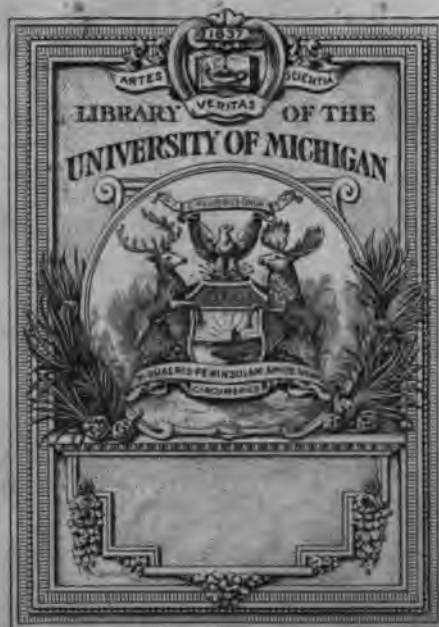
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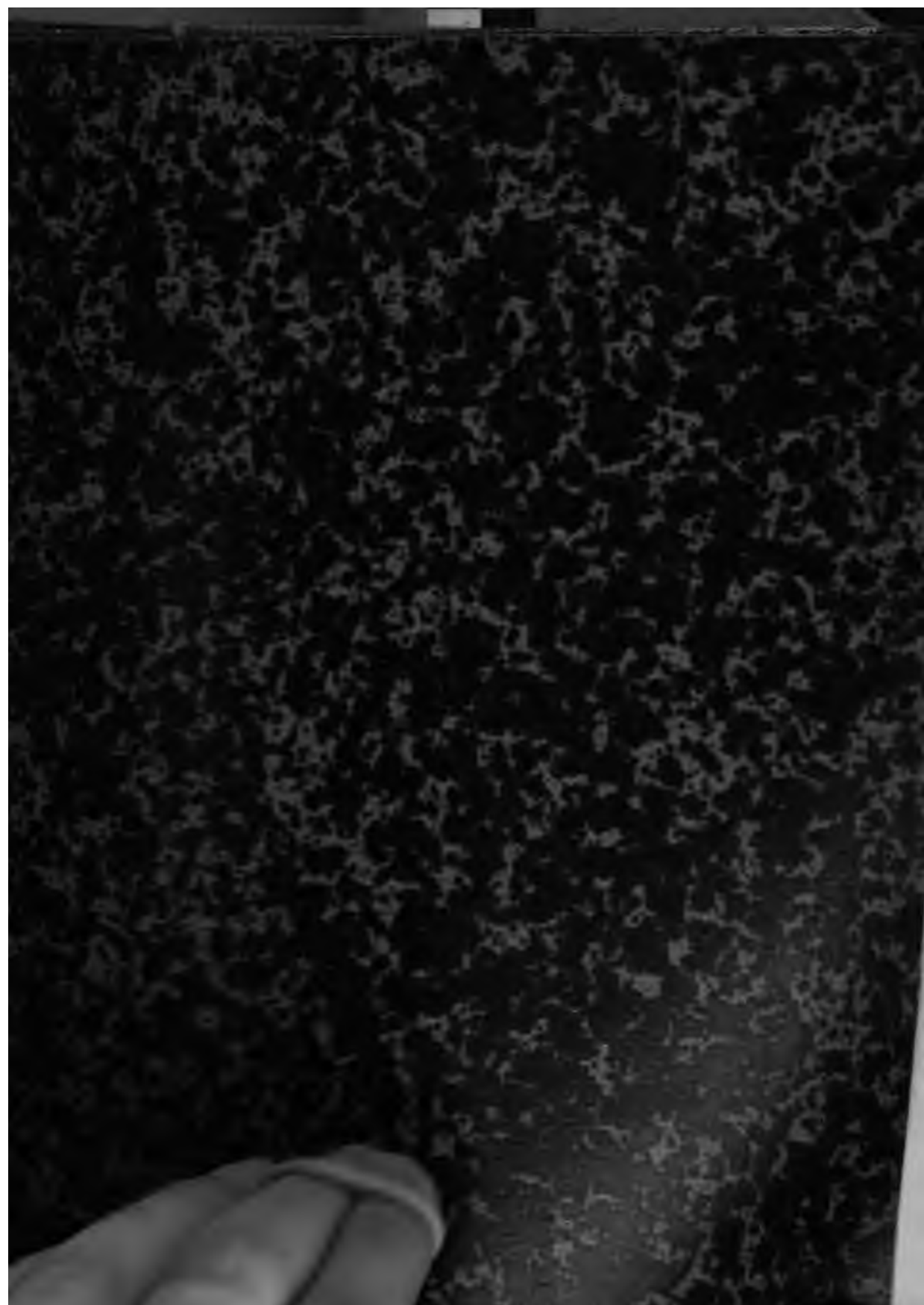
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MAGAZINE
OF
AMERICAN HISTORY
WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB

VOL. XXIV

JULY—DECEMBER, 1890

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VOL. XXIV

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YOU will for the next half hour, dear readers, graciously consider yourselves under kingly rule.

The step backward will be comparatively easy, as you have not of late escaped being well drilled in whatever concerns the century since 1789; and you need not pause in crossing the troubled waters of the Revolution, since you have measured their depths long ere this. You are invited into a field that has the advantage of newness, few writers having attempted to scale the wall which fences our nationality from the near beyond—except for material to illustrate the war. I have no such purpose in view. For once politics will be entirely ignored and, with the causes leading to and the various events resulting in American independence, relegated temporarily to the school-boy.

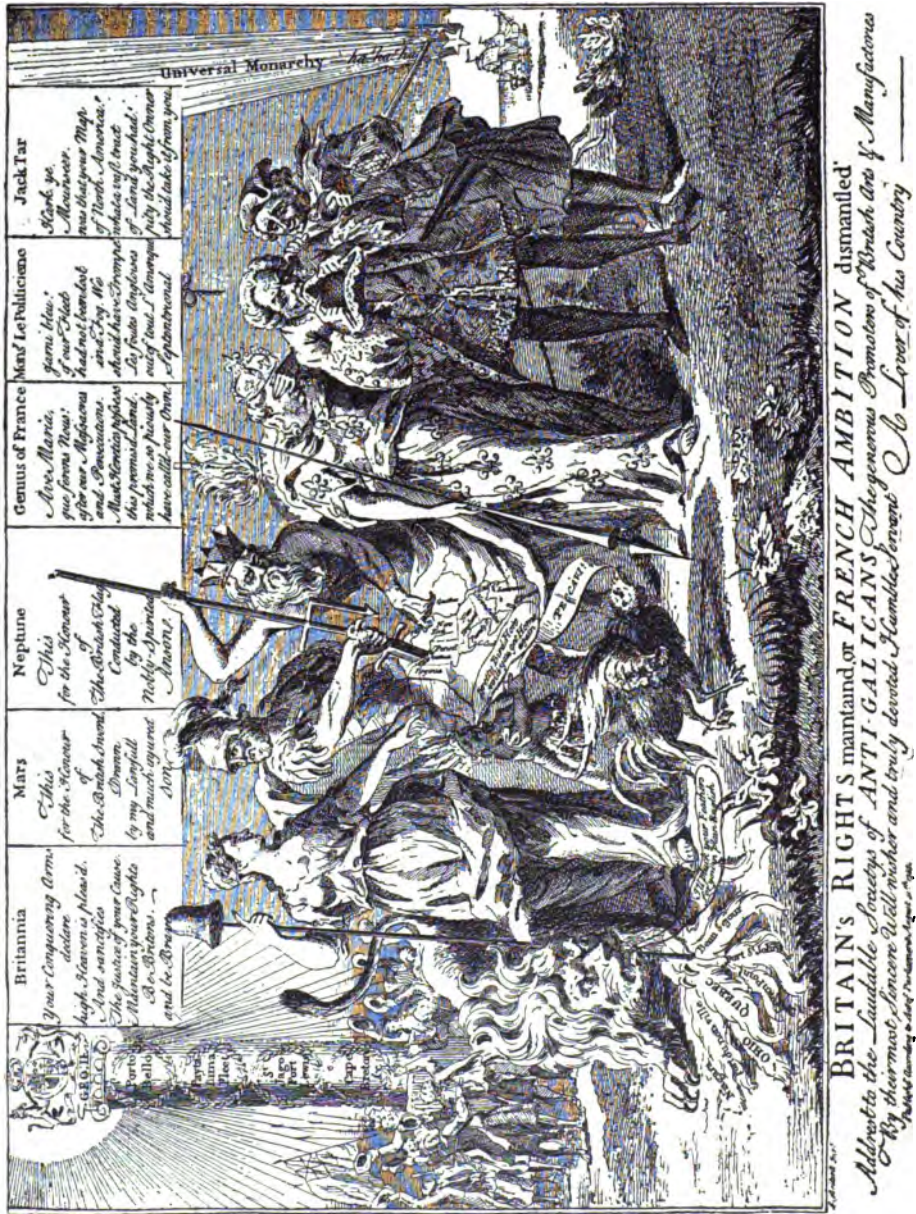
Our present concern is with certain situations and phases of actual life in New York a little before the cloud-burst which deluged the country with battles.

You are admonished not to look with modern eyes and notions upon the picture I shall sketch. You are supposed to be within the charmed confines of a former age. The future is not revealed to you. The scenes you contemplate are those which actually exist at the time, and you are without any possible knowledge of coming events. No one whom you meet will venture to predict—unless ready for incarceration as a lunatic—that the day will ever arrive when an audience assembled in a stately hall four or five miles above the Battery, in New York, can listen to the music of an opera in progress in Albany, or to “Yankee Doodle” played on a violin in Boston.

The expression or term “The Golden Age of Colonial New York” has been generally understood to refer to a period about the middle of the eighteenth century. Judge Jones pins it to the year 1752, saying: “The

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UNIVERSAL MONARCHY CARICATURED IN 1755, LONDON, ENGLAND.

[Published by act of Parliament.]

colony was extending its trade, encouraging the arts and sciences, and cultivating its lands. Great Britain was at peace with the world. New York was in its happiest state; all discord had ceased, parties were forgotten and animosities forgiven. We had no foreign or domestic enemy." But we know that those fair skies were presently overcast, and that England and France were soon fighting again on our soil, more determined than ever each to conquer the other. Not until 1763 did they agree upon final terms of peace. Then came the Stamp Act and its riotous and disastrous consequences. Immediately after the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766, New York began to hold up her head in self-gratulation, and took her first real holiday in domestic tranquillity. It was then that money commenced to flow in all sorts of channels, and riches, long hoarded, came into prominent view. Houses were built with the rapidity of magic, so to speak, industries bristled with new life, merchants patched extensions upon their warehouses or built new ones, everything old was mended, and fresh paint took a mad race through the length and breadth of the town. Improvements of a public character were projected—in no instance lacking for funds; and in less than two years four expensive churches were erected and as many as three others extensively enlarged. By this time colonial New York was really in her brightest blaze of glory, and the three or four years following 1766 may well be designated the "Golden Age." For the grouping in the present picture I have chosen the year 1768.

As we enter the New York of that date, let us pause a moment on the threshold for a preliminary view. We seem to have come to an odd-looking, overgrown village. The principal street, Broadway, has been opened only to Reade street—beyond which are gardens and green fields—but it is beautified with rows of luxuriant shade-trees on each side through its entire length, and it is kept scrupulously clean. The other streets are short and irregular, although not so crooked as the streets of Boston. There is one street however which has a very remarkable bend, about which we hear romantic stories. It was laid out, they say, by the city cows. In passing back and forth to their pastures they avoided eminences and other obstructions like sensible cows, by going round them. The earliest road that was projected in that direction followed the cow-path. The street is only that old road exaggerated. We find the town full of reminiscence, for the New York of 1768 is already over a hundred and fifty years old. When we ask why there is such a curious display of big and little buildings—such a jumble of churches, fashionable dwellings, markets, blacksmith shops, stores, taverns, and great warehouses—a negro butler of

ready information replies: "Dat am 'cause it were built wid so many languages: da got all mixed up, an' couldn't 'spress de distances in up an' down to be understandable to each oder."

As we look closer the prospect becomes more distinct. The houses do not all stand with the gable end to the street, as some historians would have us believe. There are several antique mansions of costly character, the building materials for which were imported, and there are numerous later homes modeled from the best domestic architecture of Europe. On the western side of Broadway is the city hotel, an immense structure, formerly the dwelling-house of the De Lancey family, which has a spacious hall where dancing assemblies, concerts, and famous banquets are given, and which commands from its rear windows and balconies one of the finest views known of the Hudson river. Trinity church is just below, separated from the sidewalk by a painted picket-fence, and presenting a quaint semi-circular chancel to the street. From its rear rises a famous steeple one hundred and fifty feet high. Wall street, in front of Trinity church, connects Broadway with the East river, the first object of note seen in it being the stately stone-steepled Presbyterian church bronzed with the smoke of half a century, effectively guarding a little grave-yard between its entrance and the sidewalk. Below Trinity, in Broadway, is a small structure that but for a queer belfry would never pass for a house of worship to stranger eyes. Yet it is the Lutheran church, almost three-score and ten years old. Back of it is the English school established by Trinity, and opposite is the school-house of W. Elphinstone, one of the most accomplished teachers in the city.

From here to the Bowling Green (on the west side) Broadway is lined with a superior class of private dwellings. Some of these have stately aspect, as for instance the two built together with one front belonging to the Van Cortlandts of Kingsbridge, illustrated in a former article in this magazine; that of John Stevens next below, whose wife is the sister of Lord Stirling; and the home of Judge Robert R. Livingston of the supreme court, whose brilliant sons and daughters (the older ones are already leaders in society) form a merry and interesting household; his son Robert R., the future chancellor, is now twenty-two years of age and is paying court to the lovely daughter of his next-door neighbor, John Stevens. The Watts and the Kennedy mansions, standing side by side, are as effective in style as any houses of the period on this continent. The parlors of the latter are fifty feet long, opening upon a rear piazza large enough for a cotillion party, and the dining-room is gorgeously magnificent in its appointments. The grounds of all these Broadway houses extend

to the river's edge, and are cultivated in terraces and filled with fruits and flowers. The household servants are chiefly negro slaves, and the manner of living is in strict accord with the aristocratic notions of the age.

The eastern side of Broadway is occupied with a variety of small houses and stores—but looking north from the Bowling Green we see little else save the grand old shade-trees leaning toward each other from both sides of the way almost forming an arch overhead, crowned by the steeples of Trinity and the Wall-street church.

Fort George at the Bowling Green is a special attraction silently assuring us that it can mount sixty cannon on short notice for the defense of the harbor. It contains what foreigners call "the palace of the governor." Sir Henry Moore now resides here, and maintains the same forms in his domestic arrangements that are customary among the men of his class in England. His table is supplied constantly with the choicest dishes, which are served with as much ceremony as under any nobleman's roof. The office of the secretary of the province is near the gate of the fort, and in front of the Bowling Green, on the east, is the residence of Sir Edward Pickering, baronet.

Whitehall street contains numerous dwellings of the better class; this quarter is considered the court end of the town. The home of Hon. David Clarkson is upward of twenty-five years old, and is called by the newspapers "an ornament to the city!" Its works of art, extensive library, costly china, and silver plate are choice importations from Europe. The fine homes in Dock street, the southern part of Queen (later Pearl) street, are quite pretentious in appearance, with deep balconies overlooking the bay. Hugh Wallace, one of the counselors of the governor, lives here, and no one gives better dinners or more popular entertainments. He and his brother Alexander married sisters of Isaac Low, whose house is also here, and the families are on terms of great intimacy. John Adams describes Isaac Low as "a gentleman of fortune, and in trade, whose wife is a beauty." At the corner of Dock and Broad streets is the old Fraunces tavern, now kept by Bolton & Sigell, under the sign of the "Queen's Head," who announce that "gentlemen may depend on receiving the best of usage. Dinners and public entertainments provided at the shortest notice. Breakfasts in readiness from 9 to 11 o'clock. Jellies in the greatest perfection, also rich and plain cake sold by the weight."

Broad street is extremely pleasant, its shade almost as refreshing as that of Broadway, and the most of its houses are large and roomy. The ancient town-house of Robert, third proprietor of Livingston manor, is here. His brother Peter Van Brugh Livingston lives in Princess street,

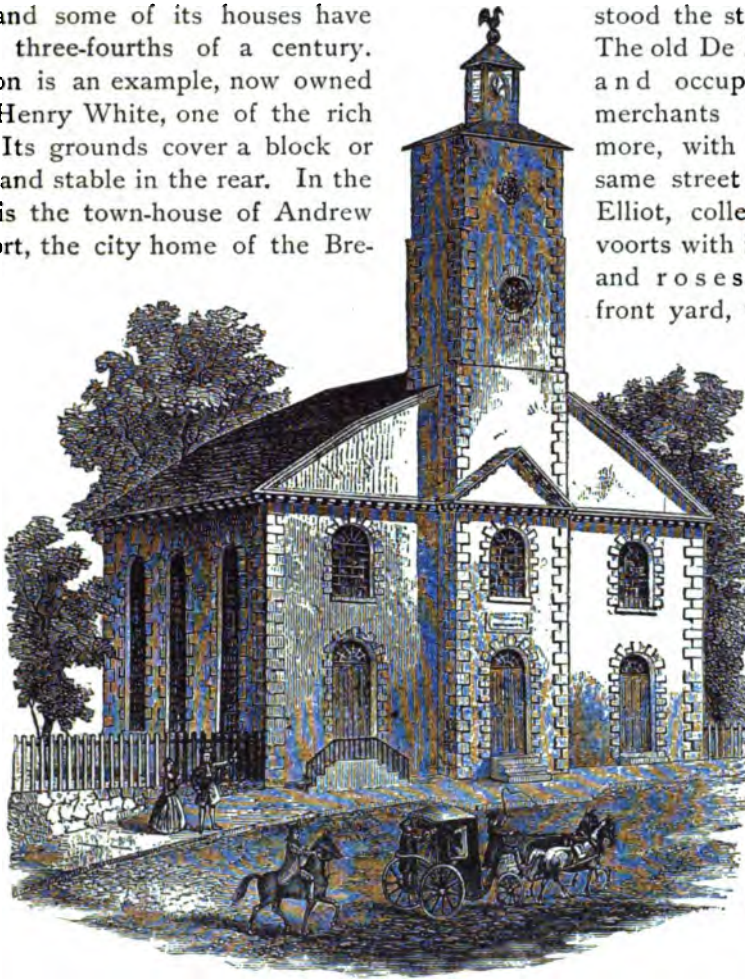
close by; his brother Philip Livingston, whom you do not yet know as the "signer," since there has been nothing remarkable to sign, lives in Duke street, and his daughter, the wife of the young patroon, Stephen Van Rensselaer, is visiting him; another brother, John Livingston, who has married a De Peyster, lives handsomely in Pearl street, and still another brother, William Livingston, a leading lawyer and politician, lives in Pine street. Lord Stirling's home is a great, hospitable-looking mansion in Broad street, alongside the residence of General Gage, commander-in-chief of the army. The wife of Lord Stirling is the sister of these numerous Livingston brothers, and Peter Van Brugh Livingston's wife is Lord Stirling's sister. Robert Cambridge Livingston, whose middle name is adopted as a distinction from having graduated at Cambridge University, England, lives in Dock street, among the grandees; his next-door neighbor is Robert Gilbert Livingston, grandson of Gilbert, second son of the founder of Livingston manor, whose sister Catharine is the wife of John Reade, for whom Reade street is named.

The house of Augustus Van Horne fronts Princess street. The Lawrences and the Ludlows are his neighbors. There are plenty of little stores and workshops everywhere, and the Garden-street church, just out of Broad street, in Garden alley, seems to be trying to look them severely out of countenance for their temerity. When this church was built, seventy-five years ago, it was in the middle of a beautiful garden, laid out with bordered walks and fragrant with many flowers. It is oblong in shape, and on the panes of glass in its windows are the coats of arms of the principal families who have from time to time worshiped within its walls. The tower is so large that the consistory meets in it. Business has crept very near it now, and "cross-cut saws, door locks, Dutch tea-kettles, brass scales, chamber bellowses, and beer mugs," hang out as signs, totally devoid of reverence.

Hanover square is the principal business centre. Many good families occupy rooms over the stores. On the corner of Sloat lane, in Hanover square, is the very handsome home of Gerard W. Beekman. His brother, James Beekman, has recently built the fine country mansion on the East river, four miles from town. The sister of these Beekmans is the wife of William Walton, who built in 1752 the princely dwelling in Franklin square, at the end of the Queen street road. It is English in design and its walls as substantial as those of modern churches, while its gardens extend to the East river. The lower part of Queen street (before we reach that portion called Dock street) is dotted with elegant-looking mansions and shaded with fine trees. This street was built up much earlier than Broad-

way, and some of its houses have nearly three-fourths of a century. mansion is an example, now owned Hon. Henry White, one of the rich city. Its grounds cover a block or house and stable in the rear. In the away is the town-house of Andrew the port, the city home of the Bre-

stood the storms of The old De Peyster and occupied by merchants of the more, with coach-same street not far Elliot, collector of voorts with its lilies and roses in the front yard, that of



THE GARDEN-STREET CHURCH, BUILT 1693.

the mayor, Whitehead Hicks, who has married the only daughter of John Brevoort, the great square house of Elias Desbrosses, and the unique dwelling with a peaked roof of one of the Van Zandtts.

Wall street is just beginning to be considered the choicest place for private residences, and property has taken a bound upward in value. The Marstons have built a large double brick house there, the Van Horns are outdoing them in architectural display, and Charles McEvers lives in a gorgeous new mansion corner of William street—his wife is a Verplanck,

one of the heirs of the Damen estate which a hundred years ago consisted of a flourishing farm covering the whole distance between Wall street and Maiden lane. Samuel Verplanck is building a large house near the city hall, on the old property, and the Cuylers, Startins, Roosevelts, and other people of fashion have moved into the street. The two lofty churches cast their shadows over all, and the lordly officers of the government pass in and out of the capitol building of the colony, investing the locality with great dignity and interest. An unsightly object at the foot of Wall street is hidden from view by the handsome trees. For more than half a century a slave-mart has existed, where the traffic in negroes has been as conspicuous from day to day as the buying and selling of potatoes. It is on record that in 1762 the Wall-street residents heroically complained of this slave-mart as a public nuisance. But the good people never thought of asking that it should be abolished! They simply petitioned for its removal to some other part of the city.

The first newspaper you take up contains the following advertisement: "New negroes; men, women, boys and girls; just imported. To be sold, cheap for cash. By James Sackett, in the main street, near the Fly Market."

Wall street divested of this blemish is irresistibly fascinating. Its signs of promise in 1768 are not remarkable—there is no suggestion of its prospective overleaping its natural limits to plant towns, cities, and railroads in every part of the continent. But it touches the past. We can almost see the brush fence marking its site, built in the previous century to keep the bears and Indians out of the pastures below, where the cattle grazed, and which stood for nine years, until the wooden wall took its place from which the street was named. These reminiscences serve to convince us that the world moves—that nothing stands still. For many decades all there was of the little city of New York lay between this wall and the Battery, and it was during that period that Mr. Houghton, from the platform of the New York Historical Society at one of its late meetings, conducted his audience through the streets of New York on foot, to prove in the most conclusive manner that carriages were then an unnecessary extravagance.

Great changes have indeed occurred. The city has pushed over the wall, leaped its site, and spread fully as far to the north as its extent south of Wall street. From one of the tall steeples you can see its outline to the north marked by four church edifices, standing like ecclesiastical outposts on the frontiers—St. George's chapel, in Beekman street; the New Brick church, first opened at the beginning of 1768, opposite the green, or "in-

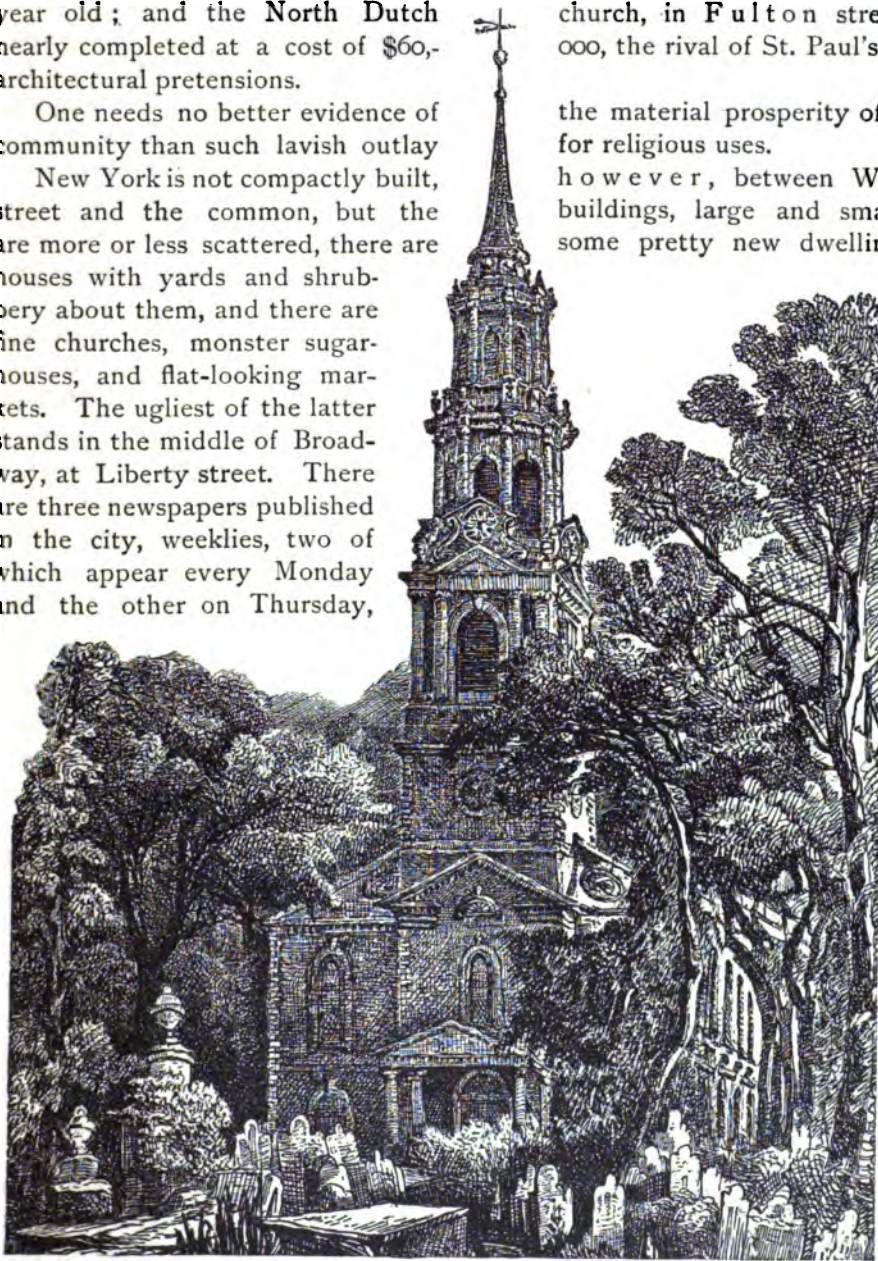
tended common," at Beekman street ; St. Paul's chapel, in Broadway, one year old ; and the North Dutch church, in Fulton street, nearly completed at a cost of \$60,000, the rival of St. Paul's in architectural pretensions.

One needs no better evidence of community than such lavish outlay

New York is not compactly built, street and the common, but the are more or less scattered, there are houses with yards and shrubbery about them, and there are fine churches, monster sugar-houses, and flat-looking markets. The ugliest of the latter stands in the middle of Broadway, at Liberty street. There are three newspapers published in the city, weeklies, two of which appear every Monday and the other on Thursday,

the material prosperity of a for religious uses.

however, between Wall buildings, large and small, some pretty new dwelling-



THE NORTH DUTCH CHURCH, IN FULTON STREET.

each containing (so they announce) "the *freshest* advices, foreign and domestick." The city of 1768 has one theatre, a little red wooden building in John street, and it has a college "for the study of polite literature." This seat of learning arrests our attention. It is called King's college and it is the pride of the town. It stands on the shore of the Hudson, between Murray and Barclay streets, surrounded by a wide stretch of picturesque pastoral scenery. The structure is only about one-third of its intended size, and, in the language of a contemporary, "is an elegant stone edifice, three complete stories high, with four staircases, twelve apartments in each story, a chapel, a hall, a library, a museum, an anatomical theatre, and a school for experimental philosophy."

A high fence surrounds the building, inclosing also a large court and garden. A porter attends at the front gate, which is locked at nine o'clock at night in the winter and ten in the summer, after which hour the names of all those who come in are duly reported to the president. All students except those of medicine are obliged to lodge and diet in the college unless they are particularly exempted by the president.

The matter of college *diet* becomes interesting with the actual bill of fare in hand, prepared by the college faculty. The learned Dr. George H. Moore has recently published it entire in a brochure on *Columbia College*, and it is appetizing to note that tea or coffee and bread-and-butter are served to the young men every morning for breakfast, that they have roast beef and pudding for dinner on Sundays, corned beef and mutton pye for dinner on Thursdays, and fish on Saturdays, with dishes equally distracting to scholars on the other days of the week. Suppers the year round are of bread-and-butter and possibly cheese—or *the remainder of dinner*.

The pupils of this new college are instructed in mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy, geography, history, chronology, rhetoric, natural law, physic, logic, ethics, metaphysics, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, modern languages, belles-lettres, and whatever else tends to accomplish them as gentlemen. Annexed to the college is a grammar school for the preparation of those who wish to take a full course. The medical department announces in the newspapers a course of anatomical lectures for the current year, the first part exhibiting "the system of Dry Bones." This is probably the first introduction of *dry bones* into a lecture course.

We are just in time to attend the annual commencement exercises of the college on May 17, 1768. It is a legal holiday—business is suspended throughout the city. The morning dawns with fair skies and the atmosphere is cool and beguiling. Handsomely dressed people are out early,

gentlemen in black satin small-clothes, white or yellow embroidered satin vests, and velvet or cloth coats of every color in the rainbow. Their shoes are fastened with gorgeous buckles and their heads crowned with powdered wigs and cocked hats. It is a noteworthy fact to be remembered that gentlemen in going to dinners or the theatre in full dress often carry their hats in their hands in order not to disturb their curls—but they are generally on their heads in the morning. The ladies are ornamental in their attire, but it is an age when they do not surpass the gentlemen. They wear the richest of silks and satins of brightest colors, the court hoop is in vogue, and the hair and the hat rise on the top of the head to a marvelous height.



Myles Cooper

The centre of attraction this morning is St. Paul's chapel, recently finished in the most expensive and ornate manner. It is filled with an intensely fashionable and appreciative audience. The streets along the line of the procession are thronged early. Finally the college gate swings ajar, and the president, the professors, and the students appear, all in their robes, and march solemnly with measured step through Murray street—a mere country road and a trifle dusty—which has a grassy pathway on one side, and turning into Broadway the procession passes down under the row of trees in full leaf to St. Paul's. The young president of the college, Rev. Myles Cooper, looks hardly thirty-three, but that is his exact age. He was sent over from England six years ago to assist the aged Dr. Johnson, first president of the institution, and the following year, Dr. Johnson resigning, he was installed president. He had been chosen by the sagacious and accomplished prelate, Archbishop Secker, who considered him very bright and promising. He had already received the degree of master of arts from Oxford university, in England, where he had won a fine reputation for classical learning. He from the first took a spirited interest in the affairs of the young college, and won the esteem and confidence of the older professors and of the clergy of the city. Before his coming, however, while he was on the ocean, consternation seized the governors of the college with a fatal grip, for the new professor was not only a very young man, but a *bachelor*. Therefore they added this codicil to their code of laws: "Resolved, that no woman, on

any pretext whatever (except a cook), be allowed to reside within the college for the future, and that those who are now there be removed as soon as conveniently may be."

Judging from the portrait of President Cooper which adorns the library of the New York Historical Society, the precaution may not have been overwhelmingly necessary. But if not dangerously handsome, the young president was witty, well-informed, and something of a poet. Before coming to America he had written all sorts of verses—including some very dull stanzas on sacred themes—and printed a volume which he circulated among his friends. He was socially inclined, and an active member of a literary club which mixed up a little literature with a great deal of hilarity.

The graduates at this commencement interest us. Benjamin Moore comes first, a fine-looking youth of twenty, who is to distinguish himself in the years to come as rector of Trinity church, bishop of the diocese, and president of this very college. Gouverneur Morris follows, a tall stripling of sixteen, whose sense of humor combined with perfect self-confidence renders his features a curious study. He has a natural gift for declamation, which in part accounts for his having been chosen to deliver the graduating address for the class. It is entitled "Wit and Beauty," and it wins immense applause, despite its Latinisms and stilted phrases and the fact that no one present suspects him as a possible candidate for future greatness. John Stevens is the next in order; age nineteen; walks erect, with eyes drooping as if in deep thought; he is the son of John Stevens, whose house we have seen in lower Broadway, and is destined to pass into history as one of the great inventors of the age. Gulian Verplanck, of the same age as Stevens, belongs to one of the oldest families in the city, whose ancestral acres north of Wall street have already been mentioned. There are honors in store for him in public affairs. James Ludlow is his chum, a thin, graceful, blue-eyed youth of tranquil manners, who belongs to another family of age and influence, descended from the oldest gentry in Great Britain. One of the Ludlows, Carey, has just bought a lot in State street, fifty-two feet front, extending through to Pearl street in the rear, for which he has paid some \$5,000, and wishing to beautify the locality before building his contemplated mansion, has ordered three hundred trees planted along the street and on the Battery. The oldest member of the class is Peter Van Schaack, something over twenty-one. He is the hero of a pretty romance, having been privately married during his junior year in college to Elizabeth, the beautiful daughter of Henry Cruger, greatly to the annoyance of both

families when the fact became known. There was no objection to the young man, who possessed elements that were to develop him into a successful lawyer; and the wrath that was kindled finally burned out, and the bridal pair obtained full pardon. Charles Doughty, a promising scholar, and John Beardsley, who is preparing for the ministry, complete the list. Beardsley receives the degree of M.A., as do two of the graduates of 1765—Egbert Benson, the first president of the New York Historical Society, and Robert R. Livingston, the future chancellor.

The degree of M.D. is conferred by the president on the professors of medicine in the college—Peter Middleton one of the famous physicians of his generation, Samuel Clossy, John Jones, who won celebrity as a surgeon in the French war and will figure later on as the physician of Washington, and Samuel Bard who, fresh from the study of medicine in Europe, in 1767 founded this school of medicine. In these modest beginnings there is no possible forecast of what will be said in 1890, that "more men are studying medicine and the hundred sciences in New York than in any other two cities of our country combined." Two elegant silver medals are brought in and publicly presented to Benjamin Moore and Gouverneur Morris by the literary society.

When the exercises in the church are concluded the scene changes. The homes of the families and friends of the graduates are enlivened with dinner-parties, and the walls echo to the music of sweet song and merry laughter. Dinner-giving is one of the fine arts of this period, and a popular form of entertainment in New York. Guests are bidden with discriminating care; there is no mixing of classes. The old families who for more than a century have furnished the colony with military, social, and political leaders, and who are conscious that they are of the best blood of Europe, form a proud, polished, and powerful aristocracy. There are stupendous feuds existing among them, generally between relatives, inherited and fostered, and there are fierce rivalries in politics and religion; but everybody knows who is who. Democratic theories are prevalent and singularly contagious; but even these are discussed with the greatest vehemence in the midst of the most lavish display—at dinner-tables spread with the choicest viands, where costly wines flow free and fast, and where the etiquette of foreign courts is copied more nicely than we are wont to suppose. Some of these New York banquets present the most effective groupings of brilliant people that any country (in 1768) affords. Nearly all the clerical characters of the time are men of profound learning, and mingle with the dignity, youth, and beauty of the colonial capital at official and private dinners and at social parties.

But private life has not yet become public property. Society reporters do not stand at the doors trying to catch bits of table-talk, or a new style of dressing the hair, with which to fill their next day's column in the newspaper. You may accept the most delightful hospitalities, meet possibly the scion of some royal family from over the water, and always men of genius and science, statesmen and heroes, with ladies gifted and beautiful, and never find the least mention of it in the next issue of either of the three flourishing weekly newspapers of the city! But in the small corner of one of them, devoted to the "*freshest domestick* news" for the entire week, we discover this item: "Last Wednesday evening one Barnaby Gantz, tavern-keeper in this city, aged upwards of 60, in going to draw a mug of cyder in his cellar, unhappily fell down stairs and dashed his brains out."

Public festivities are chronicled in the newspapers of 1768, especially where there is dancing, although not in any detail. The following mentions illustrate the custom of the times: "Samuel Fraunces has opened the Vauxhall gardens where tea, coffee, mead, and cake, are furnished for guests; he has also a collection of wax-figures, ten in number, to be seen at the cost of 4 shillings for each person." "At the Ranelagh gardens (at the end of Broadway above Reade street) during the summer is given a concert of vocal and instrumental music. The vocal parts by Mr. Woolls and Miss Wainwright (of John's street theatre). Fire works under the direction of two Italians. This entertainment to be given every Monday and Thursday evenings during the season."

As *Domestick News* we also find chronicled an exhibition by Abraham Van Dyck, at his house in Broadway (site of the Astor House), "where may be seen a beautiful animal just arrived, called the Leopard; he is adorned with very neat and different spots, black and white, has large sparkling eyes, and long whiskers on both sides of his jaws." Van Dyck is evidently a showman, for he advertises other animals to be exhibited at same time, and soon after describes a cow, "six feet high and eleven feet long," which can be seen at his place. He assures the public there is no danger from the leopard, "as he is well secured with a chain." But from his silence on the subject it is presumed he expects no one will be afraid of a cow, even of such marvelous dimensions. This is probably "the greatest show on earth"—in 1768.

The dancing assembly is advertised to begin in November at Burns', meaning the city hotel in Broadway, "and is to be continued once a fortnight during the season." It is what the people call "a polite affair," the managers being well-known society men; their names are Thomas Walton,

Gabriel H. Ludlow, and John Reade. The news-carrier takes the lead in versification. We cannot forbear giving one example :

“ This day is arrived, on the pinions of time,
And brings you my annual present of rhyme,
A present which no other value pretends
But to show my respect to my patron and friends.”

While such items furnish an insignificant view of matters about town, there is no current publication that gives the slightest clew to what is going



THE METHODIST PREACHING-HOUSE IN JOHN STREET, BUILT 1768.*

on within the stately homes. Records of real life—which is not mere lapse of years, spiced with quarrels and mixed with trade—can only be found in family and other correspondence, in documents that possess the illuminating properties of electric lamps, and in out-of-the-way places not easily accessible. The newspaper advertisements reveal what is in the market in the way of furniture and dry goods; at nearly every auction sale there appears to be “ mahogany chairs, tables, sconces and dressing-glasses; and a variety of curious china and fashionable plate.” Not infrequently choice

* Copied by permission from the picture in *Lost Chapters Recovered from the Early History of Methodism*, published by Wilbur B. Ketcham.

pictures and elegant books are announced, or a complete table service in silver. The importations of the merchants, elaborately chronicled, show what kinds of stuffs are used for wearing apparel. The brightest of colors take the lead. Satins are brocaded in bunches of silver and gold flowers in large patterns, and the costliest laces are displayed. One order sent to England by a lady living in Whitehall street is for "twenty-four yards of bright blue satin, and a fashionable winter cloak of crimson satin." A jeweler advertises "watches, trinkets, mettle buttons and buckles of various kinds, and a good assortment of womens' black and white satten and brocade shoes, and velvet and silk clogs." And to confirm the actual coming in of the quaint fashion of colored shoes, a young lady writes of having received the gift of two pairs of shoes from a friend in Europe, "one of which is of dark maroon, embroidered with gold, the other white embroidered with pink." A London hair-dresser and peruke-maker announces that he is "master of the new mode, lately invented in London, of making wigs that shall not need dressing for six months." The ladies are less fortunate, as their own hair is wrought into the complicated wiggish structure in some mysterious way. One letter written by a New York belle recites her experiences in trying to keep her hair dressed for three weeks, for two occasions of importance that distance of time apart, and there is nothing more amusing in the language than her account of how she obtained her sleep in an arm-chair.

The famous British officer, Col: Henry Boquet, visited New York in 1765, three years before ourselves, and writes to a friend: "Married ladies in New York go constantly to the Assembly, and the girls don't Cherokee their hair. Therefore there are more manners and better taste in New York than at Philadelphia. The men drink better wine in general, and never make you drink more than you chuse—by which indiscreet behavior many get themselves drunk. For the wine is strong and some heads very weak. Upon the whole New York is the best town."

Next to the great memorial lords in importance are the leading merchants of New York. Representatives of the landed gentry are in numerous instances enrolled among the latter. We can see how an element of mercantile strength opens every avenue of thrift and paves the way for the supply of every human want. Men are developed and made better by taking their lots and places in the tasks, enterprises, temptations, and vicissitudes of life, working their way, not only that civilization may be extended and Christianity strengthened, but that they themselves may represent a more perfect type of manhood. It is interesting to trace the movements of the merchants in this "golden age," this "noon of colonial

empire," and note the formation of the first mercantile society in America. Its object is for "encouraging commerce, supporting industry, adjusting disputes relative to trade and navigation, and procuring such laws and regulations as may be found necessary for the benefit of trade in general." Twenty-four merchants meet on the 5th of April, 1768, in the long room of Fraunces tavern, in Broad street, and organize the Chamber of Commerce. Let us pause a moment to see what these shrewd, daring, prosperous men are like.

John Cruger, recently mayor of the city, is here, and is chosen first president of the chamber. He belongs to a family of energetic and successful merchants, and with his brother, Henry Cruger, sends a line of vessels on regular trips to England and the West Indies, the firm owning the vessels. He is a man of fine presence and courtly manners, is public-spirited, has served in the legislature, been honored with the speakership, and commands universal respect and confidence. Hugh Wallace, whose house we passed in Dock street, is made the first vice-president of the chamber. Elias Desbrosses is chosen treasurer; he is a very rich man of fifty, a vestryman of Trinity church, exceedingly religious, and a donor to every beneficent enterprise. The secretary is Anthony Van Dam, whose grandfather, Rip Van Dam, was president of the king's council, and in 1731 acting governor of New York. The new secretary is very precise in his handwriting, and keeps the records in admirable style. It is said that in his engrossing he uses but one pen in a year. James Jauncey is one of the foremost figures in the active business life of the city; is said to have been largely interested in privateering ventures during the French war. He has accumulated a large property, and lives at a beautiful country-seat on the west shore of the Hudson (a little below Riverside Park). He mixes in politics and has just been elected to the assembly, after a bitter struggle. Personally he is very generous and benevolent. William and Jacob Walton are younger men, the nephews of William Walton, the counselor, who died in the early part of this year. They are in partnership in business, and send their own ships to the South American ports, to the West Indies, and to Spain. The wife of William Walton is the daughter of Lieutenant-Governor de Lancey, and the wife of Jacob Walton is the daughter of Henry Cruger.

The merchant present who is the head of a commercial house that owns more shipping than any other in America is Robert Murray, the Quaker, and he is an exceptionally interesting character. He has a city residence in Queen street, but he also has a country-seat at "Inclenberg," otherwise Murray Hill, which he has brought into notice through the extensive gar-

dens and grounds he has beautified about his roomy and comfortable house. His farm thereabouts covers many acres, and a fine corn-field flourishes on the site of the coming Grand Central depot. His son, Lindley Murray, is twenty-three, and is taking his first lessons in the practice of law. George Folliot is an extensive importer, as is also Walter Franklin, supposed to be the richest merchant in New York at this time ; he is said to have as much money in Russia as in America. ' His name will be handed down to posterity as having built a great mansion near the Walton house, in Cherry street, fit for a king, or, what may yet be considered of more consequence, fit for the *first President* of a monster Republic. Samuel Verplanck is a wholesale importing merchant, and in a small way a banker, residing in Wall street. Theophylact Bache is young, only thirty-four, but he has acquired wealth and influence and married into the opulent Barclay family, which adds materially to his importance. His brother, Richard Bache, has within a year married Sarah, the only daughter of Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

Thomas White is a large importer of European and East India goods, has a family devoted to fashion, and resides in Wall street. So far as we know he is not related to Henry White, who is also one of the illustrious twenty-four. The latter does an extensive business with foreign countries, and is a man of mark ; he succeeds William Walton by appointment of the crown as member of the governor's council. His wife is Eve Van Cortlandt, who inherits a large estate in her own right. Miles Sherbrooke is conducting a foreign trade, and lives in Whitehall street ; William Waddell is connected with the great shipping house of Greg, Cunningham & Co. ; Acheson Thompson sends vessels and cargoes to Ireland and imports Irish beef and linens ; Lawrence Kortwright is a great land-holder in Tryon County and actively engaged in shipping, owning the whole or part of no less than seven large vessels. Thomas Randall is a famous sea-captain and the joint owner of several ships. He is a well-educated, stirring man, taking a prominent part in public affairs, and lives handsomely in Whitehall street. William McAdam is in business near the new Dutch church. James McEvers imports European and India goods in large quantities, and his store is in Hanover square. He is the stamp distributor appointed in England, after the passage of the odious Stamp Act in 1765, and many a tale is told of what an uneasy time he had of it prior to his resignation of the unwelcome office. Isaac Low carries on a lucrative business in the importation of dry goods. He is at this time an attractive, well-read man of thirty-six, and highly esteemed in the community. His marriage to the daughter of Cornelius Cuyler, mayor of Albany, has brought him into

connection with the Schuylers, Van Cortlandts, and other notables of the colony. The remaining two of the group of merchants who founded the chamber are Philip Livingston and John Alsop. Livingston was graduated from Yale in 1737 and is an earnest, progressive citizen. At present he is speaker of the assembly. John Alsop was educated for mercantile life in the counting-house of Livingston, struck out early in business for himself as an importer, and has accumulated a handsome fortune. (His only daughter married the statesman Rufus King, the grandfather of John A. King, the honored president of the New York Historical Society.)

It would be pleasant to tarry longer and attend some of the early meetings of the chamber, if space permitted. Practical questions come up, such as the establishment of a paper currency in the city and fixing the price of flour. New members come in promptly, among them Robert Watts, the son of the counselor; John Harris Cruger, the son of Henry Cruger, who is doing business under his own name, and has recently married the daughter of Oliver de Lancey; Thomas Marston, prominent in social affairs, whose wife is the daughter of Leonard Lispenard; Charles McEvers, whose new house in Wall street has already attracted us; Lewis Pintard, the influential shipping merchant; Jacobus Van Zandt, a wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods; Gerard W. Beekman, of Hanover square; Peter Ketletas, of whom it is said "he enjoys the singular faculty of living unsuspected of an unworthy action;" Gabriel H. Ludlow, Nicholas Gouverneur, Levinus Clarkson, Richard Yates, Peter Remsen, William Seton, Edward Laight, John Reade, and Thomas Buchanan, all of sterling character, destined to accelerate the wheels of progress.

But we must pass on. The brief glimpse serves as a reminder of the sentiment that whatever is strong, noble, just, and possible, whether it is the pursuit of wealth, art, learning, or fame, is good for the world through the unfolding of individual character and the consequent uplifting of society. It is said, and sometimes with a *shrug*, that the metropolis was founded by traders, that every man kept a store, and that in its present proportions it is only an outgrowth of commerce. We stand perpetually accused of being a money-making and a dollar-seeking people. But we have no occasion to feel reproached, even if it were true. The contents of well-filled purses certainly encourage trade, having a similar effect to that of rain upon growing crops. The same wise Power which gathers the mists, loosens the rain-clouds and distributes the drops. The mercantile impetus given to New York through the tireless activity and remarkable energy of the men who accumulated private fortunes prior to the introduction of modern business facilities, furnishes its own lesson, and never

was there a better school for bringing into full play the varied powers of which men's natures are compounded. We shall ever have the satisfaction of knowing that our money-making citizens through every decade since we were a little fur-station, have been second to none in generous impulse, in catholic charity, in Christian progress, and in public spirit. We have seen churches built, we have seen schools and colleges established, we have seen asylums endowed, we have seen hospitals and homes provided for the helpless, and we have seen the current of liberal giving flow beyond our own limits in mighty rivers through every habitable portion of our vast continent. All honor to the early merchants of New York who first gave the wheel a vigorous turn!

The government of the colony next captures and holds us. In form it is republican, although it has an aristocratic background. The house of representatives is elected by the people, but the council of twelve members, known as "His Majesty's Council for the Province of New York," receives its appointment directly from the crown. The governor and the lieutenant-governor are also of the king's own selection. We hear much said about the "people," and their ruling must be invested with force, as the men placed in power by the popular voice long since organized themselves into a very stiff and unmanageable body.

Both the upper and the lower houses meet in the city hall, in Wall street, which the clever De Burnaby says "makes no great figure, although it is soon to be repaired." The edifice is as old as the century, and we might recite a volume of curious happenings under its roof (*very close to which* is the debtors' prison). The structure stands on brick arches over the sidewalks, under which pedestrians pass from street to street. It contains the public library, much visited by scholars and writers, and the court-rooms, where (ever since the year 1700) the sessions are held of the supreme court, the admiralty court, and the mayor's court. We first visit the council-chamber of the colony, and find the chief justice, Daniel Horsemanden, presiding. Next to him in the council, in point of age and consequence, is the accomplished, witty, and sarcastic John Watts. The other gentlemen gathered about the oval table are Oliver de Lancey and Charles W. Apthorpe, whose handsome estates on the Hudson, at Bloomingdale, otherwise *Riverside Park*, are side by side, embracing an immense number of acres, with dwellings constructed after the style of the country-houses of the gentry in England; Roger Morris, whose grand old home on Harlem Heights has for ten years been the social centre of the aristocracy; Wm. Smith, Jr., and Henry Cruger. They are all men of note, born to opulence and high social position, and are self-poised and magisterial.

The lieutenant-governor is Cadwallader Colden, a physician and writer of immense erudition, now eighty years old. He does not attend any of these meetings except when acting governor, which however happens very frequently. The present royal governor sent over by the king, Sir Henry Moore, has been in New York about three years. He enters the council-chamber ere we depart; the president of the council rises and vacates the chair, which the governor takes and presides. His first act is to send a message to the assembly requesting its immediate presence in the council-chamber; and presently the legislators of the province file in and take the seats reserved for them on such occasions.

The speaker of the assembly is Philip Livingston, to whom you have already been introduced. Among the members—twenty-seven in all—are James de Lancey, son of Lieutenant-Governor de Lancey; Jacob Walton and James Jauncey, mentioned in connection with the Chamber of Commerce; Frederick Philipse, the third and last proprietor of the manor, a man of scholarly and quiet tastes, who has never been worried with any of the pesterments attending the accumulation of property—but spends money like a prince, living in a style of magnificence exceeding all his predecessors; Leonard Lispenard, a large importing merchant and landholder; Pierre Van Cortlandt, the third proprietor of Van Cortlandt Manor; Philip Schuyler, now thirty-five years of age; George Clinton, only twenty-nine, and others who are likely to be heard from in the natural course of coming events. There is much courtly ceremony, and then “his Excellency Sir Henry Moore, baronet, captain-general and governor-in-chief of the province” (our hosts will not forgive us if we omit or abbreviate titles), is pleased in presence of the two houses to give his assent to five bills, two of which run as follows: “An act to ascertain the size of casks in which white bread shall be packed within the city of New York, and to regulate the manner in which the same shall be sold;” and “An act to empower Sir William Baker Knight and Robert Charles Esq, to pay for the statues of His Majesty George III and of the Right Honorable William Pitt Esqr now Lord Chatham, and also for a piece of plate to be presented to John Sargent Esq.” The statue of the king is to be erected on the Bowling Green in front of the fort, and that of Mr. Pitt in Wall street; the bill to achieve this tribute of respect to the two worthies has been zig-zagging from one chamber to the other, and has occupied (comparatively) as much time and momentous consideration as any rapid-transit bill of later generations.

We shall find the court-room none the less interesting, and even more imposing, for aside from their much-bewigged heads, the chief-justice and

judges are attired in robes of scarlet faced with black velvet. There is no custom of British or French origin that is allowed to languish in Dutch New York for want of adoption.

From the council-chamber to the court-room is such a brief step that we are reminded of the fact that ours is and always has been a government controlled by lawyers. It was the courts and not the commons that warned Charles I. that taxation without representation might cost him his head. The lawyers of 1768 are engaged in animated disagreements with one another, and even King George might say, as did one of his kingly predecessors, "When one side speaks the case is clear, but when the other closes, upon my soul I cannot tell which is right."

We shall not have time to stop here and try a case, but we meet some very bright and learned expounders and defenders of the law. John Morin Scott, for instance, whom John Adams characterizes as "a sensible man and one of the readiest speakers on the continent, but not very polite." He has a charming country-place three miles out of town, at Greenwich on the Hudson. James Duane, a rising young lawyer, not yet forty, whose wife is the daughter of Robert, third lord of Livingston manor, dwells in a delightful country mansion surrounded by gardens and trees on the Bowery road (at Gramercy Park). Among the Livingston brothers, uncles of Mrs. Duane, who are in public life, William is the legal luminary, now a man of forty-five and gifted with a measure of fearlessness, wit, and satire greatly beyond any of his associates. James de Lancey is an educated lawyer, residing in the stately three-story brick mansion-house built by his father at the east of the Bowery road, a little above the Canal-street ditch. This is one of the show places of 1768, is approached through a semicircular gateway, with dense trees forming an artistic arch over the entire entrance drive, and its gardens in the rear are not surpassed in extent or cultivation by any on the island. De Lancey's brother-in-law, Thomas Jones, now thirty-seven years of age, has been practising successfully in the New York courts for upward of a decade; while his father, Judge David Jones, has served with reputation on the bench of the Supreme Court for many years. Judge Robert R. Livingston and Judge Chambers stand high as jurists; Benjamin Pratt, who has had something of a judicial career in Boston, has been chief-justice; George D. Ludlow is an able lawyer; there are two William Smiths, father and son, prominent on the bench and at the bar; Richard Morris is considered very brilliant by the profession; and of deserved eminence are Goldsboro Banyer and Benjamin Kissam. In the office of Kissam, young John Jay, now twenty-three, is taking his early lessons in practi-

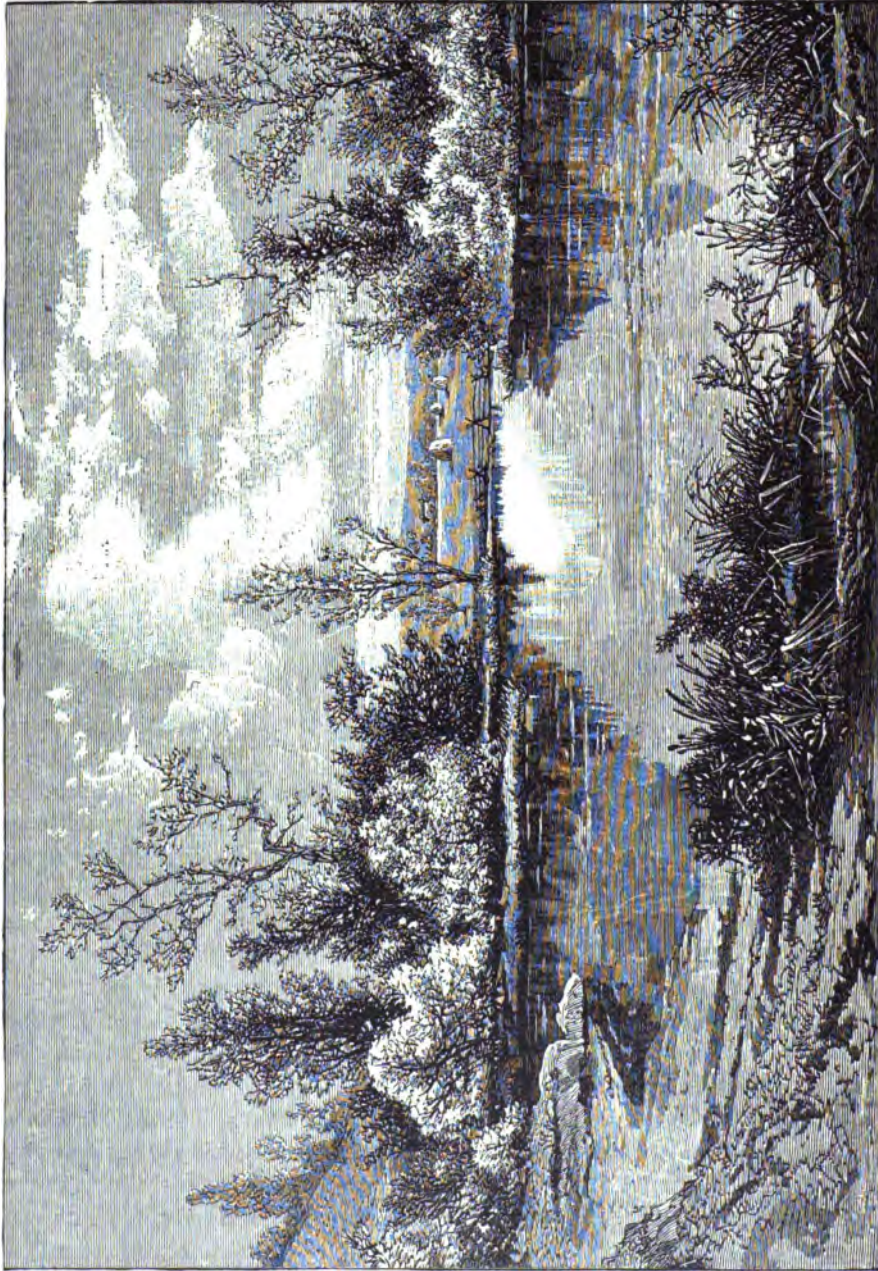
cal law with Blackstone's *Commentaries* (the first two volumes having already reached America) constantly within reach.

We must not leave the old building until we have paid our respects to the corporation. Whitehead Hicks appears to fill the exalted office of mayor acceptably. He is polished and agreeable in his manners, of gay, cheerful disposition, and extremely fond of society. He is a good lawyer, having been regularly bred to the profession, finishing his studies in the office of Judge William Smith, in same class as William Livingston and William Smith, Jr., and presides over the mayor's court with tact and discretion. The recorder is Simeon Johnson; the city treasurer, Isaac de Peyster; and among the aldermen are such solid men as Elias Desbrosses, Abraham P. Lott, Cornelius Roosevelt, Francis Filkin, John Abeel, and Peter T. Curtenius.

One feels much governed in such an atmosphere, but on the street again we forget the power behind us and study the people. If the race of lawyers which seems so noble and promising in this golden age would only agree to travel on the same line of opinion, what a peaceful world would result!

The population of the city is a practical fusion of many elements and nationalities; it is thought there are more languages spoken here than in any other place of its size in the world. Dr. Burnaby says: "The people resemble the Pennsylvanians; they are habitually frugal, industrious, and parsimonious. Being, however, of different nations, different languages, and different religions, it is almost impossible to give them any precise or determinate character. The women are handsome and agreeable but rather more reserved than the Philadelphia ladies. Their amusements are much the same as in Pennsylvania, viz.: balls and sleighing expeditions in the winter, and in the summer going in parties upon the water and fishing, or making excursions into the country. There are several houses pleasantly situated upon the East river near New York, where it is common to have turtle feasts. These happen once or twice a week; thirty or forty gentlemen and ladies meet and dine together, drink tea in the afternoon, and then return home in Italian chaises (a fashionable conveyance), a gentleman and lady in each chaise."

We are not so fortunate as Dr. Burnaby in being invited to one of these reunions, but we can drive into the country as well as he, and find much to interest us. A large part of the island is under cultivation in one way or another. There are many choice farms scattered over it. The contrast since a hundred years before is marvelous. Then it was a tangled wild; now a smiling landscape. Then the wolves howled at night, and



THE GREAT SMOOTH, SPARKLING LAKE OF FRESH WATER, AT ABOUT CENTRE STREET, IN 1768.

Indians dodged in and out among the bushes; now the farmer plows his fields and gathers his buckwheat in safety, and suburban homes are planted at intervals all the way from the Brick church at Beekman street to the Harlem river. Every prospect indicates prosperity. No one at this time, however, expects the city is to take an early leap into the country. They say it will never probably stretch its limits half a mile further north. It is very well as it is.

Our slow coach is on a simple country road immediately after passing the Brick church, and the first object of special notice is a great smooth, sparkling lake of fresh water, covering an area of more than two blocks of space and said to be sixty feet deep! The land about it on every side except the southwestern is low and swampy, variegated with wild grass and weeds, and singularly suggestive of malaria. A sluggish stream of water connects the lake with the Hudson river, and we learn that along the line of this ditch, as it is called, the Lutheran church was not long ago offered six acres of land as a gift, and after mature deliberation the trustees reported that it was "*inexpedient to accept the land, since it was not worth fencing in.*"

As we proceed we quickly come to higher ground. On the line of this Bowery road small farm-houses and wayside inns are not infrequent. Near the line of the ditch or canal is a huge windmill, its yard extending through to the road on which we are traveling. To the right of us are several fine country-seats, that of Mr. Jones, called "Mount Pitt," of Henry Rutgers below it, and those of Mr. Byvant, Mr. Ackland, and Mr. Degrushe, all examples of an excellent character of domestic architecture. We reach the villa of De Lancey, and turn into an imposing drive-way to the west of it to visit the home of Col. Nicholas Bayard, which occupies a commanding eminence in that locality. The southern view from his porch embraces a picturesque valley with water flowing through it into both rivers, corn-fields and mowing-lots further on, and beyond all the smoke and spires of the far-away city, while to the southwest is plainly visible the handsome country-seat of Leonard Lispenard; in the distance, on either side the great rivers and the shores and the heights beyond them complete as fair an outlook as can be found in the world.

Hastening back to the Bowery road, we soon come to the seat of Mr. Dykman, and the next place of consequence is the seat of Mr. Herrin; on the right toward the East river, reached by a shady avenue, is the hip-roofed mansion with a lofty portico of Nicholas William Stuyvesant. A little to the north of this is the seat of Gerardus Stuyvesant; and to the west of the Bowery road, close by, is the famous estate of Andrew Elliot,

the collector, whose daughter is the wife of James Jauncey, Jr. Elliot has fashioned his house after an old French *château*, and its geography is most bewildering. It is notable for its great number of apartments, its odd-looking turrets and queer gables, and it is painted in æsthetic yellow. This house stood on the site of Denning's dry goods store, between Ninth and Tenth streets, fronting the Bowery road, and when Broadway was cut through it clipped off its rear porch.

Near the bank of the East river is the seat of Petrus Stuyvesant, the approach to which from the Bowery road is a long, straight, shady drive. The next handsome place is that of Mr. Tiebout, just to the north of which is that of James Duane. Counselor John Watts has a fine large estate to the right a little further on, called "Rose Hill;" near that is the seat of Mr. Ketteltas. Friend Robert Murray, at Inclenberg, will no doubt extend hospitalities to us; and we must not fail to visit the ancient and historic Kip house, and the elegant seat of the Beekmans.

We hoped to cross to the west side of the island and inspect its progress in settlement, but the cross-road is sandy and our horses are tired. From the Roger Morris place to the town, the seats of wealthy men and highly cultivated farms are scattered at intervals along the shore of the Hudson. Gen. John Maunsell, B.A., a British officer of note, has just built a house on his property adjoining that of Roger Morris, and John Watkins, whose wife is Mrs. Maunsell's sister, has bought a large estate near by, stretching across the entire heights, and built a very commodious dwelling-house of stone. Of Bloomingdale and thereabouts we have hitherto obtained glimpses that must suffice, for the sun is in the west and to-morrow is the Sabbath.

Among the noteworthy features of New York in 1768 are its legal holidays. No further legislation is necessary in that direction; nor do we hear of any strikes or eight-hour movements. It is interesting to note that the custom-house and public offices are closed by direction of the British authorities on New Year's Day, the Queen's birthday, anniversary of King Charles' martyrdom, Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, Lady Day, Good Friday, Easter Monday and Tuesday, Ascension Day, St. George's Day, King Charles' Restoration, the King's birthday, Whitsun Monday and Tuesday, Prince of Wales' birthday, King George 1st and 2d landed in Great Britain, Coronation Day, All Saints, Gunpowder Plot, Christmas Day, and three Christmas holidays following. Added to these are the provincial days—General Fast, Thanksgiving, General Election, and Commencement of the College—twenty-seven holidays in one year! We witness the proceedings of one of them on June 4, 1768—the celebration of the

king's birthday, who enters his thirty-first year. The newspaper says the day was opened with "great solemnity," and Governor Sir Henry Moore being in Albany, General Gage acted as master of ceremonies. He with the members of the council, the mayor, and the corporation assemble at Fort George, "where his majesty's and many other loyal healths are drunk, under the discharge of a royal salute from the fort, which is immediately answered by three volleys from the regular soldiers, drawn up in order on the Bowling Green, and there they are reviewed by the general, making a very handsome appearance. An elegant entertainment is given by General Gage to the gentlemen of the army and of this city. In the evening a number of lamps are disposed in such a manner over the gate of the fort as to represent the letters G. R., and before the door of General Gage, at his house in Broad street, is exhibited by lamps properly placed an elegant appearance of the royal arms." The papers further chronicle a "general illumination throughout the whole city, and every demonstration of joy shown by all ranks."

The day, however, which does not appear in this list, but which is the most notable of all the New York holidays of the period, is the Sabbath day. The stillness of the morning is not easily painted into our picture. The city is absolutely quiet. Even the milkmen and the venders of drinking-water announce themselves in hushed voices at the kitchen doors. People breakfast at their pleasure, and appear at the table in their holiday clothes.

Among the very earliest laws of the Dutch who first settled New York were rigid regulations concerning the observance of the Sabbath. It was esteemed the duty of government to protect it. As a means of social, moral, and physical health, as a measure of industrial economy, if there had been no Sabbath, the ordination of one would have come directly within the scope of legislation. The English customs were none the less exacting, and when the two nations were represented together on this soil, their views on the subject were practically the same, and were sustained by the habits and feelings of the great mass of the population. Thus we have the spectacle of an almost unparalleled growth of houses of worship in comparison to the population, and these churches are not only here, but are well sustained.

Everybody goes to church. With a rapturous peal from the church-bells at the stated hour, the houses pour forth their occupants. The costly bound Bibles and prayer-books that are carried reveal their destination. The streets present a medley of dazzling colors—and catching views of glittering shoe-buckles, ruffled shirt-fronts, and red, blue, and

yellow silks and satins, pleasing to the eye, we mentally wish the style of dress would never change. Carriages emblazoned with coats-of-arms bring the people into the city from the country-seats we visited yesterday: and as the throngs move through the portals of the various churches the streets are deserted, and silence again reigns. There is nothing around or about to disturb the devotional spirit. No steamships arrive on a Sunday morning to send their baggage-wagons clattering through Broadway. Who ever heard of such a machine as a *steamship*? No railroad trains come in on every possible side of the city, distributing flocks of passengers with grip-sacks to flood the hotels and lodging-houses, and clamor for breakfast just at church-time; no excursion trains are about to start, with fathers and mothers and little children running for their lives to catch them. There are no such wondrous things as *trains* extant. Neither do the mails pour in from the entire civilized world to disturb tranquil thinking on a Sunday forenoon—and there are no Sunday newspapers.

Let us go to church with the *people* and study them—the churches and the people—at our leisure. Naturally we look first into Trinity, the inside of which is ornamented beyond that of any other in the city. The head of the chancel is adorned with an altar-piece, and opposite, at the other end of the building, is a superb organ made in England. The tops of the pillars which support the galleries are decked with the gilt busts of winged angels. From the ceilings are suspended glass branches of great beauty, and on the walls are the escutcheons of Governor Fletcher and other benefactors of the church. The furniture of the communion table, desk, and pulpit is of the richest and costliest quality. Three full sets of communion plate have been presented successively by William and Mary, Queen Anne, and one of the Georges, each inscribed with the donor's initials and the royal arms. In the pulpit is the Rev. Dr. Samuel Auchmuty, descended from an ancient baronial family of Scotland, and his assistant is the Rev. Charles Inglis, both men of great learning. St. Paul's we visited commencement day; and St. George chapel is too far away for us, this morning, to walk up its aisles flagged with gray stone and comment upon its unique and appropriate decorations. But we learn it is filled with devout worshipers.

Of the three Dutch churches we choose the one in Nassau street, with its pretty portico and painted picket-fence, and step in to hear the Rev. Dr. Laidlie preach republican philosophy under a ponderous sounding-board to a large and intelligent congregation, in the English language (a recent innovation), while the good fathers of the church still persist in offering up their prayers in Dutch. The beautiful North Dutch church

in Fulton street is to have for its pastor Rev. Dr. John Henry Livingston, a graduate of Yale, who has been to Holland to study theology. He is only twenty-six, of singular personal beauty, tall, athletic, and a proficient in manly exercises.

We go to the Wall Street Presbyterian church, which is overcrowded, and are fortunate in finding the Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon in the pulpit, who has been sent across the Atlantic to take charge of Princeton college. He is fresh from the discussions of liberty in matters of religious faith and practice in the Old World, is learned, versatile, and brilliant, and a great friend of Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, the pastor of the church, whom we shall find this morning at the new Brick church. Dr. Rodgers is a decidedly progressive divine, and has abolished the old custom of opening Sabbath services from the clerk's desk. He is fixed in habits of austere industry, never loses a moment of time, and is fond of scholastic theology and of political discussion. We are surprised to find this new church, so recently opened, also crowded, and are told that when the edifice was completed the first of the year, all the pews were taken at the first sale.

The new Scotch Presbyterian church in Cedar street, near Broadway, although just opened, is as well filled as the others. It is an offshoot from the Wall Street Presbyterian through a disagreement concerning a system of church psalmody. Its pastor is the Rev. Dr. John Mason, a young divine of thirty-four, from Scotland, who captivates all who come within sound of his voice. The Baptists are few in number, but they have a little church eight years old in Gold street, near John; their pastor is Rev. John Gano, young and energetic, the grandson of Stephen Gano, the Huguenot who settled in New Rochelle. The Methodists are just coming into notice, and their modest "preaching house" in John street is opened for worship this year, the Rev. Philip Embury preaching the first sermon within its walls. The Moravians have a church in Fulton street, near William, a little frame building about seventeen years of age, and its pastor is the Rev. G. Neiser. The Quakers have a small church structure, built nearly seventy years ago, in Little Green street, just south of Maiden lane, and we observe that their congregation includes some of the rich and well-to-do citizens. But they will call churches "steeple houses," and say they *have none*—their place of worship is a meeting-house. At the Jewish synagogue in Mill street, the Rabbi in his splendid robes of office, the men in bright silk scarfs, and the whole congregation chanting aloud in Hebrew, with the Holy Light burning before the altar, will produce lasting remembrances. In the Lutheran church, just below Trinity, one half of the services are performed in German and the other half in Low

Dutch. This is owing to there being more Hollanders than Germans belonging to the congregation. Martin Luther's followers have long since found this place of worship too small, and last year (1767) they erected a little church edifice in the swamp, corner of William and Frankfort streets, the land being almost worthless in that locality; and their services are held in the German language exclusively. This sanctuary is called the "Swamp church." There are Germans here who are not Lutherans, but Calvinists, and they also have a church, a new building in Nassau street, near Maiden lane, two years of age, with Rev. Dr. Johan Michael Kern as pastor. The services are conducted in the Dutch language, which, says an Englishman who does not understand it, "sounds lofty, majestic, and emphatical." One of the most unique church edifices in the city is the French Huguenot church in Pine street, sixty-four years old, the lot extending from Pine to Cedar, and about seventy-five feet front. It is of stone, plastered on the outside, and in its quaint steeple is a musical bell which plays all manner of discords with the ancient bell in the belfry of the neighborly Dutch church. Its congregation includes some of the best-known families in the city, distinguished alike for their social influence and religious fidelity.

Eighteen churches to a population not exceeding eighteen thousand, including the negro element! The exact population cannot be here stated, as there was no census in 1768, but the figures given are the nearest attainable. Has there been any time since then when a more impressive exhibit could be made?

We leave much unseen that would interest us in the little metropolis, but we must return to the prosaic present, irrespective of regrets and without waiting to discover any democratic hammer hidden in mid-air, or clouds that threaten to obscure the light and disturb the peaceful serenity of the "Golden Age of Colonial New York."

Martha F. Lamb

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE AND HIS WORK

Nowhere, it is said, has the chief work of Sir William Blackstone been more widely read than in America. As the first and only book of the kind in England, and written in a most graceful and attractive style, it was accepted as an authoritative revelation of the law. The first volume of the *Commentaries* was published in 1765, when its author was forty-two years of age; the other three volumes appeared at intervals during the next four years. Blackstone began his famous treatise with a forcible plea that noblemen, gentlemen, and educated persons generally, should have an intelligent understanding of the laws of the country. The work covers the field of law with singular completeness, and performed much the same service as was rendered to the people of Rome by the publication of their previously unknown laws. Few books of the age on any theme were ever more successful. Eight editions appeared in the author's lifetime (he died in 1780), and the ninth edition was ready for publication. For sixty years after his death editions continued to follow one another almost as quickly, and editors were found in men like Burns, Christian, Coleridge, and Chitty, who felt that they were rendering a service to their profession in annotating Blackstone with minute and almost tender care; and laymen turned to him to find for the first time English law made readable. So great, however, have been the growth and changes of law that to keep the work up to date by means of foot-notes is now an almost hopeless task.

Burke said in 1775: "I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's *Commentaries* in America as in England." It certainly has been edited and abridged in America nearly as often as in England, and has wielded as potent an influence in shaping the course of legal education in one country as in the other. It suggested to Chancellor Kent the idea of writing his *Commentaries on American Law*.

Blackstone was not without his critics, who remarked upon some disproportion in the parts of his great work, which closes with a chapter on the rise, progress and gradual improvements of the laws of England, suggesting to Reeves the utility of a history of English law, filled up with some minuteness upon the outline thus drawn. Thomas Jefferson questioned the wisdom of Blackstone's plan of smoothing the path of the student of law. He was also opposed to citing English authorities after the declaration of independence, and is reported to have said that to exclude them would be "to uncanonize Blackstone, whose book, although the most eloquent

and best digested of our law catalogues has been perverted more than all others to the degeneracy of legal science; a student finds there a smattering of everything, and his indolence easily persuades him that if he understands that book he is master of the whole body of the law." In 1776 Bentham wrote his famous *Fragment on Government*, in which he discussed what he considered Blackstone's imperfections, while frankly recognizing his merits. Dr. Priestley long before this had issued a pamphlet criticising passages in the *Commentaries* relating to dissenters; De Turneaux addressed letters to the author condemning his illiberal spirit in regard to the "Toleration Act," and found fault with the work as an incomplete statement of the law. Austin was even more vigorous in his critical attacks, accusing Blackstone of following slavishly the method of Hale's *Analysis of the Law*, and of "blindly adopting the mistakes of his rude, and compendious model, missing, invariably, with a nice and surprising infelicity, the pregnant but obscure suggestions which it proffered to his attention and which would have guided a discerning and inventive writer to an arrangement comparatively just." Bentham declared that Blackstone was "the enemy of all reform, and the unscrupulous champion of every form of professional chicanery;" and Austin insisted that he "flattered the overweening conceit of the English in their own institutions," and made his work popular "in a style fitted to tickle the ear, though it never or rarely satisfies a severe and masculine taste." These criticisms attracted public attention, until it grew fashionable to speak lightly of the work. But as time rolled on there came a more just appreciation of its value. Coleridge has pointed to the crude and scattered condition of the materials and controversies examined by Blackstone, and it is generally conceded that his conception of the *Commentaries* was admirable, and so well carried out "that the work contains the best history of English law extant, needing comparatively little correction, and told with clearness and spirit."

Blackstone grew to be a very stout man, disliking all forms of exercise. His portrait by Gainsborough, which forms the frontispiece to this number of the magazine, was painted about 1775. He was very precise and orderly in his habits, and noted through life for scrupulous punctuality; but it is said he was both languid and hot-tempered. He was twice elected to a seat in parliament, yet his political career was without memorable incidents. He was made a justice of the court of common pleas in 1770, where he acquired the reputation of being a painstaking judge.

Roy Singleton

THE INDIAN COLLEGE AT CAMBRIDGE

In 1638, the funds placed at the disposition of the college at Cambridge, through the bequest of John Harvard, enabled those having the work in charge to begin the construction of the college building. When this building was completed, the eight chambers in it for a time accommodated the students, but in the course of a few years dormitories had to be provided elsewhere. Henry Dunster, the first president of the college, had, upon very damageful conditions to himself, as he terms it, erected a house for his own use. In this house the printing-press was originally placed, and the room over that in which the press was situated was used as a dormitory. Johnson, in his *Wonder-Working Providence*, records the fact that when he wrote, which is thought to have been in 1651, the college was "enlarging by purchasing the neighbors' houses." One of the houses thus purchased was that of Edward Goffe, in Braintree, now Harvard street, and the rooms in this house were used as dormitories. About the same time that this purchase was effected, the president and fellows, in a petition to the commissioners of the United Colonies, represented that "through the increase of scholars many of them are forced to lodge in the town." *

Up to this time the growth of the college which had caused this demand for an increase of the dormitories had been exclusively composed of white students. The names of the students suggest to those familiar with the early colonial history of New England, the families whom they represented.†

In 1645, Winthrop records in his diary an event which foreshadowed the possibility that there might be in the future other than white students. He says that divers free schools were established that year, at which "Indians' children were to be taught freely." In 1646, John Eliot was preaching in the Indian language to attentive audiences. He followed up this work by "the establishment of schools among the praying Indians, and he taught some himself to read, that they might be capable to teach others, and by his procurements some of the choice Indian youths were put to school with English schoolmasters to learn both the English and Greek tongues." ‡

* *Hazard's State Papers*, Vol. II., p. 197. † *Winthrop's New England*, Vol. II., p. 215.

‡ *Gookin, Mass. Hist. Coll'ns*, Vol. I., p. 172.

In 1649, the society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians was incorporated in London. They raised funds to carry out the purposes of the organization, and intrusted the distribution of these funds to the commissioners of the United Colonies.

The position and influence of these commissioners had already attracted the attention of those in authority at Cambridge. Samuel Shepard appealed to them in 1644 for a contribution for the maintenance of poor scholars, and Dunster, in 1647, pleaded the inability of the college, even at that early date, to meet the expense of keeping the college building in repair with the rentals from the dormitories. Both of these appeals were favorably considered, but the commissioners then had no funds at their disposal for such purposes, and could only refer the matter to the towns and the general courts, with recommendations that some active measures should be taken in behalf of the college.

The appropriation of £400 in 1636 by the General Court was simply for the foundation of a school or college. It is not probable that at that time any thought was bestowed upon the possible necessity of providing for the education of the natives. After the free schools were founded and provision was made for the admission of Indian children, the possibility that there might be some Indian youths who would work their way to Cambridge, may have suggested itself, but as a practical question it was even then not of much moment. To secure Indian patronage for public schools, it would have been imperative either to locate the schools in the Indian villages or, if the schools were not thus situated, to provide for the maintenance of the Indian children while in attendance. Besides, the rigid rules laid down by some of the towns for the conduct of the pupils in these public schools must have proved an insurmountable barrier to aspirants among the Indians for education.

Eliot understood the ways of children and the peculiarities of the Indian people. He won their hearts by gifts and secured their attention by various devices adapted to the age and condition of his pupils. His success with the Indian children, and the deposit of funds in the hands of the commissioners of the United Colonies, by the society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians, seems to have suggested to the president and fellows of the college that the time had come when the commissioners might be induced to apply some of these funds to the construction of a dormitory at Cambridge. The work of the society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians would have to be carried on through preachers who could speak the Indian tongue. On the one hand Harvard college might be made a nursery for future Eliots, and on the other hand

Eliot's work in teaching the natives might through school and college be so improved as to produce the desired results. In either event, whether in the education of white or native preachers, dormitories would be required for the students while at Cambridge, and this would justify the commissioners in thus applying the funds of the society. This seems to have been the line of argument used by the president and fellows in their petition. Perhaps it would be better to give the *résumé* of the petition contained in the answer of the commissioners, in September, 1651. They say: "By yours of August 27th, we understand that the former college buildings are in a decaying condition and will require considerable change ere long for a due repair, and through the increase of scholars, many of them are forced to lodge in the town, which proves many ways inconvenient and will necessarily require an enlargement of your buildings, for which you propound, and we have seriously considered whether any help may be had from the collections for the propagation of the Gospel amongst the Indians, but cannot find by the Act of Parliament (now passed), that any such liberty is granted. . . .

"Yet we now desire Mr. Winslow to inquire the mind of the corporation therein, ourselves conceiving that the advancement of learning here may also advance the work of Christ amongst the Indians and, accordingly, out of that stock (as it comes in) should gladly contribute. Might we do it without offence?"

While the commissioners expressed themselves flatly to the president and fellows of the college to the effect that they would gladly contribute from the funds of the corporation toward the general object of the advancement of learning if they had felt at liberty to do so, the phraseology of their London letter was couched in more courteous language. In this they put forth the following tentative expression of opinion:

"It is apprehended by some, that according to the intent of the Act of Parliament, an eye may be had in the distribution to the enlargement of the college at Cambridge, whereof there is great need, and furtherance of learning not so immediately, by respecting the Indian design, though we fully concur not, yet desire to know what the apprehensions of the honored corporation are herein." The language of this communication is involved, but apparently the commissioners suggest an interpretation of their powers which would permit the construction of a dormitory irrespective of the question of Indians, an interpretation in which they say they do not fully concur, but still they would like to know if the society approves of it.

Apparently the officers of the corporation were not prepared to cut

adrift entirely from the Indians in authorizing an expenditure of their funds for the enlargement of accommodations for students at Cambridge. Their consent appears, however, to have been obtained for the erection of a dormitory capable of accommodating six Indians.

This appears from a letter to Winslow, September 24, 1653, in which the commissioners say :

"What you proposed from the honorable corporation about six hopeful Indians to be trained-up at the college under some fit tutor, that, preserving their own language, they may obtain the knowledge of other tongues and dispense the Indian tongue in the college, we fully approve as a hopeful way to further the work. But the college being already to straits for the English students we shall be forced to raise some building there for the convenience of such Indians, wherein we shall expend at least one hundred pounds, desiring the building may be strong and durable though plain."

This announcement was immediately followed by the following instructions to the commissioners from Massachusetts Bay :

"The commissioners for the Massachusetts are also desired to consider and order the building of one entire room at the college for the convenience of six hopeful Indian youths, to be trained-up there, according to the advice received this year from the corporation in England, which room may be two stories high, and built plain but strong and durable, the charge not to exceed one hundred and twenty pounds besides glass, which may be allowed out of the parcel the corporation hath lately sent up on the Indian account."

On request of the president of the college, the commissioners were in 1654 authorized to alter the form of the building, "provided it exceed not thirty feet in length and twenty in breadth."

Thus a building was secured. The fact that Caleb Cheeshahteumuck is the only Indian name which figures in the quinquennial catalogue must not be accepted as showing that there was but one Indian connected with the college. There are scattered through the papers, from which the foregoing extracts are taken, references to the Indians which show that there were for several years from six to eight Indians pursuing their studies at Cambridge, some in the grammar school, some in the college. In May, 1659, the officers of the society write from Coopers' Hall asking for information about their protégés : "We desire you," they say, "to inform us as opportunity offers what number of Indians there are at the university and what progress and proficiency they make in learning and to what degree and manner they have obtained."

To this the commissioners reply from Hartford in November of the same year, giving the following rose-colored statement of the condition of affairs at Cambridge :

"There are five Indian youths at Cambridge in the Latin school, whose diligence and proficiency in their studies doth much encourage us to hope that God is fitting them and preparing them for good instruments in this great and desirable work. We have good testimony from those that are prudent and pious that they are diligent in their studies and civil in their carriage. And from the president of the college we have this testimony in a letter directed to us the 23d of August, 1659, in these words: 'The Indians in Mr. Arlett's school were examined openly by myself at the public commencement, concerning their growth in the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and, for their time, they gave good satisfaction to myself and also to the honored and reverent overseers.'"

It is stated in the reply to the royal commissioners that in 1665, the year that Cheeshahteumuck graduated, the number present in the grammar school and at college was eight, "one whereof is at college and ready to commence." As we examine the various sources of information open to us on this subject we find that about two-thirds of them were content with the education furnished by the school. The other third prosecuted for a while the higher studies of the college, and of these one only had the perseverance to finish the course and take a degree. I have quoted above the flattering picture of the conduct of these students which the commissioners in their report laid before the corporation. The results obtained were not proportionate to the hopes which such a report was calculated to raise. It may have been true that for a while the Indians pursued their studies with interest, but Gookin speaks of them as becoming disheartened, and leaving the school when almost ready to enter college.

According to Gookin the commissioners constructed "a house of brick" which passed under the name of the Indian college. Its cost he estimated at between three hundred and four hundred pounds. It was large enough for twenty scholars, and was fitted with convenient lodgings and studies. He says it was strong and substantial though not very capacious. Edward Randolph, in his report on colonial affairs to the Privy Council in 1676, mentions the Indian college.* He speaks of it as a "small brick building, called the Indian college, where some Indians did study, but now converted to a printing house." Dankers and Sluyter, who visited Cambridge in 1680, say that they looked into the building "through a broken paper sash." Thomas, in his *History of Printing*,

* Historical Collection relating to the Colonial Church, Vol. III., p. 22.

says: "This building was taken down many years since. It stood not far from the other buildings of the college." These references furnish practically all the information we can gather concerning this building. It was a simple brick structure, having oiled paper in the sashes in place of glass. That this substitution was only partial would appear probable from the fact that the commissioners in 1653 distinctly foreshadow the intention of providing glass for the windows. We have no other testimony as to the site of the building than that furnished by Thomas, who could never have seen it. It is probable, however, that he knew approximately where it stood.

Thus the little brick building, intended to be plain but strong and durable, came into possession of the college. Chauncy, Dunster's successor, had reaped the reward of Dunster's pertinacity. The accommodation for six hopeful Indians had become adequate for twenty. The cost of the building, which it was announced to the corporation would be one hundred pounds, and which in the authorization given the commissioners of Massachusetts was fixed at one hundred and twenty pounds, exclusive of glass, had risen, according to Gookin, to nearly four hundred pounds. The twenty Indian students who were to occupy it, or at any rate the greater part of them, were still in the future. The college was short of dormitories and here were vacant rooms. In 1656 Chauncy petitioned for the privilege of using the vacant rooms as dormitories for white students. The commissioners replied as follows:

"The commissioners are willing that the president, with the advice of the commissioners of the Massachusetts and Mr. Eliot, may for one year next ensuing improve the building to accommodate some English students, provided the said building be by the corporation secured from any damage that may befall the same through the use thereof."

This petition was renewed the next year, and the privilege of occupancy was again granted for one year on the same terms. Apparently the building became thereafter one of the regular dormitories of the college without the necessity of renewed applications to the commissioners, and was thus used so long as it remained habitable, except that the printing-press was subsequently set up in one of the rooms. Special appropriations made for Chauncy in 1664 and 1667 for services in behalf of Indians may perhaps indicate that the building was at those dates used to some extent for its original purpose.

The record is preserved of a meeting of the commissioners at which consent was given that the "bricks belonging to the Indian college, which is going to decay and become altogether useless," should be re-

moved and used for an additional building to Harvard college, provided studies should be furnished rent free in the new building for any Indian student who might thereafter be sent to college." It was in pursuance of this consent that in 1698 the bricks were sold to John Willis, and the proceeds applied in payment for the cellar under the southerly end of the first Stoughton Hall, a building which shared the fate of the first college building and the Indian college. It was so poorly constructed that in 1780 it was found necessary to pull it down.

The interest which attaches to the history of the Indian college is greatly increased by the fact that the building was evidently used as a dormitory for white students during the greater part of its existence. This is not a mere inference from the fact that specific consent was given in 1656 and 1657 for the use of the building for that purpose, but can be positively stated upon the authority of Gookin, who says that when he wrote it had "hitherto been principally improved for to accommodate English scholars and for placing and using a printing press belonging to the college." The site of the building is conjecturally placed on the plan in Eliot's history of the college in the southern part of the quadrangle, near Gray's Hall.

Andrew McFauland Davis

BOSTON, MASS.

BURGOYNE'S DEFEAT AND SURRENDER

AN INQUIRY FROM AN ENGLISH STANDPOINT

I think there is no more interesting page in the history of this country than the record of the operations carried on in the year 1777, which ended in the capitulation of Major-General Burgoyne and his forces to the army of the United States commanded by General Gates. It is an old story, and has been often told from various standpoints; but my object in the present paper is to inquire into the causes of this surrender, and the circumstances preceding it.

The winter of 1776-77 was spent by Washington's little army at Valley Forge, where the nature of the country afforded it excellent defense. The English general, Howe, spent the corresponding period "snugly at Philadelphia," twenty-five miles distant, "enjoying his wine and his cards." But far different was the aspect of affairs in the northern colonies. There the command of the British forces had been transferred by an imbecile ministry from General Sir Guy Carleton to General Burgoyne. Carleton had now served several campaigns in that region, and consequently had an extensive knowledge of the country and its people, and was thoroughly well versed in the tactics and mode of fighting of the latter. On the other hand, Burgoyne, albeit a gallant soldier and one who had seen much service in Spain and elsewhere in Europe, was quite fresh to American warfare. Sir Guy not unnaturally felt nettled at being superseded by such a man at a time when offensive operations on a large scale were meditated. He accordingly threw up his appointment as governor of Canada, but consented to remain until the arrival of his successor.

The plan of attack, which Burgoyne was deputed to carry out, had been "hatched" by the king of England,—whose knowledge of the art of war was certainly as peculiar, if not as extensive, as the immortal Sam Weller's knowledge of public-houses,—Lord George Germaine, who, though secretary of state for the colonies, had not much wit for anything, and Burgoyne himself. This plan appears to have been, for the army to capture Ticonderoga and then march against Albany; the fleet meanwhile to ascend the River Hudson with another strong body of troops, under General Howe, on board, and join hands with Burgoyne. In this manner the English would obtain complete control of the river, and the state

of New England, "the hot-bed of rebellion," would be reduced. The scheme was good enough, but unhappily its execution lacked co-operation from the start, whilst the "strong body" of troops mentioned so vaguely was not nearly strong enough. In point of fact, the force placed under General Burgoyne's immediate command consisted of about seven thousand regular infantry and cavalry—some three thousand of whom were German mercenaries, hired by the English government at forty pounds per man; a corps of artillery; nearly three thousand French Canadians, equipped as scouts, pioneers and baggage guards, and the usual crowd of Indians. His division and brigade commanders were mostly good officers—Major-Generals Philips and Riedesel, Brigadier-Generals Powell, Frazer, Hamilton, and Specht.

One of Burgoyne's first proceedings was to hold a confab with his Indian allies, whom he adjured to renounce their scalping propensities and adhere to the Christian method of fighting. Of course the redskins promised all sorts of things, but not long afterward occurred the brutal murder of Miss Jenny McCrea. At the same time Burgoyne took care to mention to the colonists, in a proclamation which he issued, the many brutalities practiced by the Indians.

At first all went well with the expedition. Being conveyed by water to St. John, the English general marched thence toward Crown Point on June 16, 1777. At Ticonderoga, where General St. Clair—the same, I believe, who was defeated by the Indians in 1791—was commandant of only a weak garrison, the Americans retreated. Skenesboro' was the next point to fall into the hands of the British. Well might John Adams exclaim with emphasis: "We shall never be able to defend a post till we shoot a general!" General Schuyler, recognizing the importance of delaying Burgoyne's march by all the means in his power, broke down the bridges, obstructed the roads, and interrupted the navigation of Wood creek. But congress would take no heed of Washington, who had a firm belief in the soldierly qualities of Schuyler; the latter was superseded by General Gates. Brigadier-Generals Lincoln and Benedict Arnold were appointed to command under Gates, and he was reinforced by Morgan's rifle corps and two brigades from the highlands. Congress clearly meant "business." Meanwhile Burgoyne reached the Hudson; but alas! no General Howe was there to co-operate with him—indeed, that extraordinary man seemed utterly incapable of observing the movements of Washington and assisting his *confrère* at one and the same time. And now it was that Burgoyne began to appreciate the difficulties of his enterprise, the difficult nature of the country, and the peculiar tactics adopted by the enemy. These

last perfectly astounded the British and Hessian troops, who failed to see the fun in fighting a hidden foe armed with a deadly rifle.

Still, General Burgoyne is open to much criticism in that he was foolish enough to further weaken his weak army by detaching small parties to threaten the enemy at various places. One such detachment, under Colonel Baum, was fallen upon at St. Corick's Mill by the husband of "Molly Stark," and routed with the loss of 500 men, including Baum himself; while another, commanded by Colonel St. Leger, after meeting with some success, was very nearly cut off, and rejoined the main body with difficulty. So far the English advance. The woods were by this time swarming with militia flocking to Gates' standard.

With the passage of the Hudson by Burgoyne (which he effected on September 13-14, 1777, by means of a bridge of boats), the second phase of the campaign may be said to have commenced. "Burgoyne was now in a position which demanded all the talents of a great general," says a truthful English historian. "His forces were greatly reduced, those of the enemy were greatly increased, and he was precisely in that situation, amidst bogs and wildernesses, which Lord Barrington and Colonel Barré had from the first declared would be fatal to any army." The United States forces of Gates and Schuyler had been increased to 8,000, whilst death and disease had correspondingly reduced the English to little more than 4,000 fighting men. Moreover, Gates intrenched himself very skillfully on Bemus's Heights, protected by redoubts, swamps, woods, and ravines. On September 19 Burgoyne took up ground in front of the American left, himself commanding his own right wing, and Generals Riedesel and Philips the left. About the middle of the afternoon Arnold's division assailed the English right with great impetuosity, covered by a cloud of sharpshooters who picked off the red-coats whenever they showed themselves. General Gates adopted the simple but effective plan of reinforcing Arnold each time he was repulsed, and sending him forward again. At length darkness ended the struggle; each side had lost some five or six hundred killed or wounded, but the British kept the field and claimed the victory.

It may well be asked, why in the name of wonder did not Burgoyne follow up any success he may have gained? "If ever a general needed to push on his advantage it was now. Every day was consuming Burgoyne's stores; every day was augmenting the forces of the enemy. The country was closed to Burgoyne: it was open with all its resources to the Americans." In truth, the British commander had received a despatch from Sir Henry Clinton, advising him not to count upon any help from General

Howe, but that he (Clinton) would risk the responsibility of a diversion in his favor by attacking Forts Montgomery and Clinton, on the lower Hudson—and to which Burgoyne replied that he would remain in his present position until October 12. This was the worst mistake he had yet made. He certainly had not provisions enough to last till that date, his cattle were actually dying for want of forage, and his Indians began to desert in large numbers. The dashing Arnold now communicated to Gates a scheme for capturing Ticonderoga, Mount Independence and Fort George, and so getting upon Burgoyne's line of retreat *via* the lakes to Canada. Gates acquiescing, a force of irregulars under Colonel Brown was started upon this enterprise which, partially successful, alarmed Burgoyne, whose retreat would now be a question of hard fighting.

Hearing nothing further from Clinton, Burgoyne, who was no longer blind to the peril of his position, led out fifteen hundred picked men, and endeavored to break through the American line. But General Arnold proved a hard nut to crack, his marksmen picked off the gallant General Frazer with their deadly rifles, and the British were forced back to camp with the loss of their precious artillery, Colonel Brooks, too, at the head of Jackson's Massachusetts regiment, took occasion by the hand, marched around the English lines, and captured the baggage and ammunition of the German brigade. This was just what Gates needed to carry on the campaign. Burgoyne, who was reduced to thirty-five hundred men and three days' rations, fell back during the night to a fresh position on elevated ground. The next day was wasted in skirmishing, and the British general, Lincoln, was disabled whilst reconnoitring. Gates was proving himself to be a very able commander. He saw that the enemy's design was to reach Fort George, and this he determined to frustrate by carefully guarding every avenue of escape. Burgoyne's first march would be to Saratoga, only six miles distant, but it was too late. He left 300 sick and wounded behind him, whom General Gates treated most kindly and humanely. Arrived at the fords of the Fishkill, the English general, who was now in a state bordering on desperation, having heard nothing from Clinton, drove away a force of the enemy who would have barred his passage. These, however, attacked his batteaux on the river, and seized his remaining stores.

For the moment Burgoyne appears to have contemplated fighting his way across the river, whence he hoped to make Fort Edward. In fact, word was brought to Gates that he *had* effected a crossing, leaving only a rear-guard in camp, and believing this, the former made his dispositions for seizing the camp. At the last moment he heard from a spy or deserter

that he was mistaken in his surmise, and Burgoyne, who had thought to fall upon and crush the Americans on their reaching the opposite bank, had the mortification of seeing them retire again. His last chance was gone. The road to Fort Edward was blocked up.

There is no need to dwell upon what followed. The result of a conference with the officers was that General Burgoyne had an interview with General Gates on the morning of October 14. At first the American commander would listen to no terms but an unconditional surrender, but on Burgoyne stating that he would never acknowledge his retreat cut off while his troops had arms in their hands, Gates (who was well aware that Clinton was drawing nearer and nearer) allowed him honorable terms. Burgoyne soon became aware of the near approach of Clinton, but he could not in honor draw back, and the capitulation was ratified. Gates, who was nothing if not a polished gentleman, would neither attend the humiliating spectacle of "grounding arms" nor allow his soldiers to be present. By it 4,000 muskets, forty pieces of artillery, some stores, etc., became the property of the American Republic.

The news was followed by the resignation of General Sir William Howe, the incapable commander-in-chief of his majesty's land forces in America. His conduct had been culpable and apathetic enough, but observe the careless demeanor of Burgoyne; first, in not maintaining an unbroken connection with the fleet on the lakes; and, secondly, in advancing so far without the prospect of co-operation from Sir William. Several times during the fighting that followed he displayed high qualities as a soldier, but Sir Guy Carleton should never have been removed—at any rate, in favor of an officer fresh from Europe. And the disaster of Saratoga was a foreshadowing of the greater disaster of Yorktown. The intelligence was received with mingled feelings in England; but perhaps the witty Mrs. Inchbald, in criticising the carefully prepared description of the event forwarded to his government by General Burgoyne, summed up the popular sentiment best:

"The style charmed every reader; but he had better have beaten the enemy and misspelt every word of his despatch, for so the great Duke of Marlborough would have done!"

Percy Cross Standing

RICKMANSWORTH, HERTS, ENGLAND.

A CURIOUS AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN INDIANA

THE CHIEF OF THE MIAMIS

Editor Magazine of American History:

There lately came into my possession some documents of great historic interest, and which, I think, are worthy of preservation in your valuable Magazine.

John Baptiste Richardville, whose Indian name was Pe-che-wa, or "Wild Cat," was the last principal chief of the Miamis, once a powerful confederacy which held for a long period the gateway to the West; their principal village being Ke-ki-on-ga, now Fort Wayne, Indiana.

He was the son of Tah-cum-wah, daughter of Chief Aque-nosh-qua, and a sister of the famous chief Little Turtle, and was born about the year 1761.

His father was Joseph Drouet de Richardville, who was long an Indian trader at this point, and was, according to tradition, a scion of the nobility of France.

A brother was trader at "Post St. Vincents," or Vincennes, and descendants of his are still living there, in whose possession these remarkable manuscripts are now preserved.

John Baptiste Richardville was a marked character in the history of his times, and he and his family were exempted from the provisions of the treaty by which the Miamis were required to seek new homes in the far west, and remained here, his descendants, notwithstanding the admixture of white blood, showing in every characteristic their Indian ancestry.

He left three daughters, La Blonde, Susan and Catharine. La Blonde left a daughter who married James Godfrey, himself a Miami descended from the same maternal stock and a French Canadian trader of that name. Their family is respected, and are good citizens. Richardville died August 13, 1841, and was buried in the Catholic Cemetery, not far from the place of his birth and residence.

That the tradition of his noble lineage was no myth is amply proven by the curious old documents brought into the wilderness by these adventurous sons of France one hundred and sixty-four years ago, and which have been so strangely preserved, to illustrate the links which bind us through so many decades with the historic names of France.

There seems little room for doubt that Chief Richardville was the son of "Antoine Joseph, the son of Messire Denis Dydie Derout" (Drouet) and "Dame Marie Jeanne Michel Lemadre," who was born March 30, 1723, the last of our genealogical tree, which carries us back almost to the Middle Ages, to the time of William the Conqueror, and connects the days of chivalry in France with the days of chivalry and adventure among the savage tribes of America.

The first paper is the genealogical record, while the second seems to be an adjudication of the family titles by the French King in the year 1201, and are given exactly, as I am able to decipher them, as follows:

Philippe Auguste par la Grace de Dieu Roy de France, etc., à tous presens et avenir Salut Scauoire faisons que sur la Requisition du Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy et St. Phelix Musy Saint Pont, etc., Inspecteur de Cavalerie de nos armées, par Laquelle Requisition Ledit Sire Christophle Drouet Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont, etc., Suploioit Notreditte Majesté de faire droit sur la d'requisition aux fins d'Intrepose notre autorité Royale pour terminer les Contestations d'entre luy et le Sire Anthoine Datteuille, Seigneur Daubigny, au sujet du fief dudit Musy Saint Pont, que le dit Sire Antoine Datteuille pretend Luy Estre Deusla accuse du Retrait feodal quil à Signifié par Exploit du quinze januiet Mil Deux Cent au Domicile dudit Sire Christophle Drouet, Escuyer, Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix, Musy Saint Pont, etc., par les pièces justifications qu'il nous demontre, et par dautres Connoissances don nous formees Certain; nous Etant fait Représenter les Titres qui pourroit concerner le dit Sire Christopple Drouet, Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont, etc., de Soins de notre Conseil le sur le Veû d'Talle piece. Voulant fauorablemem traiter le dit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont, Supliant, Deboutons le dit Sire Antoine d'Atteuille, Escuyer, Seigneur Daubigny de sa demande et representation delitre pour Bonne Le droit dudit Sire Christophle Le Drouet, etc. Sur le fief noble dudit Musy Saint Pont et comme ledit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont. Se trouuant dande l'impossibileté de les Représenter attendu l'incendie arrivé dans sa maison ordinaire, qui a été consommé ses meubles, papiere et effets de ce diiment interquellé lecture faite des Proces Verbeaux faits de l'état des lieux par les Commissaires de notre pars envoyén ensembles les Informations faites des Temoins ouyu sur la question de qui dependoit Ledit fief de Musy Saint Pont, et sur la Confrontation de certain aueûs et denombrement fournis aux predecesseurs dudit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont par les Predecesseurs meme dudit Sire Datteuille et faute pare ledit Sire Datteuille : Nauoir Représente vente, Ventilation, ou Translation faite par les predecesseurs dudit Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy. Saint Phelix, Musy Saint Pont etc., ou par luy dudit fief noble haut, moyen et bas justicié dudit fief de Musy Saint Pont; le Condamnonnes a Reconnoitre ledit Sire Christophle Drouet Seigneur Dosiret et Bragy, Saint Phelix, Musy Saint Pont pour son Seigneur. Nous ayam parû quil Leloit par les aueûs et denombrement cy dillud que

ledit Sire Datteuille Seigneur Daubigny Releuoit dudit fief de Musy Saint Pont, etc. Deluy fournir a cette cause [cause] tous les aueùs et denombrements des Terres a luy appartenantes qui se trouuem en la Monnence dudit fief; L' tout aux memes clauses quil les pretendoient dudit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont, etc. Condamnons en outre ledit Sire Datteuille, Seigneur Daubigny aux frais tant du Retrait feodal que des autres frais des procedures faites au Sujet de sa pretendue preliminaires sur ledit fief de Musy Saint Pont, Ensemble aux droits vasseaux coruées et vassalite pour les Terres aluy appartenantes qui se trouuem dans la Monnence dudit Musy Saint Pont. En outre Condamnons ledit Sire Datteuille Seigneur Daubigny Eneurs Ledit Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Pont, a *Reparation Dhonneur pour le Denis aluy fait de sa naissance*, en le mettant au neant jusqu'a Roture : Ensemble a restitution de titres audit Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Pont, etc. Concernam Ledit fief de Musy Saint Pont, et au las de Refus Tenu d'affirmer n'en pas auoir, de plus a la restitution des fruits par luy Receuilles dudit fief de Musy Saint Pont qué est dependam dudit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer, Seigneur de Bragy Dosiret Saint Phelix, Musy Saint Pont, etc., depuis le jour quil s'en est saisy jusqu'a maintenant tant ensance. Rente, grains qu'en argent droits Seigneuriaux Coupe, Vente, Ventillation faite des Bois et prix d'teux; Et ce D'huy en six mois pour tout Delais; Et faute par luy de ce faire Permis audit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret, Bragy Saint Phelix, Musy Saint Pont de faire executer ces Presentes, et le contenu en iceles après le terme d'huy en six mois expiré, en faisam saisir au corps ledit Antoine Datteuille, Seigneur Daubigny, sans quil soft Besoin audit Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy St. Phelix, Musy Saint Pont d'autres choses. Mandons et enjoignons a tous nous officiers justiciers et autres de tenir la main a l'Execution de des Presentes sur la Requisition dudit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont ou sur celle de ses hoirs ou ayam cause; Ordonnons au premier notre hussier ou sergem exploitant dans l'Etendue de notre Royaume de faire pour l'Execution des Presentes et le Contenu d'icelles Tous Actes requis et necessaires sans demander autre permission nonobstant clameur de haro, et Lettres au contraires. Ces Presentes furent Données et accordées Donnons et accordons avec pleine connoissance de cause pour servir (Et ce comme de raison) de titres audit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont, etc. Et ne pourra estre ledit Sire Inguiette sur l'Etat de sa Naisance; et ce Derogeam a toutes choses a ce contraires et au contenu d'icelles presentes.— Car Tel Est Notre Plaisir.

Donné en notre Chateau de Paris audit Lieu ce vingt neuf januiet Mil Deux Cent Un.

[Signé] PHILIPPE.

Auguste, de Notre Regne le quatrieme an, Et plus bas est escrit De Par Le Roy notre om Sire Jean Baptiste Machianet et en marge est escrit alté apposé Le Sceau ce dernier dudit mois etan : Signé Chopinet avec Grille et Paraphe. Je Soussigné Garde Minute et aux Archives des Lettres Patentes accordées par notredit Seigneur Roy. Certifie a tout quil appartendra que Le Present est Copie mot pour mot et conforme a Loriginal qui est dans lesdites Archives de nos dits Seigneur Roye, en foy de quoy Jay Signé Le Present pour Servir et Valoir autant quil convindra, a Paris ce vingt trois januiet Mil Sept Cent Trente Trois.

[Signé] A. BROGLIO.

Contrôlé a Dourdan ce vingt un fevrier Mil Sept Cent Trente Trois, Signé Godarville, scellé Ledit jour et au que dessus. Secrétaire Du Roy Maison Couronne de France, de ses finances, ce vingt trois januiér Mil Sept Cent Trente Trois Par Mon dit, etc.,
[Signé] DE LAFONTAINE.

Collationne sur vue Copie en Papier Timbré représenté pour demeurer au rang des Minutes du notaire soussigné, a Montreal ce neuf juin Mil Sept Cent Trente Six.

RAIMBAULT FILS,
N^{re} ROYAL.

Nous Pierre Raimbault, Conseiller du Roy et son Lieutenant General Civil et Criminel au siege de la Jurisdiction de Montreal Certiffione, que M^{re} Raimbault quy a fait L'expédition des autres Parts est Notaire Royale En La^d Jurisdiction et que foy en adjoute aux actes quil passe, En foy de quoy nous auons signé ces Presentes, et ascelle fait apposer Le Sceau de notre Jurisdiction et contresigne par notre Greffier. Fait a Montreal le onze juin Mil Sept Cent Trente Six.

P. RAIMBAULT
Par Monsieur le Lieutenant General
C. PORTIER
Greffier.

[SEAL]

EXTRAIT DES GENEALOGIES

	AINES	CADETS	FILLES
Messire Robert Phillippe Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musi St. Pont et autres lieux eut de Dame Elisa- beth Dauenquerque son épouse	Messire Chris- tophle né le 17 ^d may 1162		
Messire Christophle Drouet Ecu- yer Seigneur Dosiret St. Phelix Bragy Musi St. Pont et autres lieux inspecteur de cavalerie eut de Da ^{lle} François Le Bottu son épouse en première noce			{ D ^{lle} Suson D ^{lle} Antoinette D ^{lle} Marie
Et Led ^{te} Messire Christophle Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur Dosi- ret Saint Felix Musi St. Pont et autres lieux eut de Damoiselle Adelaide de Barrieres son épouse en seconde noce	Mes ^{re} Charles, né le 4 ^d feu- rier 1202	{ Et Messire Robert }	
Messire Charles Drouët Ecuyer Seigneur des Saussayes St. Amand Bauac et autres lieux capitaine de cavalerie eut de D ^{lle} Le Brun de la Serisayes, son épouse	Messire Alex- andre César, né le 8 ^d d'avril 1239	{ Messire Louis et Messire Claude }	{ D ^{lle} Brigitte et D ^{lle} Pétronille

	AINES	CADETS	FILLES
Messire Alexandre César Drouet Ecuyer, Seigneur des Saussayes Bragy Musi St. Pont, Bauac et autres lieux, eut de D ^{lle} Crasseur de St. Mour, son épouse	Messire Pierre, né le 11 ^d sep- tembre 1260		D ^{lle} Martine et D ^{lle} Claudine
Messire Pierre Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur des Saussayes St. Amand Bouac Beaucour et autres lieux, capitaine d'infan- terie, eut de D ^{lle} Christine le Seigneux, son épouse	Mes ^{re} Paul et Mes ^{re} Jean Bap ^{te} mort en bas âge. Messire Michel né le 17 ^d juin 1291	Mes ^{re} Edme Battazar Mes ^{re} Sebastian Mes ^{re} Denis Mes ^{re} Etienne	
Messire Michel Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur d'Armancourt de Bouval de Manorque des Bruy- ères et autres lieux, eut de Dame Louise de St. Genie (veuve de Mes ^{re} gerome gra- beau, Seig ^r des Martrais) son épouse	Mes ^{re} Gaspard Melchior né le 27 ^d may 1320	Mes ^{re} Henry	
Messire Gaspard Melchior Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur Darmancourt Saint Barthelemy, Moranges Bonnalet et autres lieux. Major du régiment du Roy infanterie. Eut de D ^{lle} Claude du Verger son épouse	Mes ^{re} Louis né le 12 ^d Sept ^{bre} 1364		D ^{lle} Grabelle Françoise et D ^{lle} Marie
Messire Louis Drouet Ecuyer Seig ^r Darmancourt Saint Bar- thelemy, Moranges et autres lieux, lieutenant du Roy des ^t Lo. Eut de D ^{lle} Henriette du Cerceau St. Leger son épouse	Mes ^{re} René Bat- tazar né le 29 ^d feurier 1402.		D ^{lle} Marie Louise
Messire René Battazar Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur Darmancourt Saint Barthelemy, Moranges et autres lieux, mestre de camp de cavalerie eut de Damoiselle Louise de Sont L'évêque son épouse	Mes ^{re} Théodore Emanuel né le 21 ^d octobre 1441	Mes ^{re} Julien et Mes ^{re} Jean- Baptiste	
Mes ^{re} Théodore Emanuel Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur de Prille Saint Paulis des Bois Boissi- uranget et autres lieux, capitaine de cavalerie réformé. Eut de Dame Marguerite de Valençay (veuve de Mes ^{re} Joachim Eusebe Dufournier) son épouse en pre- mière noce	Mes ^{re} Jacques et Mes ^{re} Mathurin tous deux morts en bas âge		
Et ledit Sire Théodore Emanuel, etc. Eut de D ^{lle} françoise Ni- cole de Lavaux son épouse en seconde noce	Mes ^{re} Jacques, né le 17 ^d juil- let 1477	Mes ^{re} Michel et Mes ^{re} Bona- venture	

	AINES	CADETS	FILLES
Messire Jacques Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur d'Orbec St. Maurice Prille Auvray et autres lieux, Président du Siege et Elections de Bourdan. Eut de D ^{lle} Gene- viève Dosset de St. Remy, son épouse	Mes ^{re} Pierre né le prem ^r mars 1506	D ^{lle} Henriette et D ^{lle} Geneviève	
Messire Pierre Drouet Ecuyer Sg ^r de Lavaux d'Orbec, St. Mauri Auvray et autres lieux, cap ^e d'in- fanterie eut de D ^{lle} Louise Chris- tine du Pousset son épouse	Mes ^{re} Abraham Eusèbe, né le dernier X ^{b^{re}} 1533	Mes ^{re} Jerome et Mes ^{re} Louis	
Messire Abraham Eusèbe Drouet, Ecuyer, Seigr. d'Orbec, de l'annux Chaumusson et autres lieux, lieutenant de cavalerie, eut de D ^{lle} Emee d'Aubigny St. Ger- main, son épouse	Mes ^{re} Pierre né le 22 ^d juillet 1559	Mes ^{re} Louis	D ^{lle} Elisabeth
Messire Pierre Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur du Sommeray Chau- musson et autres lieux. Brigadier des armées du Roy. Eut de D ^{lle} Marguerite le Boixtel, son épouse	Mes ^{re} Charles, né le 11 ^d juin 1598	Mes ^{re} Armand Mes ^{re} Jacob Mes ^{re} Michel ignace	
Messire Charles Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur du Sommeray Chau- musson et autres lieux. Lieuten- colonel au régiment de Piémont, infanterie. Eut de D ^{lle} Louise Bourdon, son épouse	Messire Claude né le 15 7 ^{b^{re}} 1633	Mes ^{re} Etienne Mes ^{re} Pierre Mes ^{re} Louis Mes ^{re} Charles	
Messire Claude Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur de Baudricourt Bajolet et autres lieux. Lieutenant criminel de robe courte de Bourdan avocat au Grand Conseil substitut de Messieurs les Marechaux de France. Eut de Dame Apoline de Soissons son épouse	Messire Claude, Drouet de Richardville né le 17 ^d X ^{b^{re}} 1665	Mes ^{re} Denis Didier	D ^{lle} Louise

Cet Extrait Vu Lû et Collationné sur L'original représenté et a l'instant rendu par nous.
Lieutenant General de la ville, juridiction et election de Dourdan, sousigné ce vingt neuf
Januier Mil Sept Cent Trente Trois.

[Signé] LE BOIXTEL,

Avec paraphe, Era Cotte Est Ecrit.

Contrôlé à Dourdan, le vingt un feburie Mil Sept Cent Trente Trois.

[Signé] GODARVILLE.

Scellé Le^d jour et au que dessus.

MESSIRE CLAUDE DROUET
ESCU^{ER} S^R DE RICHARDVILLE
Né Le 17^d X^{b^{re}} 16.

AINES		CADETS	FILLES
Messire Claude Derouët Ecuyer Sr de Richardville officier des Troupes D'on Detachement de la Marinne, entretenous en Can- ada pour le Service du Roy. Eut de Dame Marie Jeanne Derozier son épouse	Messire Denis Dydie, né le 6 ^d may 1693	Armand né le 25 ^d mar 1695 Michelnac né le 28 ^d 8 ^{bre} 1697	
		Antoine né le 27 ^d mar 1699 Etienne né le 21 ^d avril 1705 Jean Louis né le 4 ^d de may 1707 Pierre Charles né le 27 ^d 7 ^{bre} 1712 Claude Antoine né le 27 ^d feurie 1715	Dam ^{lle} M. Jo- sepha née le 26 ^d juillet 1703 Dam ^{lle} Gene- viève née le 2 ^d 8 ^{bre} 1710
Messire Denis Dydie Escuyer Sr Derout de Bagolet eut de Dame Marie Jeanne Michel Lemadre son épouse	Afné. Messire Antoine Jo- seph né le 30 ^d mar 1723	Claude, né le 3 ^d X ^{bre} 1724 Michel, né le 10 ^d may 1726 Louis, né le 29 ^d avril 1728	D ^{lle} Appoline née le 6 ^d de may 1720 D ^{lle} Marie Anne née le 3 ^d 9 ^{bre} 1721

Collatione sur une Coppie per timbré representé pour Demeurer au Rang des minutes
du Notaire soussigné à Montréal ce neuf juin mil sept cent trente six.

RAIMBAULT FILS,
N^{re} royal.

[WAX SEAL] Nous Pierre Raimbault Com^e du Roy Lieutenant-General Civil
et Criminel au seige Royale de Montreal

Certiffione que M^e Raimbault quy a fait Lexpedition des autres
Parts est Notaire Royale en la^d jurisdiction et que foy est adjouté aux actes quel pase, en
foy de quoy nous avons * ces Presentes. Et ascelle fait apposer Le Sceau de Notre juris-
diction. Et Contresigne par Notre Greffier. Fait à Montreal le Onze juin Mil Sept Cent
Trente Six.

P. RAIMBAULT,
Par Monsieur le Lieutenant Général
C. PORTIER,
Greffier.

[SEAL]

[* "Signé" is omitted by the scrivener.—R.]

Respectfully yours,

P. S. Robertson,

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S HUMOR

President Lincoln had humor of which he was totally unconscious. He said wonderfully witty things, but never from a desire to be witty. His wit was entirely illustrative. He used it because at times he could say more in this way and better illustrate an idea. He never cared how he made a point, so that he made it, and he never told a story for the mere sake of telling a story. He was a master of satire, which was at times as blunt as a meat-axe and at others as keen as a razor; but it was always kindly except when some horrible injustice was its inspiration, and then it was terrible.

In my interview the name came up of a recently deceased politician of Illinois, whose undeniable merit was blemished by an overweening vanity. His funeral was very largely attended. "If," said Mr. Lincoln, "General — had known how big a funeral he would have had, he would have died years ago." His flow of humor was a sparkling spring gushing out of a rock; the flashing water had a sombre background which made it all the brighter. Whenever merriment came over that wonderful countenance it was like a gleam of sunshine upon a cloud—it illuminated but did not dissipate.

This was in 1858. Lincoln said he should carry the state on the popular vote, but that Douglas would nevertheless be elected to the senate, owing to the skillful manner in which the state had been districted in his interest. "You can't overturn a pyramid," he said, "but you can undermine it: that's what I have been trying to do." He undermined the pyramid the astute Douglas had erected most effectually. It toppled and fell very shortly afterward.

Nothing so illustrates the fact that events are stronger than men, and that one attacking an evil can never commence using the little end of a club without changing very soon to the butt, than the position of Lincoln at this time. The Republican leaders, and Lincoln as well, were afraid of only one thing, and that was of having imputed to them any desire to abolish slavery. Douglas in all the debates between himself and Lincoln attempted to fasten abolition upon him, and this it was his chief desire to avoid. Great as he was, he had not then reached the point of declaring war upon slavery; he could go no farther than to protest against its extension into the territories, and that was pressed in so mild and hesitating

a way as to rob it of half its point. Did he foresee that within a few years the irresistible force of events would compel him to demand its extinction, and that his hand would sign the document that killed it? Logic is mightier than man's reason. He did not realize that the reason for preventing its extinction was the very best reason for its extinction. Anything that should be restricted should be killed. It took a war to bring about this conclusion. Liberty got its best growth from blood-stained fields.

I met Lincoln again in 1859, in Columbus, Ohio, where he made a speech which was only a continuation of the Illinois debates of the year before. Douglas had been previously brought there by the Democracy, and Lincoln's speech was in the main an answer to Douglas. It is curious to note in this speech that Lincoln denied being in favor of negro suffrage, and took pains to go out of his way to affirm his support of the law of Illinois forbidding the intermarriage of whites and negroes. I asked him if such a denial was worth while, to which he replied: "The law means nothing. I shall never marry a negress, but I have no objection to any one else doing so. If a white man wants to marry a negro woman, let him do it—if the negro woman can stand it. Slavery," said he, "is doomed, and that within a few years. Even Judge Douglas admits it to be an evil, and an evil can't stand discussion. In discussing it we have taught a great many thousands of people to hate it who had never given it a thought before."

The "Nasby letters," which I began in 1861, attracted his attention, and he was very much pleased with them. He read them regularly. He kept a pamphlet which contained the first numbers of the series in a drawer in his table, and it was his wont to read them on all occasions to his visitors, no matter who they might be or what their business was. He seriously offended many grave senators who came charged to the brim with important business—business on which the fate of the nation depended—by postponing the consideration of their matters while he read them a letter from "Saints' Rest, wich is in the state uv Noo Jersey."

DAVID R. LOCKE's *Reminiscences of Lincoln*.

OUR RELATION TO THE PAST A DEBT TO THE FUTURE *

Our prevailing sentiment to-day, I am sure, is one of gratitude—of gratitude touched with generous pride. We rebuild the sepulchres of our fathers, not with Pharisaism, but with devout and humble thankfulness. We rejoice as we ought in our godly ancestry and our goodly heritage. Many of us can look back through an unbroken lineage of six, seven, or eight generations of good and true men and women to the very beginnings of Anglo-Saxon life on this western continent. We are thankful for the "blood of ancestry, in which," as Lamartine says, "is found the prophecy of destiny." To-day we trace our connection with the mighty past. We devote the hours to what the conveyancers call "searching the title," generally the most important and the most profitable work which the conveyancer has to do. There is this difference, however, with us. We search our own title, save the conveyancer's fees, and keep the profit to ourselves. At any rate our legal adviser is one of ourselves, belongs to the family, and has common interest with us. The HEDGES have been kept up well.

We find ourselves to-day standing in close connection with all that was greatest, noblest, and best in the mother-land in the most heroic period of her magnificent history. No other period of equal length in that history presents us with such impressive contrasts of good and evil, piety and wickedness, sainthood and diabolism, profound learning and brutish ignorance, high tragedy and low comedy, as the great central portion of the seventeenth century in which our eastern English towns were colonized. It was an age of immense literary activity. If we leave out of account the single name of Shakspeare, the first settlers of Southampton were contemporary with a body of men vastly superior in numbers and in weight to those who gave its lustre to the boasted age of Elizabeth. Glance for a moment at a handful of names caught up almost at random from the central half of that century's history—names which must have been as familiar to our fathers as are those of Gladstone, and Grant, and Bismarck, and Stanley, and Tennyson, and Longfellow to ourselves. The church was renowned during these years by such a constellation as never shone before or since upon her calendars. There were Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Ken, Tillotson and Barrow and South, Bishop Burnet and

* Address at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Southampton, Long Island, June 12, 1890.

Archbishop Usher, Thos. Fuller, and Bishop Hall. And the Puritans fully matched the church, with Baxter and Owen and Bunyan, John Howe and Philip Henry. Sir Matthew Hale was Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Sir Isaac Newton was writing his *Principia*, Shakspeare had been but few years dead when our settlers came—some of our fathers may have seen and talked with him—Ben Jonson was living, and Sir Wm. Davenant. And then there were a host of poets and dramatists, big and little, ranging almost from the zenith of angelic song down to the nadir of the Restoration grossness and blasphemy: holy Geo. Herbert, and Milton singing of *Paradise Lost and Regained*, and Fras. Quarles and Habington and Crashaw, Dryden and Butler, Cowley and Waller and Lovelace and Prior, Dorset and Roscommon, Sedley and Rochester and Etherege and Wycherly. What a list! headed with glory and ending with the stench of the sulphurous pit! And the philosophers and historians—Cudworth and Hobbes and Henry More, Clarendon and Evelyn and Burnet and Pepys with their scandals and tittle-tattle. And finally, to cut short what might be indefinitely extended, and leave sweeter suggestions in our thoughts—Izaak Walton, angler and contemplative saint, and patient Lady Rachel Russell.

Our settlers saw the whole wretched career of the Stuart dynasty, its interruption by the Protectorate, its brief and disgraceful Restoration, its downfall in the Revolution and the safe re-launching of the ship of state with William of Orange at the helm. In this brief space came the plague, the great fire of London, the Westminster Assembly, the long Parliament, the Savoy Conference, and the ejection of two thousand of the best ministers of the church of England by the Act of Uniformity. The canvass of the century is crowded with notable figures and mighty events. We cannot dissipate time and thought by dwelling upon the general scene. I have hinted at it only by way of furnishing a proper background. The central and most important fact is what chiefly concerns us here and now, the evolution from this *mélange* of the Puritan life which gave birth to the New England colonies, those of Long Island being among them.

At the core of the Puritan movement there was a two-fold protest—against class-privilege in church and state, and against worldliness of life. For several centuries the church of England and the great universities which were its feeders had done little for the great masses of the people. The church cared little or nothing for the man who plowed the fields save to be sure of receiving her tithes from his crops. All learning, whether secular or religious, was reserved as the peculiar privilege of the uppermost stratum of society. Church and aristocracy were bound together in closest

alliance—were almost identified, indeed, in their mutual and exclusive devotion to each other's interests. They would christen, marry, and bury the poor rustic at the times respectively appropriate for such slender services, provided the appropriate fees were forthcoming, and God might take care of his soul. Sir James Stephen, surely an unprejudiced witness, tells only the sober truth when he says: "To the great, the learned, the worldly-wise, the church for three centuries afforded a resting-place and a refuge. But a long interval elapsed before the national temples and hierarchy were consecrated to the nobler end of enlightening the ignorant and administering comfort to the poor. Rich beyond all Protestant rivalry in sacred literature, the Church of England, from the days of Parker to those of Laud, had scarcely produced any one considerable work of popular instruction. The reigns of Whitgift, Bancroft, and Laud were unmolested by any cares so rude as those of evangelizing the artisans and peasantry. Jewell and Bull, Hall and Donne, Hooker and Taylor, lived and wrote for their peers, and for future ages, but not for the commonalty of their own." * But Puritanism created a new era. It did something far greater than bring in the commonwealth politically. It revealed "the Republic of God," and insisted upon the blessings of Christianity as the rightful possession of all human souls—the "commonwealth"—in which no man can claim a share to the exclusion of his lowliest neighbor. *The Pilgrim's Progress* threw open not only the mansions of the Celestial City, but all the immunities and privileges to be found by the way to the tinkers of Bedford. And the *Saint's Everlasting Rest* brought the brightest cheer and the most lustrous hopes of the Gospel of the blessed God into the cabin of the humblest weaver of Kidderminster. No wonder our grandmothers were wont to keep these old Puritan books where you and I used to see them in our childhood upon the stand along with the old family Bible, and venerate them with an almost equal reverence. The movement was also a protest against worldliness, formalism, and immorality of life.

With our Puritan forefathers, religion and the church meant supremely personal religion and obedience to the personal conscience. "It meant truth and righteousness, obedience and purity, reverence and intelligence everywhere—in the family and in the field, in the shop and in the meeting-house, in the pulpit and on the bench. When they came here it meant compassion and charity toward the savages among whom they found themselves, and good works as the daily outcome of their faith." † I have heard it

* Sir James Stephen's *Miscellanies*, Essay on the *Life and Times of Richard Baxter*.

† Bishop H. C. Potter, Address before the New England Society, New York, December 23, 1878.

hinted that the Puritan was an uncomfortable neighbor, a hard man to get along with. The fact, if it were a fact, came out of this protest of which I have spoken. A half-dozen unimpeachable yard-sticks, I take it, would make uncomfortable companions in a load of very crooked cord-wood. The moral law is an uncomfortable thing in an immoral community, because by it is the knowledge of sin. But it is too late in the day to set up a defense of the Puritans. They need none. Their works have gloriously followed them. We may be content to leave the charges of the past to the records of history. The gross and festering scurrilities of Hudibras are abundantly offset by the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Paradise Lost*, and the *Saint's Rest*. John Winthrop and William Brewster and Abraham Pierson: there are no names of kings or courtiers in the seventeenth century to rival these in brightness—none that in passing have left behind them a track of beauty and of blessing more lustrous, more beneficent, more permanent. We may claim it, for it is easy of demonstration, yet the seeds of our liberty, our toleration, our free institutions, our church not established by law, but establishing itself in the hearts of men, were all in the simple and single devotion to the truth, so far as it was revealed to them, which was the supreme characteristic of our Puritan forefathers.

For two centuries and more the old Puritan spirit and the old Puritan life have been maintained to a very remarkable degree in these eastern towns. It has largely constituted their charm for those who have been so fortunate as to stray in upon them from the outside world. They have been like sheltered nooks of quiet and undisturbed repose to the townsman wearied by the rub and tear of a more compact and secular life. Our Eastern towns owing to their insular position have been comparatively isolated. Their inhabitants, marrying much among themselves, have strongly preserved hereditary traits and traditions. They have been most naïvely and attractively *sui generis*. The influence of these broad, level lands and open-eyed skies has been kindly to the preservation of a religious and worshipful temper never found so dominant where men are shut in between narrow walls of city or even of mountain life. The sailor life of such a large proportion of the population has also conspired to hold the common thought in intercourse with infinity and eternity. The hard work upon the farm and the livelihood wrested from the waves have alike nursed the sterner virtues of prudence, economy and independence.

But the war and the railroad have made a new Long Island. Life is becoming more various and complex, and more completely assimilated to the life of the world. I suppose there are rustlers now in the streets which once knew nothing more lively than Deacon John White's "schooner," or Cap-

tain Bill Green's new horse. There is certainly a new Southampton. And with all our laudation of the past to-day, I do not suppose that any of us desire that the good old town should be remanded to the Puritan times. Many things that were good in their day ought to become obsolete. "God fulfills himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world." It is not the good old customs that need to be preserved, but the good old spirit. The essentials of true life never change; the forms of life are ever variable. Water, air, light, retain through the ages the identity of their composition. The cup, the wind, the lamp, will be adaptable. Out of the old-time life there has come down a shining current of thought, power, purity, and moral energy. That current, however it may broaden, deepen, strengthen, and cut for itself new channels, must not be interrupted. Our business is to see to it that these same elements which made our fathers what they were and gave us whatsoever virtues we possess, shall go on into the future.

And now permit me to use the few moments that remain to me, in urging upon you the importance of guarding with some greater care the vouchers of your noble descent, the memorials of your venerable history. Our gratitude to-day ought to materialize in an endeavor, which shall reach down into the future. Lord Macaulay has said that "any people who are indifferent to the noble achievements of remote ancestors, are not likely to achieve anything worthy to be remembered by their descendants." I am sure, from what I have seen both at home and abroad, that there is no force to hold a community up to virtue like a perpetual impression of noble descent. The memorials of the fathers are the safeguards of the children. The thought of Westminster Abbey fired the heroism of Nelson at the battle of the Nile. The crossed swords in Prescott's study did not make a soldier of Prescott, but they nursed in him a brave, heroic spirit which enabled him under sorest calamity to win the choicest victories in the battle of a scholar's life. Many of our town's most precious memorials have vanished forever.

Our fathers were too busy in planting and colonizing, in wresting life from hard conditions, to think much about leaving behind them personal souvenirs. We have few of their portraits, few of their letters, few of the books they handled, few of the household materials which ministered to the narrow comforts of their life. The golden opportunities for constructing the infant history of our colony have for the most part passed away. Those which remain ought to be seized with the greatest avidity. Negligence here and now is criminal. Much has been done by the intelligent and reverent researches of Judge Hedges, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Pelletreau.

Two hundred and fifty years from to-day the men of Southampton will be more grateful for their work, if possible, than we are. A noble beginning has been made in the *History of Southampton* and the printing of the town records, worth more than their weight in gold. It makes one shiver to think how those priceless pages from generation to generation were moved about in an old wooden chest from one garret to another, now to a grocery store, and now to a shop, and now to some farmer's bedroom, subjected to the contingencies of flames and to the certainty of rats. "After us the deluge!"

The present era of historical criticism is giving us back the ages that were beyond the flood, showing us the habitations men lodged in, the garments they wore, the food they ate, the language they spoke, their method of social intercourse, and the sort of government under which they lived. They have resurrected the Pharaoh of the Exodus and given us his photograph. I would give more to see the face of Abraham Pierson and to get a vision of the life of Old Town as it was in 1645. But alas for us! It is far easier for us to get a picture of Zoar or Nebuchadnezzar. Now let us remember that as we feel about the memorials of the settlers the men of the generations to come will feel interested in us. We owe a debt both to the past and to the future, which it is high time for us to begin to pay. Pardon me. We *have begun*—but only begun. Shall I give you an outline of what ought to be in this fine old town, of what it will be a shame by and by if it is not, in this oldest English town of the empire state, *pace* Dr. Whitaker?

First then I would like to see the fairest lot of land to be found between Long Springs and the beach devoted to a memorial use. Spare an acre or two from your generous farms, upon it to be erected a modest but dignified structure of stone or of brick, fire-proof, which shall contain primarily a public library. Mr. Howell and Mr. Pelletreau, how much do I owe to that old district library that used to be kept in Captain Harry Halsey's back kitchen! It did not do as much perhaps to fit us for college examinations as the old academy, but that back kitchen was the porch through which we entered into the knowledge of good literature. Let the library room serve also as a memorial hall in which tablets shall be placed inscribed with the names of the first colonists, the names, so far as they can now be recovered, of those who served in the wars of the Revolution and of 1812, and above all, of those who enlisted in the war for the preservation of the Republic. Let those be thus remembered also who have deserved well of the old town for their conspicuous service, whether in civil, judicial, or executive relations. Let a place be provided also in the building for the town clerk's office and for the preservation of its records. Then into this

repository let every native and every citizen take a pride in gathering whatever shall preserve the memory of the past or throw a light upon its life. The place and time to begin are here and now.

Begin with to-day and work backward as fast and as far as possible. Let the records of this notable anniversary be religiously preserved. Is there in existence a complete file of our town's breezy little newspaper, the *Sea-Side Times*? Believe me if it is not gathered at once, in a few years it will be utterly impossible. What would not a perfect file of the old *Suffolk Gazette*, the *Sag Harbor Corrector*, or of its younger contemporary be worth? Do you know that for thirty years without a break the old *Daboll's Almanac*, which used to hang in the chimney corner of every farmhouse, gave the names of ships owned in the port of Sag Harbor, their tonnage, the names of their agents, the names of their commanders and their last date of sailing? Who has a file of them covering that thirty years from '44 to '74? I would like to see a complete set of the school-books used by my old grandfather Squire Herrick during the long time that he served in the two-fold capacity of pedagogue and town clerk, to say nothing of the primers and horn-books of a remoter age. But I cannot even find a *Peter Parley's Geography* with its wonderful poetry,

"This world is round and like a ball,
Goes swinging through the air,
The atmosphere surrounds it all,
And stars are shining there,"

which I used to study wearily in the long summer afternoons in the dame-school of good Mrs. Proud. Who can furnish a complete list of Dr. Wilson's printed discourses—two on the death of President Harrison, one on the Rev. Samuel Huntting, one of our most beloved young townsmen, who died when he had barely assumed the pastorate of our sister church of East Hampton, one on Rev. Amzi Francis, and various thanksgiving and fast-day discourses? And the sermons of Mr. Bogart, to go no further back, that polished gentleman and ripe scholar whom we Yankees wooed and won from the Dutch at the West. Where are the *Journals of our Early Whalers*? Where, O where, is the log-book of Captain Mercator Cooper on that historic voyage which gave to Southampton the honor of opening up Japan and introducing the wonderful people to the family of nations? Where are preserved the portraits of Judges Halsey and Rose, *par nobile fratrum*, and I may ask also, of his honor the orator-in-chief of our anniversary? The best materials for the construction of future history are evanescent. I make a plea for their salvation in behalf of those who come after us. They cost little or nothing at the time of their issue, their loss

is utterly irreparable. Let me note this fact by way of encouragement, a fact abundantly verified in my own experience, of which if there were time I could give you abundant and most romantic illustration. Whenever an individual or a community fairly enters upon this work of preserving the memorials of the past, a sort of whirlpool current is created about the collection which rapidly brings in the rarest materials, even from the most distant and unpromising quarters. Gradually the past will be restored, the lost will be found. Long-hidden treasures will leap from their hiding-places to find their companions and congenial associates. To him that hath shall be given, *but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath*. How much of value has been thrown away for want of a place to keep it! The spaces upon your shelves or in your cases will appeal powerfully to generous possessors. In the long run things tend to go where they are greatly wanted and where they ought to be. Thus gradually there will come to be in our midst nothing less than a sort of village university, at once a centre and fountain of reverend and patriotic influences, a fostering nurse of affectionate veneration for the past, of brotherly feeling and social good-will for the present, of generous forethought for the great future, whose generations will bless us in the coming centuries as to-day we bless the memory of our goodly ancestors.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Saml E. Herrick". The script is cursive and fluid, with a large, sweeping initial 'S' and a prominent 'H'.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

SOUTHAMPTON IN HISTORY

No town on the American continent has led a more unostentatious and uneventful career than Southampton, Long Island, yet in celebrating its two hundred and fiftieth birth-year it has stepped securely into public notice with a record of conspicuous interest. Its antiquity gives it the lead among its fellows. Judge Henry P. Hedges, in his historical address on the 12th of June, 1890, pronounces it "the earliest and first born of the English-settled towns on Long Island and in the state of New York, dissipating myth and conjecture and doubt, commencing the earliest of any town on Long Island, continuing in unbroken succession to the present day. Wider reflection, ampler research and crucial controversy confirm this title."

In 1640 the eastern part of Long Island was only a flat and weird wilderness inhabited by untutored Indians. A few brave young pioneers who had paused in Lynn, Massachusetts, before determining upon a permanent location of residence, crossed the waters of the sound under the auspices of James Farrett, agent of the Earl of Stirling, who had been granted the whole of Long Island by the Plymouth Company in England and who was anxious to sell his lands to parties who would found permanent settlements. The Dutch of New York were surprised and indignant as they claimed that entire territory; but they were chiefly occupied in maintaining possession of the western part of Long Island, thus could give little heed to what was going on in the more distant forests. "This lone colony at Southampton," said Judge Hedges, "remote from any other English settlement, divided by Peconic bay from Southold and yet further removed from the island stronghold of staunch Lyon Gardiner, surrounded by wild beasts and wild Indians, was like a ship adrift on the ocean, its company uncommanded, unofficered, undisciplined, its course undetermined, its voyage undecided, its destiny unknown. Will the company select and submit to the command of the best men? Will they enforce discipline?" He proceeded to describe their primitive houses and plans for tilling the soil. "Edward Howell, first of all the company styled 'gentleman,' seems to have been the most wealthy, and the father of the colony. Before the erection of a church edifice, Sabbath worship may have been held at his house, as the amplest for the purpose. As early as 1645 allusion is made in the town records to a church previously built, probably in 1641. Abraham Pierson, the first minister, held to the exclusive right of

the church to govern in both church and state. Going back in fancy a little less than five half centuries to some bright Sabbath morning we might see some forty rude dwellings sheltering as many families, compactly clustered on either side of the then Southampton street, each dwelling fortified by inclosures of palisades, and all guarded by like surrounding fortifications. Near the centre are both watch-house and church. The rolling drum-beat of Thomas Sayre calls the worshipers. Parents, preceding children and servants, move to the church. The deacons sit fronting the audience, who are seated according to rank and station, the men and women divided by a centre line. The soldiers, with their arms, are placed conveniently for defense near the door. Minister Pierson, serious, spiritual, severe, just, learned, logical, positive, presides over the assembly. With solemn air they await his utterance. With accent stern he invokes that Jehovah who thundered from Sinai.*

The political organizing governing genius of these pioneers shone conspicuously in their town meetings. This meeting was composed of that body of freemen accepted as such by the voters of themselves and those only. It was required that a freeman be twenty-one years of age, of 'sober and peaceable conversation, orthodox in the fundamentals of religion and have a rateable estate of the value of £20.' The suffrage was limited, but not so far as to prevent the government in the main from being the wisest expression of the popular will. Six freemen and one magistrate being present constituted a quorum for business. This town meeting, called the 'General Court,' because, in the first instance, it tried important cases above the magistrates' jurisdiction and heard appeals from their decisions, elected all town officers, and when convened for such election, was called a 'court of election.' Of necessity the court must exercise powers of the widest scope, comprising subjects domestic, foreign, civil, martial, military, commercial, religious, national, sovereign.

The colony swung free and, solitary as an orb in space, must control itself or fall. Practically it did so govern. If an unwelcome inhabitant sought to intrude himself into their community they would not accept him as such. Whom they would they accepted and whom they would they rejected. A power as sovereign as that of naturalization they exercised without scruple or doubt, and often forbade the entrance of convicts and tramps into their community. No drone was allowed in their hive. No

* Rev. Abraham Pierson was a graduate from Trinity college, Cambridge, in 1632 ; he remained six or seven years in Southampton, and then removed to Connecticut, becoming in 1668 the first minister of Newark, New Jersey. His son, Rev. Abraham Pierson, born in 1645, in Southampton, became celebrated for classical learning and was chosen the first president of Yale college.

crime escaped its prescribed penalty. The records abound in instances of the exercise of the highest powers. If an inhabitant desired to sell his land to a stranger, unless allowed by the town, he could no more then invest an alien with title than he can now do so under our present law of escheat. The town meeting moved with the momentum of the many, and put down private and personal opposition. Fist law and shotgun law and chaos failed. Town meeting reigned. Some of the most strong-willed, pugnacious, combative souls that first trod this continent tried their individual strength against the collected will of the town. The beating wave no more moves the unshaken rock than the individual wave of wrath moved the town meeting from its position."

The relations of the founders of Southampton with the Indians were generally peaceful; but there came a time when "Southampton and the neighboring towns of Southold and Easthampton were all within the savage scheme of universal extermination of the whites, and devoted to destruction. Lyon Gardiner, hero of Saybrook Fort, first English planter resident in the state of New York, and Wyandanch, great sachem of Montauk and finally of the whole island, were fast friends to each other and to the whites. It is not improbable that their aid alone saved these towns from destruction. The blood of the sachem has long been extinct."

George R. Howell, A.M., of the New York State Library followed Judge Hedges with an able and ornate address on "Our Puritan Ancestors," after which William S. Pelletreau, A.M., spoke of the "Changes in Social and Family Life," saying, among other things: "The stranger who visits these ancient towns cannot fail to notice, first of all, the solid and substantial nature of the dwellings that remain as relics of the days when the settlement was in its infancy. Houses still exist that sheltered men who could remember the dawn of our history. One, the oldest of all, has passed into two centuries of existence, and with care and attention may see another. From the earliest settlement down to the present day every man owned his land in fee simple absolute. When a man built his house he did it not only with the assurance of enjoying its shelter while life to him remained, but with an equal assurance of transmitting it to his descendants. Now, when we look upon these ancient houses, with their massive frames and solid covering, that have withstood the storms of two centuries, it is not 'because timber was plenty and they might just as well use it as not,' but because the men who built them knew that they were building for posterity. The highest officers of the town were the magistrates, the constable and the captain of the train band. To the first of these, as justice of the peace, honor and respect have been justly given

through the long period that has elapsed down to the present day, and the office for two centuries and a half has been filled by men who have commanded the respect and esteem of their fellow-citizens. But it would be curious indeed to trace the office of constable. It was a high office when the town was independent. It was higher still when under the dominion of the Duke of York. The 'Court of the Constable and Overseers' was the highest tribunal of the town and the constable was the head of the tribunal. He was on a level with the minister, which was saying a great deal in those times. A curious illustration of this is found in the record of the laying out of Hog Neck, in 1680, when it was expressly stipulated that no man should sell his lot to any one who was not approved of by the minister and constable."

Some curious statistics in relation to lawyer's fees were given, Mr. Pelletreau saying: "When Rev. Dr. Woolsey, of Yale college, traveled through Long Island in the early part of this century he reports that no lawyer had ever yet been able to get a living in Suffolk county. One day, when this century was young, there was a boat on the shore of Mecox bay and some oysters in it. There was also disputed ownership, high words, a quarrel, a fight, and a suit for assault and battery—all these followed in natural and rapid succession. The defendant hastened to Abraham T. Rose, then just fledged as a lawyer and ready to defend injured innocence for a consideration. The suit came off in Southampton before 'Squire Jonathan Fithians, then a young justice of the peace. With the eloquence that in after years made him the bright and shining light of the Suffolk county bar, the young lawyer pleaded the cause of his client so successfully that the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty! The overjoyed but unsophisticated client promptly sought his counsel and asked his fee. He was told \$2. 'Two dollars! Heaven and airth! Why, here I have to take my hoe and hoe corn all day long for fifty cents, and you just come here and stand up and talk two hours and charge \$2! It's outrageous, and I won't pay it!' 'Very well, what will you pay?' The client's hand went down into the depths of his trousers' pocket, forked out an eel-skin purse, and taking fifty cents, tendered it as the 'fair thing.' The young lawyer accepted it, and both adjourned to Herrick Rogers's bar-room, where it was quickly exchanged for 'liquid refreshments,' of which the client had a full share, and that was the end of the first lawyer's fee we have any account of in the village."

The brilliant address of the Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, D.D., of Boston, on this occasion, has been given in full on another page of this magazine.

MINOR TOPICS

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW ON THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR

In his great speech at Chicago, on the 5th of June, 1890, Mr. Depew said : "We have been passing through a period of centennials, with a passion for crowding events into century packages and labeling and stowing them away for reference at the end of the next hundred years. It is a singular coincidence that this exhibition, with only a four years' interval, will be the centennial of the first international fair. Nothing has more clearly marked the development of this extraordinary century than the growth of these international exhibitions. Steam and electricity have made them possible, and the inventions have enriched them beyond the dreams of all the ages since the dawn of history.

Prince Albert opened the great World's Fair in the Crystal Palace in 1851, with the declaration 'that the time had come to prepare for a great exhibition, not merely national in its conception and benefits, but comprehensive of the whole world.' To it came 6,000,000 visitors. In 1861, again, London was the scene of another exhibition with 6,200,000 visitors. The French, in 1867, held their exhibition, with still increasing numbers and interest, and the world's last effort at Paris, in 1889, was housed in buildings costing \$11,000,000, with 30,000,000 people crowding their booths and avenues. The most successful of the exhibitions since 1828 showed a handsome profit, and the most disastrous, that of Vienna in 1873, on account of the depression caused by the panic of that year, resulted in a deficiency of \$9,000,000, which was made up by the government; but the Austrians and Hungarians have ever since regarded it as the best investment ever made by their country, because it brought their products into notice and opened for them the markets of the world.

The Columbus quadri-centennial celebration will be the only one within recorded time in which all the world can cordially and fraternally unite. It is not sacrilege to say that the two events to which civilization to-day owes its advanced position are the introduction of Christianity and the discovery of America. The dynamic forces of our Christian faith, in the destruction of the buttresses of bigotry and oppression, and the leveling up of the masses to common rights, could never have worked such marvelous results except for the opportunities of a new country and an untrammelled population. When Columbus sailed from Palos types had been discovered, but church and state held intelligence by the throat. The compass had opened the pathway across the seas, but feudalism had its foot upon the neck of commerce. Hopeless ignorance and helpless poverty were so burdened by caste and customs, laws and traditions, that liberty lay bound and

gagged within impregnable prison walls. But Puritans and Catholics, Huguenots and Lutherans, English, Dutch, German and French, Swedes, most of them fleeing for liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, willing to sacrifice every material advantage and every earthly prospect for a civil and religious liberty, and all of them seeking commercial freedom, followed the track of Columbus to the new world. Here was neither king nor noble, neither caste nor privilege. The distance was too great for paternal supervision, and self-government became the absolute necessity of the colonies. With no guide but God, and no constitution but the Bible, they worked out upon this continent, after many hardships and trials and tribulations, the problem of the equality of all men before the law. They founded institutions which have withstood the test of foreign invasion, of political passions, of party strifes, of individual ambition, and the shock of the mightiest civil war the world has ever seen.

The influences of their successful experiment, following the lines of fraternal blood back to the countries from which they came, have revolutionized and liberalized the governments of the globe. The triumph of the principles of civil and religious liberty upon this continent, the beneficial effects of the common school, and the universal diffusion of education, have done more than all other agencies in uplifting mankind to higher planes of independence and happiness. The children, the grandchildren, and the great-grandchildren of Great Britain and France, of Germany and Italy, of Spain and Russia, of Scandinavia, and of all the nations of Europe, will say to their kindred in the fatherland: 'Welcome, thrice welcome, to our states and homes; come and see and learn,' and then will the era of peace and liberty dawn upon the world.

Columbus stands deservedly at the head of that most useful band of men—the heroic cranks in history. The persistent enthusiast whom one generation despises as a lunatic with one idea, succeeding ones often worship as a benefactor. The ragged navigator at the gate of the palace of Castile and Aragon outranks in fame and beneficent endeavor all the kings and statesmen and soldiers, not only of his own period, but also of those which have come after. New continents beyond the ocean, which should become the seat of great empires, and whose wealth would redeem the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem from the infidel, and evangelize the world, were the dream of Columbus. Sustained enthusiasm has been the motor of every movement in the progress of mankind. Genius, pluck, endurance and faith can be resisted by neither kings nor cabinets. The triumph of Columbus is a superb practical illustration of the Apostle Paul's tribute to the power of faith. His lofty spirit and great purpose were undismayed by obstacles, defeat was an incentive to new endeavor, and he so carried his poverty that in the most brilliant court in Europe it seemed a decoration. While following Ferdinand and Isabella in their campaigns against the Moors, seeking an audience and a hearing for his grand scheme, small indeed seemed the battles, the sieges and the victories which absorbed the attention of the hour. The armored chivalry of Spain, her

marching squadrons, her gorgeous court appeared to him the petty pageantry which stood between the royal ear and the discovery of a world. The most romantic picture of the period was Boabdil, last of the Moorish kings, coming out from Granada and on bended knee surrendering to Ferdinand and Isabella the keys to the city, while the cross rose above the crescent upon the towers of the Alhambra. While all Europe was ringing with acclaim over this expulsion of the Mussulman, to one proud and lofty figure standing aloof and unmoved it seemed of trivial importance compared with the grander conquest so clearly outlined before his vision.

It was a happy omen of what America could do for woman that when statesman and prelate alike had rejected the appeal of Columbus as visionary, and the king had dismissed it with chilling courtesy, Isabella comprehended the discoverer's idea, saw the opportunities of his success, appreciated the magnitude of the results to her throne and to the world, and pledged not only her royal favor, but her fortune and her jewels to the enterprise. The American woman with her property rights guaranteed by American law, with her equal position and independence, with her unequaled opportunities for higher education and for usefulness, can say with pride to her brother, her lover, and her husband, 'You owe America to me.'

Let this International Fair be held ; let the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus be celebrated ; let it be commemorated by an industrial exhibition grander in extent and volume than any ever seen before ; let the Old World know what their children have done in the New ; let the Stars and Stripes float from every roof and turret and flagstaff ; let the bands announce the opening and closing of the fair each day with the inspiring strains of our national anthem, and we will separate from this grand communion impressed more deeply than ever before with the fact that the proudest title on earth is that of American citizen."

GENERAL ROGERS DEFENDS RHODE ISLAND

In a notable oration at the centennial anniversary of Rhode Island's adoption of the Constitution, in Providence, on the 29th of May, General Horatio Rogers said : "Detractors have sometimes ascribed Rhode Island's procrastination in adopting the federal Constitution to a general low plane of patriotism pervading her character. Her record during the memorable struggle for independence from Great Britain proves that such an assumption is utterly without foundation. In 1783 the Continental Loan office accounts show that only four states had contributed more to the public treasury than Rhode Island, diminutive as she was ; and in proportion to population none could compare with her. But it has been urged that the delegates from Rhode Island were very delinquent, at the last, in attending

the continental congress. This was rather the fault of the members than of the state, for the delegates were duly elected, and, if they neglected their duties, they but followed the example of members from other states. At one period Rhode Island was the most radical, and at another the most conservative, of all the old thirteen colonies or states. The colonial charter of Rhode Island, likewise, was unsurpassed in liberality. That of Connecticut alone approached it; in these two colonies only, until after independence, were the governors elected by the people. So liberal were the royal charters of these two colonies that they alone survived the revolution, Connecticut abandoning her charter in 1818, and Rhode Island clinging to hers till 1842. Her people and her representatives have always exerted a stronger direct influence on governmental affairs, and still exert it, than any other colony or state, and nowhere was, or still is, there a greater jealousy of official or other centralized power. Until within a very few years the people directly, or through their representatives in general assembly, elected all their officers, and only recently has the governor, to any considerable extent, been invested by statute with an appointing power. Nowhere has town government been so rigidly adhered to. Even in Connecticut state senators are now elected from districts, regardless of town lines, and in Massachusetts county officers have charge of probate matters and the recording of deeds. Nowhere on the face of the earth, Great Britain and her colonies not excepted, do the old English common-law forms of procedure and practice prevail to such an extent as in the courts of Rhode Island. The very liberality of her cardinal principle and of her royal charter seems to have made her fearful of losing what of liberty she had gained; so the radicalism of her early days has reacted upon her, producing an intense conservatism.

Rhode Island was by no means the only state where deep-rooted opposition to the constitution existed. . . . Rhode Island never opposed union. On the contrary, she always favored it, being among the first to propose it, and as we have seen, she was the second of all the states to instruct her delegates in congress to ratify the articles of confederation providing for a perpetual union. She had performed her duty as well as most of the states, and in the struggle for independence she had been second to none. Her state sovereignty had been planted in exile and fostered by persecution; its corner-stone rested on sole liberty, and its preservation and integrity had been assured only by her sturdy resistance to the aggressions of her neighbors, and she was unwilling to transmit to posterity either that sovereignty impaired, or with the right to impair it vested in three-fourths of her sister states. Having once entered the constitutional union, Rhode Island has loyally adhered to it, and the blood of her sons has been lavishly shed and the money in her treasury has been bountifully expended in preserving it. Rhode Island may be conservative and peculiar, but, if a tree is to be judged by its fruit, where can a richer harvest be found than here within her borders?"

NOTES

THE BAY PSALM BOOK NOT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM—Referring to a monograph in the May issue of this magazine on the *Bay Psalm Book of 1640*, its extreme rarity is further shown by the fact, courteously communicated by the "Keeper of the printed books," that the British museum does not possess a copy of the original edition. For this, a partial explanation may be found in the "Recollections of the late Henry Stevens," in which we are told that he had offered to the museum a copy (the gem of the Crowninshield collection) for 150 *pounds* sterling. But the timid librarian never had the courage to lay the offer before the trustees for acceptance and payment. After waiting five or six years, this precious volume was withdrawn by its patient owner, to be superbly bound by Bedford, taken back to America in 1868, and sold to Mr. George Brinley for 150 *guineas*. This was the copy for which, at the sale of that gentleman's library, \$1,200 was paid in 1878 by Cornelius Vanderbilt. It may be proper to emphasize the fact that the British museum, first in rank of the great libraries of the world, still lacks the first book in the English language both written and printed in America.

THE BREAD AND BUTTER BALL—Among the extracts from Washington's diaries in Vol. IV. of the *Memoirs of the Long Island Historical Society* is the following: "Feb. 25, 1760. Went to a ball at Alexandria, where musick and dancing was the chief entertainment.

However, in a convenient room, detached for the purpose, abounded great plenty of bread and butter, some biscuits, with tea and coffee, which the drinkers of could not distinguish from hot water sweetened. I shall therefore distinguish this ball by the stile and title of the bread and butter ball."

MOTLEY AND THE UNITED NETHERLANDS—It was while preparing his great popular work with the above title that the clever historian wrote to his mother from England: "My life is now very much within the four walls of my study. I am hard at work, but, alas, my work grows and expands around me every day. I am like the conjurer's apprentice in the German ballad, who raised a whole crowd of spectres and demons by stealing his master's wand, and then did not know how to exorcise them and get rid of them. The apparitions of the sixteenth century rise upon me, phantom after phantom, each more intrusive and threatening and appalling than the other, and I feel that I have got myself into a mob of goblins, who are likely to be too much for me. The truth is, I have laid out too much work. If I labored away, like a galley-slave at the oar, eight hours a day for the next five years, I should hardly fill up the outlines which I have chalked out."

STEPHEN WHITNEY was the grandfather of Stephen Whitney Phoenix. He is incorrectly mentioned as the uncle in the June issue, page 441.

EDITOR

QUERIES

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, FIRST GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA—I should like to make some inquiries about William Drummond, a Scotchman, who came to Virginia prior to 1659. He was a lawyer, and by appointment of the lords proprietors became, in 1664, the first governor of the colony of Albemarle, from which grew the state of North Carolina. His term of office expired in 1667, when he returned to Virginia. He resided at Jamestown, and was highly respected. He took part in the so-called "rebellion" of Bacon, in 1676, and met the fate of a martyr at the hands of the ferocious Berkeley at Williamsburg, January 20, 1677. Sarah Drummond, his wife, was as patriotic as her husband. She had several children, and was in Virginia in 1679, when she brought suit against Albemarle to recover debts due her husband there, and also against Lady Francis Berkeley as a co-trespasser with her husband in taking possession of the estate of Drummond under the alleged forfeiture for treason. I want to know what was the maiden name of Mrs. Drummond, and what became of her and her children. Did they remain in Virginia or return to England? In the volume of *Papers Relating to the History of the Church in Virginia*, 1650-1776,

edited by Rev. William Stevens Perry, page 94, I find mention made of one Mr. William Drummond, an able justice of James City court, who was struck out of the commission of the peace after he had refused to sign a "complimenting" address concerning Governor Nicholson. This was about 1700. Is this the son of the governor of Albemarle, and are any of his descendants known to be living? Is anything known of the life of Governor Drummond prior to his coming to America? Was he a relative of William Drummond, the poet of Hawthornden? Tradition says he was his son, but this is an error. Is there any memorial of him at Williamsburg, and is the place of his burial marked? Is either his autograph or portrait in existence? When was Lake Drummond so named? by whom? and was it in honor of the governor?

Any information on any of these points will help toward illustrating the career and preserving the memory of one of the proto-martyrs of the American revolution.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS
JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE.

FIRST RELIGIOUS PERIODICAL IN THE WEST—Can the title and date be obtained of the first religious periodical published in the west? BIBLIO

REPLIES

THE ISLAND OF SEVEN CITIES [xxiii. 417]—This imaginary island is the subject of one of the legends of the ocean, current in Spain and Portugal in the

fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The legend relates that in the eighth century when these countries were overrun by the Moors, seven bishops, followed by

a great number of people, took ship and fled across the ocean, seeking new homes in the unknown west. After tossing about for some time at the mercy of the waves, they at last arrived at a rich and beautiful island in the midst of the sea. Burning their ships that all hope of flight might be taken away from their followers, the bishops founded seven cities with magnificent temples and dwellings. The island is said to have been so rich that the very sand on the seashore was partly composed of gold. At various times, sailors who had seen the gleaming domes of the cities from a distance had landed on the island, but were never allowed to leave it, for the islanders feared that their retreat would be discovered by the Moors. It is also related that, reports of this mysterious island having reached Portugal, a cavalier named Don Fernando de Alma fitted out two vessels and set sail for the Canaries, in order to discover the new country. When the expedition reached the latitude of these islands the ships were separated by a storm, and that of Don Fernando was at length becalmed near an island on which he could see a fine city with towers and castle. He landed, was well received by the inhabitants, and remained as he thought for a single day; but when he returned to his native country he found that instead of a day he had spent a whole century on the magic island. It is said that the legend of this island suggested to Columbus that there might be land in the west, and it belongs to the same class as the legends relating to the Isle of St. Brandon and to Plato's Atlantis.

DANIEL B. RUGGLES

HANOVER, N. H.

KITTEREEN [xxiii. 506]—Kittereen was not a vehicle, but a removable and adjustable portion of a vehicle. The name is probably derived from kiste, a German word for a little chest; kistchen is a small kind, iron-bound, with lock, as boxes under a carriage seat were made, so kittereen must be an Anglicised Dutch or German word for the box fitting under the hammer-cloth or box of a carriage. It was made of a peculiar wood, kistenholz; and kistenful-lung meant ordinary contents, clothes, linen, such as a German peasant gave as a bridal present to his daughter. I think I thus show the proper derivation of kittereen, kiste, coffer; kistje, little coffer. Kit is applied to a package covering necessities for traveling, just as a kittereen might be supposed to contain equivalent requirements for stable uses and perhaps horse-covering, etc.

ANCHOR

STEPHEN MOYLAN [xxiii. 414-415]—Professor Super of Ohio university writes in relation to the name Noylan signed to the original letters, copies of which he contributed to the May magazine, that it was impossible to determine from the writings that the name was Moylan. He is now convinced of the fact, and wishes the correction made.

Moylan, not "Noylan" [xxiii. 414-415]—Stephen Moylan (not Noylan) was in the commissariat department of the Continental army before Boston in 1775; he was evidently the writer of the letters given on pp. 414 and 415 of your May number. Brigadier-General Moylan served with credit in the revolution.

A PHILADELPHIAN

SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—The last meeting of the season was held on June 3d, the Hon. John A. King presiding; Prince Bismarck of Germany and Jules Simon of the French academy were elected honorary members. Mr. Joseph W. Lawrence of St. John, N. B., was elected a corresponding member.

Mr. L. B. Proctor of Albany, the well-known student of political history, read a valuable and interesting paper entitled "Comparative View of Daniel D. Tompkins and De Witt Clinton in the Political Arena." The society adjourned to meet the first Tuesday in October next.

THE CINCINNATI—The triennial meeting of the General Society of the Order of the Cincinnati was held in the hall of the Maryland Historical Society in Baltimore, on Wednesday, May 7, 1890.

In the absence, by reason of a recent accidental injury, of the venerable and honorable Hamilton Fish, president-general, Ex-Governor Robert M. McLane the vice-president-general, presided. Prayer having been offered by the Right Reverend William Stevens Perry, D.D. (*Oxon.*), L.L.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Iowa, one of the chaplains-general, the Maryland State Society of Cincinnati was announced, and the members filed in, and an address of welcome was made by the vice-president of that society, Mr. Otho Holland Williams, and responded to by the vice-president-general.

The Maryland Cincinnati, in their desire to be hospitable, laid out a programme—which included luncheon each

day in the picture gallery of the Maryland Historical Society, and a banquet on the first evening of the assemblage at the Hotel Rennert.

On the second day a special train took the members to Washington, where they were joined by the secretaries of war and navy and chief clerk of state department, in unavoidable absence of the secretary of state. After being shown the new torpedo-boat *Cushing*, the party embarked on the United States steamer *Despatch*, upon which luncheon was served, and proceeded to Mount Vernon. Here the services were impressive, including prayers at Washington's tomb by Bishop Perry and a brief address by the vice-president-general, followed by a formal meeting and the transaction of business in the banquetting hall of the Washington Mansion. The party returned to Washington on the *Despatch*, where a special train awaited them for Baltimore. In the evening the privileges of the several clubs were extended to the delegates. Friday, May 9, terminated the business of the triennial meeting, and in the evening the University Club gave a reception to which the members were invited.

Much business of a necessary character was transacted at this triennial. The applications of gentlemen in Connecticut and Virginia for permission to revive those state societies, long since extinct, were taken into consideration and a special committee appointed to investigate and report at the next meeting. Among other matters a recommendation was made to the commission having in

charge the erection of the Lafayette monument in Washington, as to the names of French officers who held United States commissions in the revolution to be placed on the cartouche. Also that the unsightly statue of Andrew Jackson in Lafayette square be removed to some other locality, and Lafayette's statue substituted in its stead in the square named in his honor.

The next triennial was appointed to be held in Boston, Massachusetts, on the third Wednesday in May, 1893. From the reports received, it appears that the order was never in a more prosperous condition, and that applications almost without number are made for admissions which cannot be favorably considered because of the specific limitations fixed by the officers of the revolution in their beloved "institution" of 1783.

The general officers were re-elected unanimously: president-general, Hon. Hamilton Fish, L.L.D.; vice-president-general, Hon. Robert Milligan McLane; secretary-general, Hon. Asa Bird Gardiner, L.L.D.; treasurer-general, Mr. John Schuyler, C.E.; assistant treasurer-general, Mr. Herman Burgin, M.D. Mr. Thomas Pinckney Lowndes, of South Carolina, grandson of Lieutenant-Colonel (afterward Brigadier-General) William Washington, Third Regiment Continental Light Dragoons, was chosen assistant secretary-general *vice* Major Richard I. Manning, deceased.

ROCHESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY—

At the regular monthly meeting held May 9, at the house of Gilman H. Perkins, Mr. George T. Moss read a paper upon "Early Transportation." This was

followed by most interesting reminiscences, given by the company generally, of the old *Red-Bird* packet days, the captains, and the many episodes of travel on "the raging canal."

RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

—The commissioner of public works, John A. Coleman, occupied the platform of the Rhode Island Historical Society on the evening of April 15, and addressed the members and their friends upon "A Branch of Mechanical Industry in this State." He said: "If I understand the history of Rhode Island correctly, it was originally a commercial state, and Newport was the rival of New York. But in due course of time the wealth that came in this way sought other channels, and Rhode Island took to manufacturing. The cotton industry was established with water power, which was followed in its natural order by steam." Speaking of the growth of the steam-engine and the improvements made by Corliss, he said, "Corliss has affected the mechanical world more than any other man since the time of James Watt." The lecturer referred also to the tribute received from Scott Russell, the great engine builder, and to the first medal awarded by the emperor of Austria at the Vienna Exhibition, although Corliss was not represented. In conclusion he took up the question of the reduction of the tariff on iron and argued that the iron industries of this state were not failing. Several of the members, finding it a theme upon which they could revel in reminiscences, prolonged the meeting.

HISTORIC AND SOCIAL JOTTINGS

Successful authorship is attracting more and more attention as writers multiply, and some of the best thinkers of the age are discussing its causes and its obstructions. The mere desire often leads an ambitious scholar to the impression that it is quite easy to become an author, and a few pages are dashed off and sent to some editor under the delusion that it will bring by return mail a check of fabulous magnitude. Fitness for authorship is not once taken into consideration, and when the manuscript instead of a check comes back the disappointment is intense. Mr. T. W. Higginson has recently shown in an able essay that the literary profession is no exceptional or extraordinary vocation, but stands on the same basis as any other business, that of earnest, faithful and honest hard work, guided by intelligent common sense. A talent for writing well does not of itself insure fame or money; themes must be chosen with care and exact knowledge of what has already been placed before the public, and then must be so critically studied as to be treated in a way that will meet the want of the world.

One of the chief obstructions to the success of a young author is the counting of words with an eye to the price thereof. In the language of Maurice Thompson: "Safely may it be said no man ever succeeded in any learned profession, if he practiced it chiefly for the acquisition of money. The aim must be to excel on merit, to win through mastery, to compel by force of supreme wisdom in the field of legitimate effort, to overlook others by acquiring absolute vision. Money is the secondary aim; it is merely the reward claimed after the feat is accomplished; the feat itself is the true goal of ambition. This, it seems to me, is not so well understood to-day as it was fifty or a hundred years ago among aspirants to literary distinction. The reward has obscured the achievement for which it was offered. The flourishing author is usually the author who is in love with his art; but is not this true with the lawyer, the tailor, and the horse-trader as well? No half-hearted devotion to business, no matter in what line, will achieve what will come to the enthusiastic, never-resting, self-absorbed worker who loves his vocation better than his life. Self-consecration is the proof of what one's nature finds most desirable, and this, too, is the best guaranty of success."

The words of Mrs. Clarence E. Beebe, president of the Young Women's Christian Association of New York, in presenting diplomas to the graduates in stenography and other classes at the recent commencement exercises, are applicable to all workers in every sphere of industry, literature, of course, included: "Your work must never be made secondary to your means of maintenance. First your excellent work, first your honest service, first your employer's interests, last of all the gain. You as working women must sacredly uphold the standard of careful work; you must shrink from inaccuracy and carelessness as you would from a charge of theft. What is your capital in this undertaking? Is it credit given you by those who sympathize with your anxieties, is it your promissory notes, when your capabilities shall be ranked at your own valuation; does your mind hold only these idle bonds, or have you, as I hope and trust, the valuable securities of self-

control and self-denial, industry and ambition, patience and promptness, perseverance and attention? Choose your niche, select it as carefully as for a life's companion, and then take it for better or worse. Fill it until you have outgrown it, remembering that faithfulness in that which is least always marks the soul capable of higher honors. Idealize the places you fill until they hold for you the satisfaction of content. Put your love into your work. 'Tis that which makes it liberty. Love the needles until they are glorified by your spirit. You begin by learning rules and you forget their dogmatism by observing them."

Another obstruction to successful authorship is the mistaken notion that four or five hours a day gives sufficient time for application to any literary aspirant for honors and emoluments—with vacations of days and weeks supplied liberally. Says one of our eminent essayists: "Why should a literary laborer expect that he is going to play half the year and yet prosper in his vocation? Does the successful lawyer follow that plan? Go to the merchant, the civil engineer, the physician, and the real-estate agent, and see if they make a competent income without constant labor, and wise, thoughtful attention to the details of business. If a man has force, let him learn to control it with the wisdom of common sense. If his force flows in a literary direction, let him inquire of its volume and compass, so that he may not set it to turning a machine too heavy or too complicated for its capacity, and most of all let him not expect that he can sell literary bran for the same price that is paid for extra fine, roller-process, prize-wheat flour from the golden mills of genius."

Among the well-known men of letters of the past quarter of a century the late Oliver Bell Bunce will go into history as having given more words of sterling advice and criticism and more substantial aid and inspiration to young literary aspirants than any other scholar of his time. He always spoke from the standpoint of experience, combined with observation and astute judgment. Born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1828, he lost his father when about eleven years of age, and his chief inheritance was a taste for literary pursuits which developed under the influence and guardianship of his mother, a lady of culture and great strength and symmetry of character. There was a vein of literary aptitude and creative genius running through the ancestral blood, and a marked tendency toward the book-making art in every generation of the Bunce family, past and present. Mr. Bunce early became an industrious student, and although he never went through a college course he did not lack opportunities for mental discipline and intellectual growth. While still very young he was the author of several books, written with great directness, force, and elegance. At the age of twenty-five he formed the book publishing firm of Bunce & Brother, and became editor as well as publisher of *Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' Monthly*. A few years later he was associated for a time with James G. Gregory, of the publishing firm of Gregory & Co., and was the first to produce fine illustrated books in the United States; *In the Woods*, *Forest Hymns*, and *Christmas Carols* were among the pioneers in this class.

Mr. Bunce will be remembered best, however, through his twenty-three years' connection with the firm of D. Appleton & Co. He was the editor of *Appleton's Journal* and of the *Art Journal*; while *Picturesque America*, one of the colossal successes of the age, was

projected through his suggestions, and he was intrusted with the sole control of the literary and art execution of the work. He gave personal attention to the production of the illustrations, never esteeming it economy to accept a drawing from however noted an artist which did not attain to his standard of merit, often paying large sums for sketches (because they had been ordered and the workman's time consumed) that were consigned the next instant to the waste-basket, while another's skill was put to the test in the same direction. His policy was to secure the best results withoht regard to cost. He overlooked the final printing with a scrutiny that was the terror of the careless employee. No haze hung over the sharp outline of his exact idea. He was running in advance of the experience of the world, and striving for a degree of excellence which he believed it was possible to reach. Nor was he mistaken. But when it was accomplished he said nothing about it, as if it were the commonest thing in the world. He was a dramatist of ability, the author of several successful plays in which prominent actors were concerned, and his little volume *Don't*, a manual of rules of conduct, has passed through innumerable editions.

Mr. Bunce was one of the most modest and unpretentious of men, and his splendid and single-minded devotion to duty elicited universal admiration and made his career a model. His sentiment of personal honor was almost a fanaticism, so strictly did it actuate every thought and motive of his life. He was of slight figure, neither tall nor short, with a keen, dark eye, and beard and mustache slightly flecked with gray. In conversation he was animated and emphatic, with a keen sense of humor, seeing into the remote causes of things, and wielding such ideas, arguments, and principles as are comparatively easy to arrange and apply. His attractive home was the favorite resort of scholars, editors, authors, poets, novelists, and artists, and all who were worthy found in him one of the truest of friends. His loveliness of character endeared him to his devoted wife and children, and a large circle of sincerely attached friends mourn his death with a sharp sense of personal bereavement. He was one of the founders of the Authors' club, and a member of the St. Nicholas society.

BOOK NOTICES

EARLY CHICAGO AND ILLINOIS. [Chicago Historical Society's Collection, Vol. IV.] Edited and annotated by EDWARD G. MASON, President of the Chicago Historical Society. 8vo, pp. 521. Fergus Printing Company, 1890, Chicago.

The best part of the work before us is its biographical sketches. Some very eminent men have been connected from time to time with this society, men of great independence of character, thought, and action. The portrait of Gurdon S. Hubbard greets us as the frontispiece to the volume, and his memoir forms the opening chapter. He erected the first building in Chicago in 1834, and was identified closely with the actual beginnings, growth, and development of that city and of the whole northwest. The sketch is written by Hon. Grant Goodrich. In the next portrait the reader meets the genial and accomplished Isaac N. Arnold, a frequent contributor to this magazine during his lifetime, and long president of the Chicago Historical society. He was a successful lawyer, standing in the very front rank of his profession, a wise legislator in both state and national affairs, a clever writer, and a speaker of wide popularity. His biographer and successor as president of the society was the Hon. E. B. Washburne, who soon followed him, and eloquent tributes were paid to the memory of the latter by General George W. Smith and William H. Bradley. Washburne was a man of national reputation, and as minister to France the story of his conduct prior to and during the siege of Paris has been so often told that it is like a household word. He was the biographer also of Judge Mark Skinner, one of Chicago's most learned and useful men, of whom he says: "So far as I can discover, with every philanthropic agency in the history of this city, broad, true, permanent in character, we find Judge Skinner associated officially, or through personal influence, or by financial aid." Another Chicago philanthropist was Philo Carpenter, whose gifts were continual for worthy enterprises, and often in very large sums. He was one of the founders and first elders of the First Presbyterian church in that city. The chapter illustrating his notable career is contributed to the volume by Rev. Henry L. Hammond. The sketches of Samuel Stone, by Mrs. William Barry, and of Pierre Menard, the first lieutenant-governor of Illinois, by Hon. H. S. Baker of Alton, Illinois, are most interesting; and the "Pierre Menard Papers" which follow contain important history. The memoir of the pioneer trader Noel le Vasseur is by Hon. Stephen R. Moore of Kan-kakee, Illinois. Other valuable features of this

work are "Lists of Early Illinois Citizens," which occupy considerable space; "John Todd's Record Book," and the "John Todd Papers;" sketch of "Chevalier de Rocheblave" and the "Rocheblave Papers;" and the "Court of Enquiry at Fort Chartres," by John Moses, the secretary of the society.

The "John Todd Papers" include some very interesting letters from George Rogers Clark, Thomas Jefferson, Oliver Pollock, and others relating to affairs of grave importance. There are numerous excellent portraits in the volume, and it is favored with a good index.

NEW YORK AND VICINITY DURING THE WAR OF 1812-15. Being a military, civic, and financial local history of that period with incidents and anecdotes thereof. By R. S. GUERNSEY. Vol. I., 8vo, pp. 449. New York, 1889. Charles L. Woodward.

The part taken by New York City in the war of 1812 is admirably set forth in this volume, which will prove a most useful work of reference in all the future. The metropolis not being the actual site of battles has stood like an unknown quantity with many of the writers who have essayed to touch upon the varied features of this second war with the mother country. Never was an offensive war undertaken voluntarily in the face of such untoward circumstances. The youngest nation in the world with self-reliant audacity had buckled on her armor to compel one of the oldest, haughtiest, and most powerful of nations to respect her maritime rights. New York was exposed on every side. Men of all avocations and trades volunteered to labor on the works of defense about the city; and through individual enterprise alone New York fitted out and sent to sea from her port, within four months after the declaration of war, twenty-six privateers, carrying two hundred and twelve guns and two thousand two hundred and thirty-nine men. The author of this volume draws upon the documentary records of the period, publishing many of them at length, quoting also from newspapers and current literature while the war was in progress. He has been favored with personal information from the veterans themselves and from their sons and daughters, and is therefore enabled to bring many details from obscurity in order to produce a faithful chronicle of the local events of the time. He describes the city in peace, which "then contained about ninety-eight thousand persons, of whom about fifteen hundred were slaves.

The number of aliens was about three thousand; many of them were English, Scotch, French and Irish. The city then contained only about sixteen thousand five hundred houses all told." He tells of the fortifications, of the militia forces, of the war vessels in the harbor, of the troops forwarded to the frontiers, of the blockade, of the honors bestowed upon naval heroes, of the financial situation, etc., etc. He says, of the eastern end of Long Island that the entire country was subject to marauding parties from the British war vessels stationed in Gardiner's Bay; but that no person was killed on Long Island during the war, and only one prisoner taken. The commands of the British officers were to respect private property, and to pay for whatever provisions were confiscated from residents. Sag Harbor was the metropolis of Suffolk county, a port of entry, and a place of considerable trade. It was not occupied by the British forces, and but once attacked. A force of New York state militia was stationed there during the entire war.

THE RUINS; OR, MEDITATIONS ON THE REVOLUTIONS OF EMPIRES, AND THE LAW OF NATURE. By C. F. VOLNEY. Comte et pair de France. 8vo, pp. 248. New York, Peter Eckler.

Constantine Chassebeuf de Volney was born in 1757 and died in 1820. His works are among what may be termed the classics of French infidelity, and among them none has exerted a wider influence than *The Ruins*, of which this present volume is a new translation. The book is to be ranked with the works of Thomas Paine and Robert G. Ingersoll, subversive of much that is regarded as orthodox in the matter of Christian beliefs, and therefore more or less dangerous according to the intellectual character of the reader. Count Volney was beyond question a very learned man, and it will not do in this age of creed revision to cast aside his presentation of historical and ethnological facts as so much rubbish. Few of us would wish to see Christianity dethroned, but some truth is far more important than dogmatism, and there are many passages in the writings of a remote antiquity that suggest an origin for Christian creeds far antedating the Christian era. There is a certain timidity in dealing with these that must be thrown aside by the religious leaders of the present day if they would retain their hold upon an intelligent and thoughtful public. To tell people that such books as Volney's *Ruins* must not be read is simply to stimulate curiosity. To answer them frankly, admitting their truth and exposing their errors, is more in accord with the spirit of the age.

JACQUES CARTIER. His Life and Voyages. By JOSEPH POPE. 12mo, pp. 168. Privately printed. Ottawa, Ontario.

The excellent essay which forms this volume won the prize recently offered by the lieutenant-governor of Quebec for the best presentation of the facts connected with the earliest dawn of Canadian history, together with a truthful picture of the central figure in the scene. Jacques Cartier was born in St. Malo in 1491, and was married to Marie Katharine des Granches in 1519. What is known of the early life of the navigator is told very clearly, but there is not much of it. The author says: "We have no information as to when or under what circumstances Cartier came under the notice of the high admiral of France, nor when it was that Chabot presented him to the king as a fit person to be intrusted with the charge of exploring the wonders of the New World. Neither has his commission for the first voyage ever been found." When all was in readiness for his voyage Jacques Cartier spread his sails on the 20th of April, 1534, and steered toward Newfoundland. His varied adventures and experiences and subsequent voyages are very tersely described in this little volume. The author deplores the lack of historic interest in Canada, and says: "Thanks to the untiring efforts of certain literary gentlemen amongst us, things are better in this respect than they were a few years ago; but in spite of all that Mr. Le Moine and others have done to popularize the account of the early settlement of Canada, not to speak of Mr. Francis Parkman, who has a singular aptitude for investing the recital of historical facts with a romantic charm, we venture to doubt whether one person in one hundred, selected at random in any part of Canada, could tell off-hand the name of the English admiral who contended with Champlain for the possession of Quebec; who founded Montreal; what is meant by the conspiracy of Pontiac; or by whom was the Gospel first preached on the shores of Lake Huron."

LOYALISTS' CENTENNIAL SOUVENIR. 12mo, pp. 183. New Brunswick Historical Society.

To the memory of the Loyalists who founded the city of St. John and the province of New Brunswick this choice little volume is reverentially dedicated. It opens with this significant paragraph: "On the eighteenth day of May, 1783, twenty vessels from New York, with three thousand souls—men, women, and children—arrived in the harbor of St. John, and although they found some people here then, this was in reality the foundation of the city." The

New Brunswick Historical Society was organized in 1874, its first president being J. W. Lawrence, a scholarly gentleman, who for many years has been industriously collecting historical data and pamphlets bearing on the early history and settlement of the province. The account of the centennial celebration and the reports of the speeches on the occasion which forms this work embody much of the valuable history of the province and its people. Lieutenant-governor Wilmot in his address at the celebration spoke of his grandmother, who had five sons when she reached St. John's in 1783. They sailed up the river St. John and went ashore in the night of the 10th of November, in a snow storm, and camped under canvas. Of these five sons, four filled very prominent positions in the province. Many pages are given to the inscriptions in the old burial-ground—a feature of the volume that will be greatly prized.

WEST POINT. A play. By LEON DEL MONTE. 16mo, pp. 166. Robert Clarke & Co. Cincinnati, 1890.

The incidents upon which this historical play is founded are well known, and if introduced to the public on the stage its success must largely depend upon the cultivated intelligence of the chief actors. Its aim is to represent Benedict Arnold in his true colors at the time he attempted to betray and sell his country to the enemy. The scene in Smith's house near Stony Point, Act II., is dramatic in the extreme. The play is cleverly written, and the author gives unmistakable evidence of a very close study of the exciting events of the memorable summer of 1780, which he has endeavored to portray. No period of American history possesses elements better suited to the drama, and with the characters thoroughly understood by those who represent them it will command a warm welcome.

A MEMORIAL OF THE AMERICAN PATRIOTS WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1775. With an account of the dedication of the MEMORIAL TABLETS on Winthrop Square, Charlestown, June 17, 1889, and an Appendix containing illustrative papers. 8vo, pp. 274. Boston, 1889. Printed by order of the City Council.

This handsome volume opens with a "View of Memorial Tablets from Winthrop Square,

looking North," and contains nineteen other illustrations of great value. Trumbull's view of Charlestown in 1775 is one of the most interesting and suggestive of these. The quaint picture of the town of Boston from Breed's Hill in Charlestown, and the views of the country around Boston, taken from Beacon Hill in 1775, are sermons in themselves. The exercises at the dedication of the Bunker Hill tablets are chronicled, and the oration by Hon. John R. Murphy, remarks by Mayor Thomas N. Hart, the ode by Thomas W. Parsons, and the anniversary sermon by Rev. Edward M. Taylor, are printed in full. The latter said: "Few traits of human nature are more beautiful than that sentiment of gratitude and thanksgiving that accompanies the intellectual appreciation of great historic events, where the men of the past have measured up to duty, and left, as the results of their courage and sacrifice, choice blessings for posterity; turning-points in history are always places for profound meditations." In referring to the great political risks taken by the men of the revolution, the learned divine said: "While we never weary of the encomiums pronounced over the heroes of the revolution, who made up the rank and file of that army, the leadership of educated and well-developed men in those days affords a very profitable field of study. The successful weaving of the principles of liberty into the fabric of this great republic was accomplished by educated statesmanship as well as indomitable soldier courage." The appendices to the volume are like the minister's postscripts, longer than the work itself, containing sketches of the battle, the history of the Bunker Hill monument, Webster's orations at the laying of the corner stone in 1825, and at the completion of the monument in 1843, and the beautiful poem, "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle, as She Saw it from the Belfry."

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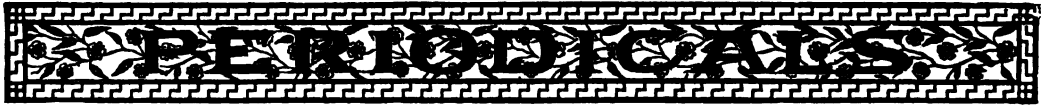


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Surplus,					9,657,248 44
Increase in Surplus,					1,717,184 81
Receipts,					31,119,019 62
Increase during year,					4,903,087 10
Paid Policy Holders,					15,200,608 38
Increase during year,					473,058 16
Risks Assumed,					151,602,483 37
Increase during year,					48,388,222 05
Risks in force,					565,949,933 92
Increase during year,					83,824,749 56
Policies in force,					182,310
Increase during year,					23,941
Policies written in 1889,					44,577
Increase over 1888,					11,971

THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

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United States Bonds and other Securities,	50,323,469 81
Loans on Collateral Securities,	9,845,500 00
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest,	2,988,632 79
Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit, etc.,	3,881,812 29
	\$136,401,328 02

Liabilities (including Reserve at 4%), \$126,744,079 58,

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

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From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Assets.	Surplus.
1884.....	\$34,681,420.....	\$351,789,285.....	\$103,876,178 51.....	\$4,743,771
1885.....	46,507,139.....	368,981,441.....	108,908,967 51.....	5,012,634
1886.....	59,832,719.....	393,809,203.....	114,181,963 24.....	5,643,568
1887.....	69,457,468.....	427,628,933.....	118,806,851 88.....	6,294,442
1888.....	103,214,261.....	482,125,184.....	126,082,153 56.....	7,940,063
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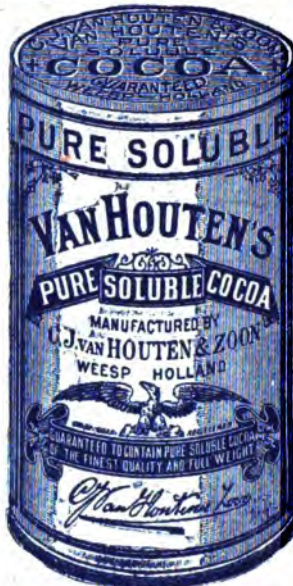
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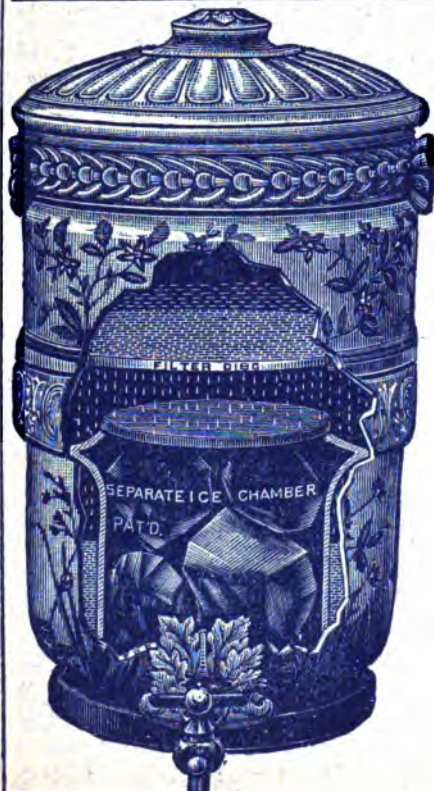
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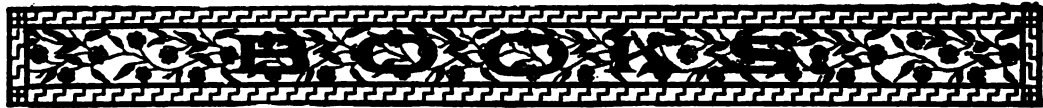
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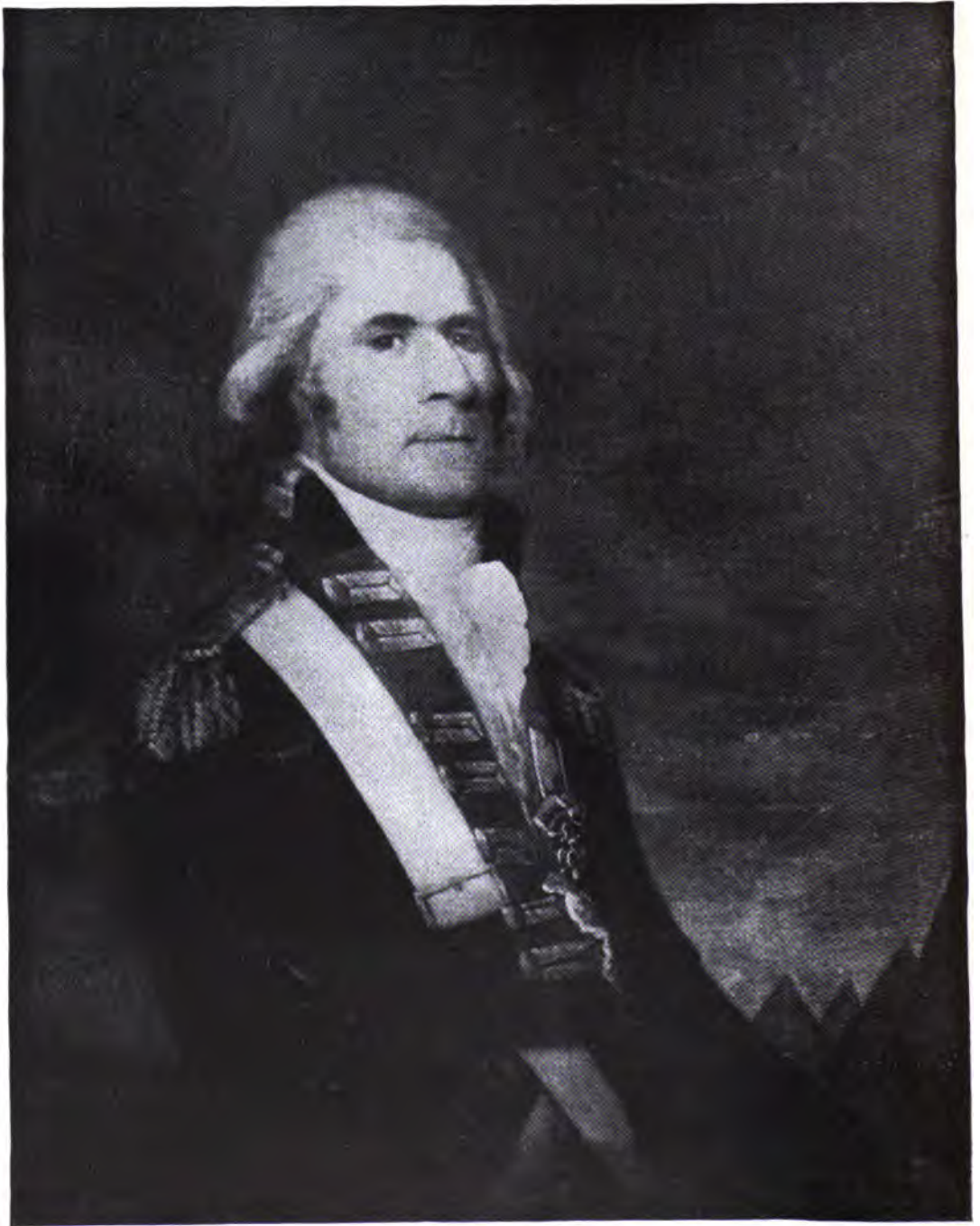
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MAJOR-GENERAL EBENEZER STEVENS, 1751-1823.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

VOL. XXIV

AUGUST, 1890

No. 2

HISTORIC HOUSES AND REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS

RECENTLY I was very much interested in looking over some ancient documents belonging to one of the older families of the better class in Orange county, New York, and manuscript letters referring in detail to the stormy scenes of one of the most eventful periods in American history; and thinking it well to preserve them in some form for the public good, I readily obtained permission to use at my discretion such of the papers as I might choose. That the *literarum personæ* may be the better understood, it may be stated that in 1688 a certain John Ellison of New Castle-on-Tyne* came to New York, where later on he purchased property then described as "without the north gate" of the city, lying about Thames street and Little Queen's street and extending thence to Hudson river (a tract in reality adjacent to the present Trinity churchyard), some part of which, I believe, this family still holds.

It appears from the manuscripts that in the year 1718 John Ellison acquired for a debt a large interest in Chamber's patent at New Windsor, Orange county, New York, then within the "precincts of the Highlands," and in 1723 this title ripened into possession. Meanwhile his son Thomas Ellison had come to reside on the tract, presumably as mortgagee in possession. Thomas Ellison was born in New York city in 1701, and married there in 1723 Miss Margaret Garrabrant. In this same year, 1723, Thomas Ellison built a homestead on the bluffs bordering the Hudson river at New Windsor, which, being a commodious stone dwelling, was destined later on to be selected as one of Washington's headquarters.†

* This John Ellison, born February 11, 1649, was the son of Christopher Ellison of New Castle-on-Tyne, born January 26, 1612, died 1695, who was the son of Cuthbert Ellison, a grandson of Cuthbert Ellison, sheriff of New Castle-on-Tyne in 1544, and mayor in 1549-1554.

† The same is shown by the following dispatch:

"Head Quarters Smith's Clove, 21st. June, 1779.

½ past 5 P. M.

His Excellency the Commander in Chief thinks proper to accept your house as Head Quarters from the description I gave him on my return from thence last night. He with his guide sets off immediately and the baggage will follow. Your most Ob't. Humble Servt.,
To COL. ELLISON." C. GIBB.

He also built on his tract docks and warehouses, and established a line of boats between New Windsor and New York which were extensively utilized by the neighboring inhabitants and those living back from the river, and on this estate this gentleman lived his life, constantly adding to his large landed interests and to his patrimony.

In 1754 Mr. Ellison built farther away from the river another very attractive house, still standing, and known from its Revolutionary occupant as "General Knox's headquarters." During the Revolution the subaltern tenants wrote the names of the belles of the county—Maria Colden, Getty Wynkoop, and Sallie Jansen—on the window panes of the house, and until lately (perhaps still) these names remain a fragile reminder of youthful lives, yet one outlasting possibly even the epitaphs of the same ladies engraven on stone.

In the year of his marriage, 1723, Thomas Ellison was made deputy ranger for the county of Ulster, as appears from the following patent deposited at Washington's headquarters in Newburgh:

"By virtue of his Majesty's Letters Patent under the broad seal of the province of New York constituting me ranger of the county of Ulster, I do hereby nominate and appoint Mr. Thomas Ellison to be one of my deputies, empowering him to execute the office of deputy ranger of the said county and to do and perform everything belonging to the said office, and demand, take, and receive all fees and perquisites which shall at any time arise or become due to him by virtue of said office. To have, and to hold the office of said deputy ranger during my pleasure. Given under my hand and seal this 14th day of November, 1723.

CADWALLADER COLDEN."

As a considerable personage in the neighborhood, Thomas Ellison was later on for many years colonel of the second regiment of Ulster county, and in that capacity served in protecting the borders of the county against the Indians, and he also served with his regiment in the French and Indian war. In 1757 he was ordered to Albany with his regiment for the relief of Fort William Henry, but was unable to reach there, through adverse circumstances over which he had no control, until after the surrender of the fort. In response to some criticisms Colonel Ellison wrote the following interesting letter:

MR. GAIN:

"NEW WINDSOR, Nov. 1st., 1757.*

In the Appendix which you have annexed to Hutchin's Almanac for the ensuing year notwithstanding your avowing to avoid most carefully

* The original letter is now at Washington's headquarters, Newburgh.



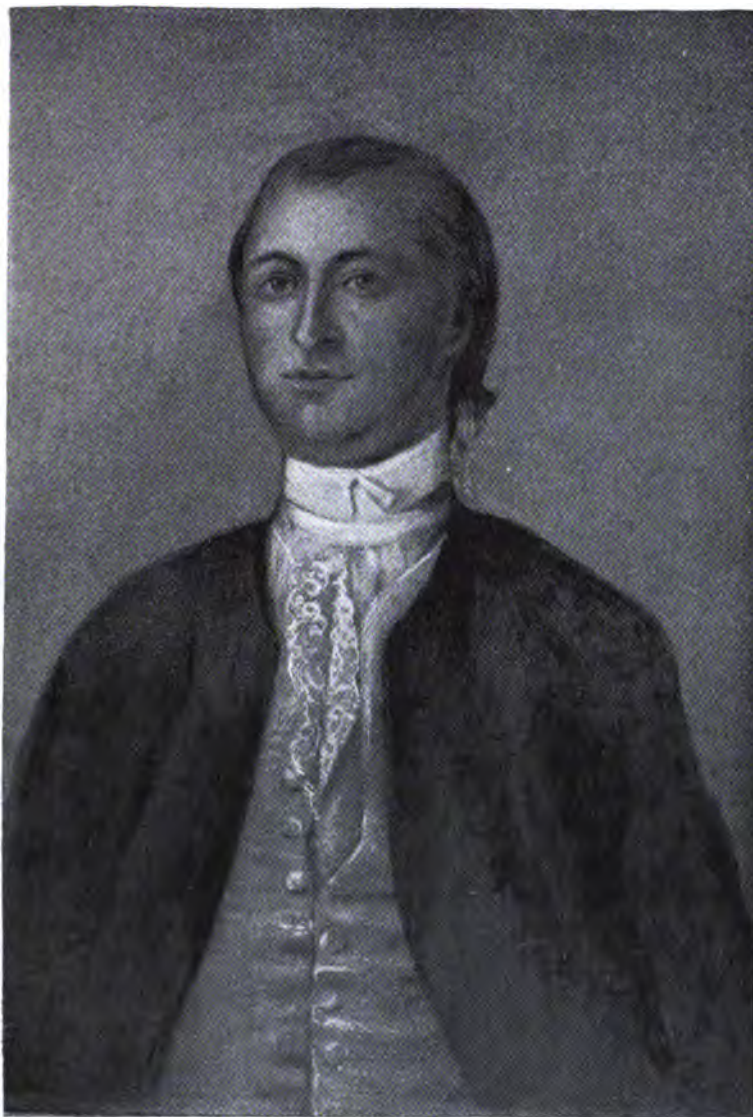
HOMESTEAD OF COLONEL THOMAS ELIASON, ON THE HUDSON, BUILT IN 1723.
WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS IN 1779.

any reflections that might give offence) there are some things that ought not to pass unnoticed. The more material I shall leave to abler hands and whom they more materially concern (if such think them worthy regard) and will only make some remarks on the general odium and reflection you cast upon a great part of the militia of the province and in particular on the officers. If the officers of New York and West Chester displayed a noble spirit at the place of parade by encouraging their men to march cheerfully to the assistance of Fort Wm. Henry, I am not for depriving them of the honor of it, but this I do know that none of them were seen there and thereby alone perhaps they have escaped the censure of disgracing their county. If any deserved that character let it be ascribed to those to whom it is justly due.

I shall therefore relate the circumstance of the county of Ulster and the north part of Orange and the conduct of the militia of these parts at that time and leave the public judge how far either officers or men were culpable. It is but too well known by the late numerous murders barbarously committed on our borders, that the county of Ulster and the north end of Orange is become the only frontier part of the province left unguarded and exposed to the cruel incursions of the Indian enemy. And the inhabitants of these parts have been obliged to perform very hard mili-

tary duty for these two years past, in ranging the woods and guarding the frontiers; these two counties keeping out almost constantly from fifty to one hundred men; sometimes by forced detachments both of the militia, and at other times, men in pay by voluntary subscriptions. Nay often two hundred men which has been an insupportable burden on the poor people, and has driven all the young men out of the county. And yet all the militia of these parts were ordered to march to Fort Edward, while the officers had no orders to leave a detachment to guard the frontiers. So orders were given to the whole to march, but one might as well have torn a man asunder as to compel those who lived in the very outside houses to leave their wives and children to become a sacrifice to worse than wolves. However, the generality of them marched and that so soon as it was possible to get so scattered a people together. And I would say for the three hundred who went out of the little distressed second regiment of Ulster, that men never marched with more cheerfulness and resolution, and had not the wind proved unfavorable toward the end of their passage to Albany they would have been at Fort Edward a day before Fort Wm. Henry surrendered. When the wind failed us every man labored at the oars, and when we arrived at Albany made no stay to enquire particularly whether we could get kettles and such necessities at Fort Edward; we were told in general that every thing was provided for us. Neither did we wait to have a wagon provided for us to carry our baggage, or to lay in our stores of wine, tea, equipage, etc., but every one both officers and men packed their bundles on their backs, and the colonel though an old man and afflicted with rheumatism marched on foot with his musket on his shoulder at the head of his men and waded through rivers crotch deep, and in two very hot days marched from Albany to Fort Edward in less time I believe than troops ever marched it before. Some of the *men*, indeed, dropped by the way not being able to hold out, and in general all complained that their *officers* marched too hard for them. Now I would ask where was the want of proper example?

When we got to the camp opposite to Fort Edward we had the melancholy news of the surrender of Fort Wm. Henry which could not but affect the spirits of every one. However for the first two days that we lay there no uneasiness in the minds of the men was discovered, but an impatience to go forward and retake the fort at all events; and that this was not affectation plainly appeared when Sir Wm. Johnson informed them that an advanced party of the enemy lay between the two forts, and desired such as had courage to fight to go voluntarily with him to rout them. Upon which the Whole CAMP in less than an hour got under arms and



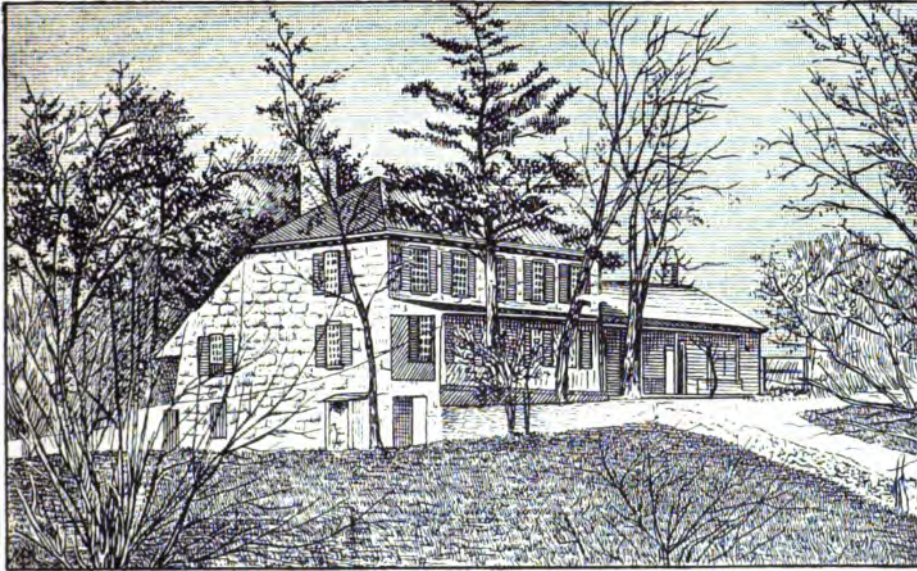
COLONEL THOMAS ELLISON—THE WRITER OF THE LETTER.

waded up to their middles in water through Hudson's river to Fort Edward with all the life and courage imaginable. Scarce could any be persuaded to stay in the camp to take care of what was left there, no one examining into the probability of success, but placing a confidence in the

judgment of the commanders, left that to them. The last of the militia had not got well through the river before the attempt was thought too hazardous, whereupon we were ordered back to our camp. This sudden change created great uneasiness in the minds of the men who now soon began to complain of the intolerable hardships they suffered lying in camp, and the danger they were in of catching the small-pox, etc. One general complaint was want of kettles to boil their victuals in, so that they could use none of their allowances but hard bread and salt pork and that they must eat raw three times a day, or roast it on the coals. I don't doubt but the officers of every regiment had enough to do to quiet the minds of their people and can safely say for those of the second regiment of Ulster (and which hundreds can witness) that they left no arguments unmade use of to persuade their men to stay from day to day, and at last made them ashamed to complain of their hard living which their officers underwent the same in every manner that they did, and told them they could live so for a fortnight if the good of their country required it. But what had the greatest weight on the minds of our people and the most difficult to be removed was the apprehension that the French might take the opportunity to send Indians upon the frontier settlements in order to throw the country into confusion and thereby prevent the militia from marching to the assistance of the fort, or at least when they were there to destroy their wives and children at home. So that after laying five days in camp and hearing that the French were destroying and abandoning Fort Wm. Henry, it was impossible to prevail with the men to stay any longer by which it seems they have incurred the censure of disgracing the country, while those who have never been within one hundred miles of the fort have done honor to it. Strange partiality! indeed Mr. Gain to make so much ado about the populous city and county of New York on so extraordinary an occasion turning out only five hundred men, a good part of whom it seems they were obliged to the privateers for. For when some had been told of the shameful behaviour of many of them in the country through which they passed, as far as they did go, the answer was, they were privateer's men and what could you expect of them.

From the principles you published (in this very appendix to your almanac) of the advantage of the liberty of the press, I cannot doubt of your giving this a place in your *Mercury* and which will be insisted upon by many. The vile reflection you have cast on all the officers of the militia except those of New York, West Chester and Albany have made it necessary to relate facts which have drawn out this paper to rather

too great length. The militia of Albany stayed but one day at Fort Edward after those of Orange and Ulster left it, and it ought to be considered that while they were there they were standing sentry as it were at their own doors, while at the same time the poor people of these parts did not know but the Indians might be cutting the throats of their wives and children. It is to be hoped that if ever there should be the like occasion, the militia may be drafted from parts not too much exposed. The advantage the city of New York has in that way is that they may collect their men and have vessels to transport them in two hours time,



STONE HOUSE BUILT BY COLONEL THOMAS ELLISON IN 1754, KNOWN AS "GENERAL KNOX'S HEADQUARTERS."

making it possible to them to give much readier assistance than those of a scattered settlement though nearer at hand.

THOMAS ELLISON."

Colonel Ellison had eleven children, five of whom married. The eldest, Elizabeth, born in 1726, married Cadwallader Colden, Jr., a member of the distinguished provincial family of Coldens, and son of the lieutenant-governor. Mr. Eager in his history of Orange county publishes an amusing letter from the above-mentioned gentleman, Cadwallader Colden, Jr., written in 1796, part of which will bear repetition, as it evinces great ingeniousness in dealing with the lady's family. He says :

"After clearing a little land, commencing a barn and house, I thought it was proper to look for a housekeeper; and before my house was finished, I had got one in the neighborhood, for I could not spare time to go far, and if I had I should have fared no better—she making as good a wife as if she had been brought up by my own mother. She is of the name of Ellison, an English family, the most respectable then in this neighborhood and also wealthy. We have now lived together above fifty years, and I believe no fifty years were spent happier by any one pair. While I am writing she is as busy at her needle as if just beginning the world, and looks almost as young, although the mother of twelve children—six only of whom are living."

These children were Cadwallader, Thomas, Alexander, David, Alice, and Margaret.

Margaret, the second daughter of Thomas Ellison, born in 1728, married John Croke of New York, and had only one child, who married the Rev. Charles Inglis, curate of St. Paul's church before the Revolution, in New York city. When hostilities broke out, this reverend gentleman, like most of the colonial clergy, adhered to the crown and refused the request to omit prayers for the king on the occasion of Washington's visit to Trinity. Pending the outbreak of hostilities he removed, in 1775, his family then consisting of his wife and *three children*, Mrs. Croke, his mother-in-law, and four servants, to Goshen. In 1776 he obtained permission from the provincial convention for their return to New York by flag of truce, and they accordingly returned, *via* New Windsor, in one of Mr. Ellison's sloops. Having been included with his wife in the act of attainder of 1779, the return of peace rendered it obligatory on Mr. Inglis to leave the states. He accordingly accompanied some loyalists of his congregation to Annapolis, Nova Scotia. He was consecrated bishop of that province August 12, 1787, and was appointed member of the provincial council in 1809. He died in 1816, aged eighty-two years. His son John was the third English bishop of Nova Scotia.

One of the daughters of the first Bishop Inglis married the well-known Judge Haliburton, celebrated as the author of *Sam Slick*.

Of the children of Colonel Thomas Ellison of New Windsor, the eldest son, Thomas Ellison, Jr., was born in 1732 at New Windsor; he married Miss Mary Peck of New York, whose family name is still associated with their property at Peck's Slip in New York; the second son, John, born in 1736, married Catharine Johnston of Kingston; while the third son, William, born in 1739, married Mary Floyd, daughter of Benjamin Floyd of Brookhaven, Long Island. William Ellison was a

captain in his father's regiment of Ulster county militia, his commission bearing date December 17, 1772. Thomas Ellison, Jr., became his father's factor in New York city, and from 1762 throughout the Revolution carried on a correspondence with his father at New Windsor. As the younger Ellison was a member of the "Committee of One Hundred," and his letters throw much light upon the effect of the Stamp Act and the events of those troublesome times, the following extracts will have permanent public interest:

"Sept. 5th. 1765.

By report there is a great disturbance at Boston about the Stamp Act &c. It is said they have pulled the Lieutenant-governor's house down—taken what money and plate he had in the house and destroyed all his papers they could come at, and have ransacked two other houses. They have also pulled down two other houses at Rhode Island. The flames seem to be coming westward and there is a good deal of talk in town."



REAR OF THE HOME OF COLONEL THOMAS ELLISON.

"Sept. 11th, 1765.

The authorities are carrying provisions and ammunition into the fort and the governor's family are moving in. There has been nothing done here, but there is a good deal of talk and I do not think there will be any disturbance unless it be when the Stamps arrive. It is reported there are two men of war lying at the Hook to guard the ship up that brings them."

"Oct. 23d, 1765.

Captain Davis has come at last who has the disagreeable Stamp papers on board. Most of the vessels in the harbour had their colours half hoisted. She was guarded up by two men of war who have carried her in the North river to land the Stamps at the fort."

" Nov. 4th, 1765.

The governor by advice of the general has consented to deliver the Stamps to-morrow morning to the corporation. If they will receive them it will settle the minds of the populace in some measure, which have been greatly excited by fortifying the fort in so strong a manner, and spiking all the guns on the Battery. The governor has made a great many enemies by this proceeding and it is dangerous to say anything in his behalf.

The City-Hall bell is now ringing to call the inhabitants together to have their advice and ascertain if it be agreeable that the corporation should take them under their care. Have just heard that a letter was sent to the Treasurer last night, to deposit a sum of money in a certain place, or take the consequences of a failure to do so."

" Nov. 6th, 1765.

I have already written you an account of the disturbances in the city and the extraordinary fortifying of the fort, even on the tops of the houses, which greatly excited the minds of the people. The most of the people living near the fort have moved their effects and there would have been a great disturbance in the city last night had not the Stamps been delivered to the mayor and corporation, who have placed them in the City-Hall. It is believed now there will be no trouble with regard to the Stamps unless the new governor when he arrives should endeavor to put them in force which would be impossible with what troops are here."

" Nov. 13th, 1765.

Governor Moore arrived this morning and his commission was published by one o'clock. I suppose in a few days we shall know some of our new master's sentiments as the Assembly met yesterday, though not in sufficient numbers to make a house. The man of war has orders from Lord Colin to stop or seize all vessels that are not cleared on stamped papers, which puts a stop to trade though hope it will not continue long; the Sons of Liberty are not satisfied nor I suppose will they be till business goes on in the usual way."

" Apl. 26th, 1766.

Yesterday afternoon the packet came in which brought the news that the Stamp Act was actually repealed which occasioned great joy. Candles were put up at every house and about 2 o'clock in the morning all the bells began to ring and colours were hoisted on almost every vessel, and in many other places in town. The bells kept ringing till the mail came

up about 8 o'clock this morning when by the letters it appeared the repeal had but just passed the House of Commons, which put a stop to our rejoicings.

It is reported that nine regiments of troops are coming over, the authorities at home disliking very much the tone of the last remonstrances from New York."

" Jan. 18th, 1770.

Our city is yet in a ferment, and last Saturday night a party of soldiers attempted to cut down or blow up the liberty pole. Last night they effected it which raised the resentment of many of the people who met in the field [now City-Hall Park] this day: they separated however without any riot. The officers ordered all the soldiers to remain in their barracks, many of them remaining to see their orders obeyed."

" Dec. 30th, 1773.

Last night there was a dreadful fire, the governor's house in the fort was burnt and not the least thing saved. The governor, lady and daughter escaped almost naked as they jumped out of bed. The fire was discovered just after 11 o'clock, and though the sentry was in a manner around, it was not discovered until it appeared out of the chimnies, when it soon burst out of the windows. The Assembly has made the governor a present of £5,000 towards his loss."

" Apl. 9th, 1774.

There was yesterday afternoon a very great seizure made of thirty-six chests of tea, a number of cases of gin and other liquors, amounting in value to £5,000. These acts in connection with the other burdens forced upon the colonies by the mother country, the navigation laws of Parliament, tending to destroy their commerce, by not allowing them to trade with any foreign country, nor export to England their own merchandise except in British vessels, and other grievances with which the history of the time abounds, caused a feeling of deep resentment towards Great Britain, among the merchants of New York, and a resort to measures for their own protection. This evening, May 16, the merchants had a meeting in order to consult what measures should be taken to effect a repeal of the duty on tea; a non-importation act is talked of, which if it should be resolved upon, the next step would probably be, the stoppage of our port, as in the case of Boston. Nothing was concluded on at the time but to choose a committee to correspond with the sister colonies, and to transact business. Subsequently a large meeting was held by the inhab-

itants of the city at the coffee-house to approve of the nomination of fifty merchants chosen as such committee."

" Jan. 27th, 1775.

Yesterday the question came up before the assembly whether they should take up the proceedings of congress. After a warm debate it was decided against so doing eleven to ten. Many here think that the assembly should take no notice of what the congress has done, but petition themselves, which would be the most likely means of healing the unhappy breach. This morning the 31st, the packet arrived bringing the king's speech which is unfriendly to our proceedings, especially at Boston. I have seen it and it is said the address from the Commons echoes the same sentiments, being determined to enforce the authority of Parliament over all the British dominions. It is said there are four thousand more troops coming over to Boston, and that Sir Geoffry Amherst and Sir Wm. Draper are coming over to take command in place of General Gage. Two ships arrived this morning from Scotland; our committee meets this evening, and they will probably be sent back without landing their goods. This will make this province in as bad odour as the others."

" Feb. 6th, 1775.

One of the Scotch ships went down to the watering place this morning on her return to Scotland where she still remains requiring some repairs. It is said some people were in favor of her coming up though very few: should she return it will kick up a dust for there was some altercation on the dock upon her leaving. I heard a noise before I was up this morning, and soon ascertained it was an informer they had got on a cart and were administering a coat of tar and feathers to him. It seems he had informed against a lot of hemp that was lodged in a cellar. He was carted almost around the town before the magistrates could collect, they rescued him however and have got two of the acting persons in jail and seem to be spirited in suppressing such conduct."

" Feb. 11th, 1775.

The January packet has arrived and brings some favorable accounts. It is said the king has received the petition from the congress and intends laying it before Parliament. The supporters of the measures of the congress attribute great merit to them, and the merchants in England who have their connections here are making interest to have our grievances repealed and are going to petition the king. I sincerely wish they



COLONEL THOMAS ELLISON, THE THIRD.

would and that many thousands of others would join to obtain our redress on a lasting foundation; but still I can't be without fears that we shall not have every redress our sanguine expectations could wish; therefore would have all constitutional measures still pursued to effect a last reconciliation."

" Feb. 27th, 1775.

By the newspapers you will see the people to the eastward are exercising and fitting their men for war, it is suspected that there will be some sudden thing done in the spring by the troops, as they have been preparing wagons and field equipage."

" March 2d, 1775.

This is the day the non-consumption of tea was to take place; I believe a great many in the city have broken the agreement already. How it will be at the assembly this evening I do not know. One of the delegates, Mr. T——, is one of the managers who has said there shall be no tea drank on that occasion, if so, it may make some disturbance. It was expected there would have been some parade this day in burying the tea canister, and burning some of the remains of the tea, but there was nothing. By the paper you will see there was a great majority for a provincial congress to elect delegates to the next congress. The majority here are for a continental congress, but that they should be instructed. Mr. Isaac Low, chairman of the present committee, has declined serving as a deputy, nor will he go as delegate to the next congress, so suppose we shall have new ones."

" Apl. 9th, 1775.

The Boston post brought us last night disagreeable news respecting our public affairs. The Parliament have voted the Bostonians in actual rebellion, and the other provinces aides and abettors: two hundred and sixty against eighty, so that there was a great majority against those who will support his majesty with their lives and fortunes. It is said that all the ports on the continent are to be blocked up with men of war, and we are to be permitted to trade only with England and with no foreign port. It is reported as a certainty that there are six regiments of foot, and two of light horse coming over immediately; and also twenty small men of war to block up all the ports. Saturday afternoon Captain Sears was arrested and taken before the mayor, when refusing to give bail was taken to jail, but on the way and going up the steps was rescued by a number of people and carried through some of the streets. In the evening there was a meeting in the field, when he took the sense of those present as to whether he should give bail. Some were for and some against his doing so. A hand bill is in circulation signed by Ralph Thurman who has offended many by packing some straw in trusses that was purchased for the troops at Boston. Accordingly many of those who were in the field on Saturday evening, went to Thurman's house to cause him to make concessions to

them, which he refused to do. His brother stood in the door with a pair of pistols, with upper door open, and declared if any entered he would fire. None attempted to enter and after staying till nine or ten o'clock, dispersed without obtaining any satisfaction."

"Apl. 25th, 1775.

You will see in yesterday's paper the melancholy account from Boston which is this day confirmed by the way of Waterford. I fain would hope it is not so bad as represented, yet I fear there is too much in it. If any lives are lost it will be attended with bad consequences and no doubt will raise America unanimously against the troops; for who could see their countrymen butchered and not endeavor to prevent it. Should the troops have made the attack on the people it will unite every man against them. There were two sloops at our dock loaded with flour &c. for the army at Boston which were immediately unloaded, though Sunday. There was also a ship loaded for the same place, which was fallen down to the watering place [lower bay of New York] which they intended also to bring up and unload, but the man of war heard of it and sent some men on board, and yesterday morning saw her safely out of the Hook, which will be the last they will get from here should any part of the account be true. This news raised the spirits of the people so highly that on Sunday evening they went in a large body to the City-Hall and took out the province arms, about five hundred stand. Should the accounts from Boston be true, it is probable that as soon as the congress meets at Philadelphia, a non-exportation act will be agreed upon in order to prevent the troops being supplied with provisions."

"Apl. 29th, 1775.

Ever since the news from Boston, the city has been in tumult and confusion, but has subsided some; and hope we shall soon be in order as people of every turn, warm as well as moderate, will join in establishing it. The committee have again met and held up the same hundred men, nominated and appointed an election for them on Monday next: when they are chosen they will enter into proper regulations. There is a spirited association set on foot and will be signed I believe by every man in town, the purport of which is to support the measures of the continental congress, and also of the provincial congress, and the proceedings of the committee, which will be a means of keeping peace in the city. I heard Mr. Oliver De Lancey will sign it if it be not inconsistent with his oath, and Judge Livingston has already signed it. By the latest accounts from Boston, it appears the regulars have lost, killed and taken prisoners three hundred and thirty-two and the loss by the Bostonians thirty or

forty. There is a report in town that a cessation of arms is agreed on which may be confirmed.

We hear that the Bostonians have sent all their men home except eighteen of each company, who are kept as an army of observation, lest the troops should make another excursion. Our city which was divided about the mode of redress, is now united, and of one way of thinking, that spirited measures will be most likely to bring on a reconciliation; as we cannot bear the thought of being dragooned into measures we disapprove of. Our custom house will probably be open next week, but we expect all our ports will be closed as soon as the congress meets at Philadelphia, unless we have more favourable accounts which will not probably be the case, as we hear the three generals expected, have arrived at Boston. Since the affair at the latter place, it is necessary to act with more spirit than before; those who were in hopes it might have been settled without spilling of blood, will join heartily now in more spirited measures, which will be the means of preventing the effusion of more blood. You will see the names of the association in the papers, which is universally signed and hope yourself and Brother William will also put your names to it, as civil government is very weak, it is necessary committees should be appointed, to keep order and prevent running into confusion till these troubles can be settled. All those refusing to become members of the association here are to have their names returned to the committee. The committee assembly have agreed to raise six thousand men at once, and have appointed their generals and other officers.

I am glad to hear that you and my brother have acted with decision in the troublesome times as nothing but a spirited behavior will save us. I have heard that your committee had written to ours, that you were in want of arms and ammunition and requesting them to advance the money, which was declined and recommended when they wanted anything of the kind to raise the money by subscription. I cannot hear of a quarter cask of powder for you, to be had in the city. Several of our principal men are going to England immediately. Mr. John Watts, Henry Cruger, Roger Morris, Colonel Maunsell and many others.

A vessel has just arrived from Liverpool having spoken six transports to the eastward, with troops, and reports that fifteen or sixteen hundred Regulars are coming here from England."

"Apl. 27th, 1775.

Since my last letter to you there has been a meeting at the liberty pole, and a great majority were for shutting up our port immediately, and from thence they went to Mr. Elliot's house, a great number with arms

and demanded the keys of the custom-house. We have no later accounts from Boston, and fear the next will be of a general battle. We are now involved in a civil war and must sink or swim with the other colonies. Nothing can save us but the closest union of the whole, should we divide it will make an opening for civil war among ourselves, which would be much worse than with the soldiers. I was for moderate measures, but the face of affairs is now changed and to-morrow a general committee is to be chosen of one hundred men, my own name being on the list. On Friday at 12 o'clock they began to choose committee men, but soon after stopped as some disapproved of it.

Just now a report has come to town that the men of war have seized all the vessels at Salem, and are coming here and to Philadelphia to do the same. I hope your country will be prudent and not become divided, as a spirited opposition to the acts of the army will be necessary. Our committee have again met and erased some of the names from the list that were objected, De Lancey's, Thurman's &c. They have also agreed to have an association to be signed by the inhabitants, in defence of their rights and liberties which will be universally agreed to. It is conceded if a fleet and army come here it will be impossible to hold the town, therefore they have concluded to carry all the cannon &c., up to King's-bridge, and fortify a place there, and some of the cannon are already on their way. It is said there are seven hundred or eight hundred men from Connecticut on the march here and some of their officers are already come to town."

" May 19th, 1775.

There is little news just now, save what appears in the papers of the day. Our committee have agreed to send the Connecticut men notice that they are not immediately wanted here; there is also a report that a 64 gun ship is coming here from Boston.

This morning (26th) the *Asia* a 64 gun ship came in the harbor from Boston and lays directly opposite Coenties dock. The Captain has gone to the governor's at Flushing. Our committee are going round the wards to see if they can raise ten thousand pounds by subscription on loan to be repaid by the province. They subscribe from £20 to £200; I have put my name down for £30. I have heard it mentioned that our congress had partly determined on the number of men to be raised, which is two thousand eight hundred."

" June 7th, 1775.

There is a report that the people of Rhode-Island have taken a 20 gun frigate by stratagem (without the loss of a man), brought her to dock and

taken out her guns and ammunition. What can't Americans do? Though it will be well if we do not pay for it."

" June 13th, 1775.

Our committee meetings are not yet over, for after the provisional congress had published the order to keep the peace and not disturb the king's store, and had got those things replaced that were removed at Turtle bay, last Sunday night they were taken out again by some New England men, put on board a sloop and carried up the sound. The *Kingfisher* man of war went in pursuit, but is returned without meeting her. The congress has fixed upon Thursday 20th of July as a day of fasting, and abstaining from labor, and it is thought our own exportation act will go into effect on that day, if it does it may be said we *shall cease from our labors*, with a good deal of propriety. Last Wednesday we had an account from Norwich of another fight at Boston and that the provincials were obliged to retreat with considerable loss. By the accounts of the action at Cambridge it is uncertain which has gained the day and it is probable there will be skirmishes every week in which many lives will be lost. I send you the account of a motion made by our agent, Mr. Burke, for leave to bring the Remonstrance from our Assembly to the table, which you will see was defeated by Lord North. This being the mode of redress recommended by Lord North and now rejected will no doubt turn every American in opposition and convince them that nothing but absolute submission to Parliament will suffice, or decide it by the sword; which last alternative must be the case, as America never will, unless compelled, submit. They have begun this day, July 4th, to enlist men, and it is said they are coming in very fast."

" July 16th, 1775.

On Thursday last the man of war's barge was taken by some Connecticut men, they supposing she intended to capture their sloop which they were using to carry their stores. The barge however had no such intention, and was only going to land a sick man, unluckily near where this sloop lay near the shipyards. They drew the barge up into the street, and carried the men prisoners to the camp. General Worster disapproved of the action, ordered the men to be released at once and the barge returned, at the same time writing a polite note to the captain disavowing the proceeding and offering to make good any damage to the boat. His order was so far complied with as to put the boat in the water, but one or two men said to have belonged to the man of war had deserted, set her on fire and sent her adrift, in which situation she drifted down the river

in sight of the man of war. The mayor and corporation and the committee of the congress have disapproved of it in a hand-bill which they have published, and also of the breaking open of the king's stores at North River."

“ July 20th, 1775.

This day has been observed as a solemn fast and sermons were preached in all the churches, suitable to the times. There never was a time when fasting and Prayer were more necessary for we are living upon a volcano which at any time may burst forth."

" Sept. 4th, 1775.

The city has been pretty quiet for some days past, though two boats have been burnt, supposed to have belonged to a sloop from Stattsburgh with provisions from the man of war, though one of them belonged to an armed tender of the latter vessel. People still continue moving their effects out of town. We fear having very troublesome times here, the accounts from home are unfavorable and the men of war have very strict orders to enforce obedience, the ministry being determined to support Parliament: though it is thought internal taxation will be given up. It is said that the governor has sent the mayor an extract of a letter from Lord Dartmouth, informing him that orders are sent to all the men of war to prevent all forts and batteries from being erected, and if they should attempt to build any, or the inhabitants should move any of the cannon &c. which belong to the king, to fire on the town and cities until they desist. I hear they are going on with the fort at West Point and my carpenter John Adams has gone up as head workman."

Here ends apparently the correspondence between Thomas Ellison, Jr., and his father Colonel Ellison of New Windsor, the former having doubtless left the city. Colonel Ellison died in 1779, having dwelt at New Windsor nearly sixty years. Among the manuscripts of Colonel Ellison appears the following letter from Governor Tryon :

“New York, March 10th, 1774.

SIR:—I have been favored with your letter of 27th January, and am so well satisfied with your reasons for forming the regiment into two battalions, that I have ordered the commissions for the field officers to be made out agreeable to your recommendation, except that I have given the command of the first battalion to James Clinton, Esq., out of respect to his family and in consideration of the long and faithful services of the

deceased old gentleman, and his surviving son James Clinton, in the provincial service of the last war.

I am with regard, your obt. and Humble Servant,
W. M. TRYON."

Thomas Ellison, Jr., had a town house at No. 13 Broadway, near the Bowling Green, New York city, long occupied by the Ellison family in winter. At his death, childless, in 1796, he left a large estate in both city and country. The "Ellison and De Peyster" water grant is known to all lawyers, and many a conveyancer will be glad to learn something more of the name of Ellison which appears constantly in abstracts of title in the city of New York. By his will Colonel Ellison bequeathed to the Episcopal church at New Windsor an endowment sufficient to establish it on a sure footing. His property descended largely to the children of his brother William Ellison of New Windsor, who had married Miss Floyd of Long Island, a connection of the family of the "signer."

William Ellison died in the year 1810, at his estate in New Windsor, leaving three children: Thomas Ellison (3d), who married Harriet Rumsey, daughter of Colonel Charles Rumsey of Cecil county, Maryland, a gentleman *facile princeps* in his county and an officer in the Revolutionary war; Elizabeth, who married Benjamin Floyd of Long Island; and Margaret, who married John Blackburn Miller of New York. The eight children of Thomas Ellison (3d) and Harriet Rumsey were well known to the older families of the state: Mary J. married Thomas De Lancey, Eliza married Dr. Edward Bullus, Henrietta married Charles F. Morton, U. S. A., John married Mary A. Ross, Caroline married Edmund Morton, Emily married John L. Morton, Thomas (4th) married Mary A. Ellison (2d, Elizabeth Baker), Charlotte married William C. Maitland. Charles F., Edmund, and John L. Morton were brothers, and sons of General Jacob Morton, famous in the early annals of New York city under the state government. They were likewise nephews of Josiah Quincy of Boston and of Washington Morton who married Cornelia, daughter of General Philip Schuyler.

On some parts of the old New Windsor property, held under title deeds dating back to the first settlement of the county of Orange, or indeed of that part of the province of New York, still live some of the descendants of the honored first proprietor of the region, John Ellison of old New Castle-on-Tyne.

W. M. Tryon

GLIMPSES OF LOG-CABIN LIFE IN EARLY OHIO

It is hardly possible to imagine a more picturesque field for the novelist as well as the historian, than the wilderness farms of the heroic settlers of eastern Ohio during the memorable years when that state was girding on its armor preparatory to knocking for admission to the Union. The families who planted their crude homes in the new country were chiefly from New England, representing its best blood, its industry, and its thrift, together with the heroism of all the ages. Log-cabins were erected with comparative ease, and dainty hands were not slow to give them touches of color. An honest title-deed to any given number of acres of rich land was a powerful incentive to its clearing and cultivation, which few ambitious young men could resist. Thus we find these settlers running all manner of risks to accomplish their purposes, even that of starvation—for unless there was a flour-mill within reach the Indian hunting-grounds were anything but comfortable in the beginning.

A chapter of romantic interest might chronicle the adventures and disappointments of a party of Frenchmen, who, captivated by the glowing descriptions of Joel Barlow, journeyed across the Atlantic to find the enchanting region where every man might become a great land-owner; a paradise, with "climate healthy and delightful, scarcely such a thing as frost in winter, magnificent forests of a tree from which sugar flows, and a shrub which yields candles; venison in abundance, without foxes, wolves, lions, or tigers; no taxes to pay; no military enrollments; no quarters to find for soldiers; a river called by way of eminence *The Beautiful*, abounding in fish of enormous size;" and the land only five shillings per acre! In his *Story of Ohio* Alexander Black says: "The jolly scrapings of a fiddle were one night heard by the Ohio boatmen as they drifted past a hitherto untenanted part of the Scioto region. Fast and furious came the melodies, to which sounded the accompaniment of dancing feet. Occasionally a shout of approval greeted the player, but the shout was lustiest when the instrument gave forth the strains of the Marseillaise. For among the tall sycamores was encamped a company whose members had traveled all the way from sunny France."

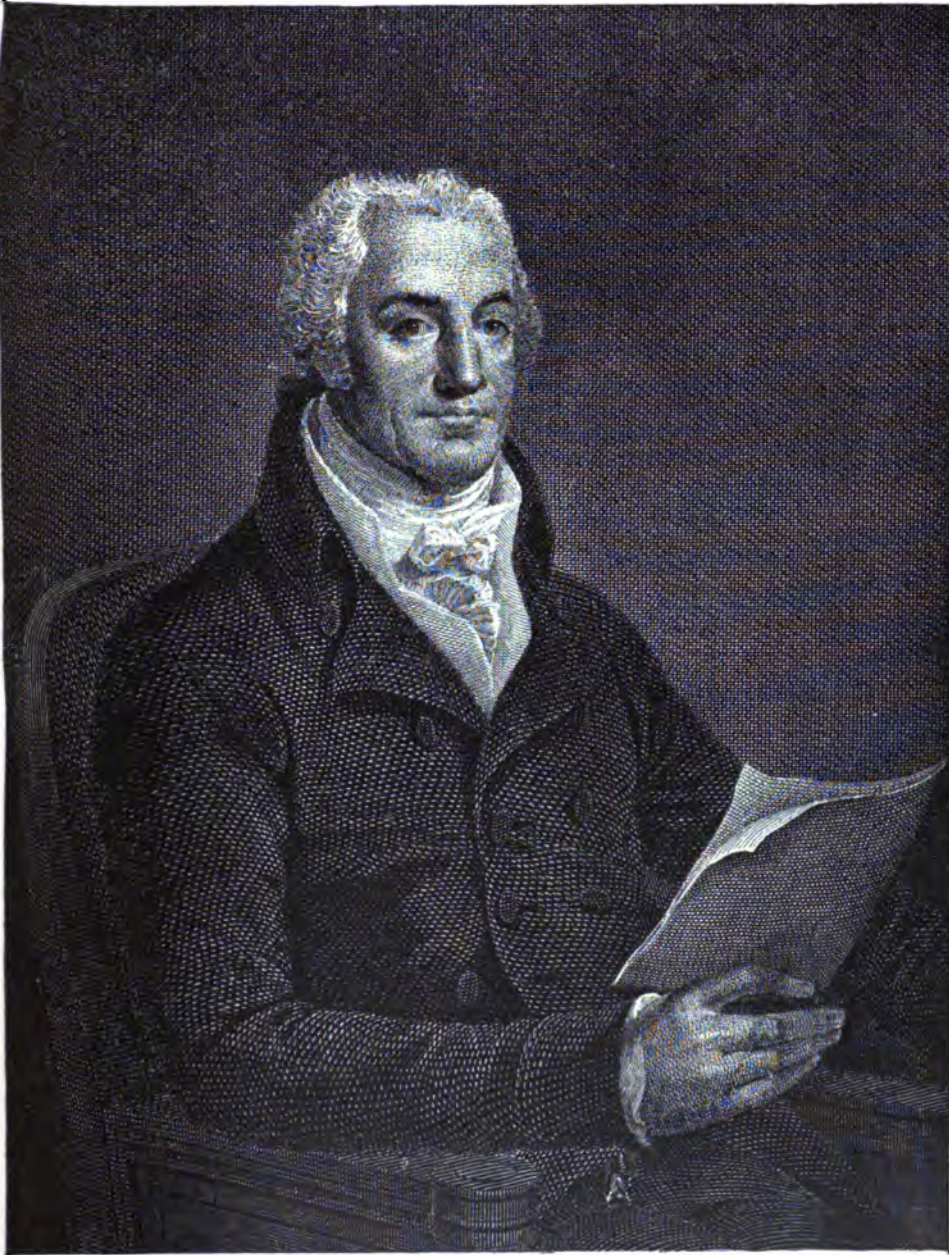
Joel Barlow did not return to America for many years after his famous efforts to sell land in Ohio, but devoted himself to politics and letters. He never wandered through the state which his gifts as a poet enabled

him to picture as such a veritable Arcadia; never paused before log-cabin doors to observe the life within, and how in the midst of loneliness and danger it was possible to find means of recreation—even to the giving of a stately ball. At all “raisings” and “quilting-parties” in the early times a dance usually followed in the evening, “and if there was no fiddler, good whistlers and good singers were plenty.”

The description of the building of a log-cabin by John S. Williams, who removed with his father's family from one of the Carolinas to the locality in Ohio directly west of Wheeling, West Virginia, is suggestive in the superlative degree. He says: “Our cabin had been raised, covered, part of the cracks chinked, and part of the floor laid, when we moved in, on Christmas day! There had not been a stick cut except in building the cabin. We had intended an inside chimney, for we thought the chimney ought to be *in* the house. We had a log put across the whole width of the cabin for a mantel, but when the floor was in we found it so low as not to answer, and removed it. Here was a great change for my mother and sister, as well as the rest, but particularly my mother. She was raised in the most delicate manner in and near London, and lived most of her time in affluence, and always comfortable. She was now in the wilderness, surrounded by wild beasts, in a cabin with about half a floor, no door, no ceiling overhead, not even a tolerable sign for a fireplace, the light of day and the chilling winds of night passing between every two logs in the building, the cabin so high from the ground that a bear, wolf, panther, or any other animal less in size than a cow, could go under without even a squeeze.

Such was our situation on Thursday and Thursday night, December 25, 1800, and which was bettered only by very slow degrees. Our family consisted of my mother, a sister of twenty-two, my brother, nearly twenty-one and very weakly, and myself in my eleventh year.

In building our cabin it was set to front the north and south, my brother using my father's pocket compass on the occasion. We had no idea of living in a house that did not stand square with the earth itself. We had, as the reader will see, a window—if it could be called a *window* when perhaps it was the largest spot in the top, bottom, or sides of the cabin at which the wind *could not* enter. It was made by sawing out a log, placing sticks across, and then, by pasting an old newspaper over the hole and applying some hogs' lard, we had a kind of glazing which shed a most beautiful and mellow light across the cabin when the sun shone on it. All other light entered at the doors, cracks, and chimney. The size of our cabin was twenty-four by eighteen. The west end was occupied by



JOEL BARLOW.

From the painting by Robert Fulton.

two beds, the centre of each side by a door, and here our symmetry had to stop, for on the opposite side of the window, made of clapboards and supported on pins driven into the logs, were our shelves. Upon these shelves my sister displayed, in ample order, a host of pewter plates, basins and dishes, and spoons, scoured and bright. It was none of your new-fangled pewter made of lead, but the best London pewter, which our father himself bought of Townsend, the manufacturer. These were the plates upon which you could hold your meat so as to cut it without slipping and without dulling your knife. But alas! the days of pewter plates and sharp dinner knives have passed away never to return.

Our chimney occupied most of the east end ; pots and kettles opposite



OUR CABIN.

From Howe's Historical Collections.

the window under the shelves, a gun on hooks over the north door, four split-bottom chairs, three three-legged stools, and a small eight-by-ten looking-glass sloped from the wall over a large towel and comb-case. These, with a clumsy shovel and a pair of tongs, made in Frederick, with one shank straight, completed our furniture—except a spinning-wheel, and things to work with. It was absolutely necessary to have three-legged stools, as four legs of anything could not all touch the floor at the same time.

The first winter our living was scanty and hard : but even this winter had its felicities. We had part of a barrel of flour which we had brought from Frederick town, and part of a jar of hogs' lard brought from old Carolina ; not the tasteless stuff which now goes by that name, but pure leaf lard, taken from hogs raised on pine roots and fattened on sweet po-

tatoes, and into which, while rendering, were immersed the boughs of the fragrant bay tree, that imparted to the lard a rich flavor. Of that flour, shortened with this lard, my sister, every Sunday morning, and *at no other time*, made short biscuit for breakfast—not these greasy, gum-elastic biscuit we mostly meet with now, rolled out with a pin, or cut out with a cutter; or those that are speckled by or puffed up with refined lye, called *saleratus*; but made one by one with her fair hands, and placed in neat juxtaposition in a skillet or spider, pricked with a fork, to prevent blistering, and baked before an open fire—not half baked and half stewed in a cooking-stove. Our regular supper was mush and milk. At first we had to manufacture meal, *when we had corn*, in any way we could get the corn into pieces. We soaked and pounded it, we shaved it, we planed it, and, at the proper season, grated it. When one of our neighbors got a hand-mill it was thought quite an acquisition to the neighborhood. Salt was five dollars a bushel, and we used none in our corn-bread, which we soon liked as well without it.

The *evenings* of the first winter did not pass off as pleasantly as the evenings afterwards. We had not yet raised tobacco to stem and twist, we had no corn to shell, no turnips to scrape. We had no tow to spin into rope-yarn, nor straw to plait for hats, and we had come so late we could get but few walnuts to crack. We had, however, the Bible, George Fox's *Journal*, Barkley's *Apology*, and a number of books, and to our stock we soon after added a borrowed copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*, which we read twice through without stopping. . . . We had no candles, and cared little about them, except for summer use. In Carolina we had the real fat light-wood—not merely pine knots, but the fat straight pine. This, from the brilliancy of our parlor of winter evenings, might be supposed to put not only candles, lamps, camphene, Greenough's chemical oil, but even gas itself to the blush. In the west we had not this, but my business was to ramble the woods every evening for seasoned sticks, or the bark of the shelly hickory, for light. 'Tis true that our light was not as good as even candles, but we got along without fretting, for we depended more upon the goodness of our eyes than upon the brilliancy of the light."

Ephraim Cutler, the eldest son of Rev. Manasseh Cutler, furnishes in his recently published autobiography a graphic picture of early life in Ohio. He removed from Connecticut, reaching the wilds of the west in 1795, and subsequently became a judge in the courts, a member of the territorial legislature, and of the convention which formed the first constitution of Ohio. In later years he introduced the first bill into the legis-

lature of the state for establishing a system of common schools in Ohio. He describes the openings in the forest about 1796, made passable for pack-horses, the discovery of salt springs, and the boiling down of the water to make salt. He relates: "I often went up with parties to make salt, and had at one time in my company a lively little Frenchman, named Peter Noblaise, who came from France with the Gallipolis French. One evening, two gentlemen called, and requested our hospitality for the night. They appeared like foreigners, but spoke English well. Peter soon discovered that the visitors were Frenchmen, and after we were collected in our cabin he and one of them became very loquacious in their native language. Peter, being a good singer, commenced the Marseilles Hymn, and sang several other French airs, in which he was joined by one or both of the strangers. The other man, who was a person of fine figure and engaging manners, confined his conversation mostly to me, asking many minute questions about the Ohio Company and the settlers at Marietta, and especially respecting the French at Gallipolis. We conversed until after midnight, when I gave him my bunk and bearskin for his bed. The next morning he thanked me in the most cordial manner for our entertainment. As they were about to start, the one who had talked with Peter took him aside, and told him we had entertained the Duke of Orleans [afterward Louis Philippe, king of France]." *

The founding of the town of Ames, in 1799, was one of those interesting incidents of which Ohio has an over-abundance. The first trees were cut down in May, and logs were made ready for a cabin. In 1801 Judge Cutler wrote to his father: "At our last court, by the united petition of our inhabitants, we were incorporated by the name of Ames. This name I proposed to the people, and they unanimously agreed to it (after offering and insisting upon the name of Cutler, which I thought best to oppose). The able support the Hon. Fisher Ames gave you and the other directors in settling your business with congress, and his enlightened, enlarged, and truly just ideas respecting the western country and politics in general, with other reasons, induced me to fix on his name. We have one hundred and sixty-one souls in Ames, which was two years ago a howling wilderness, where only wild beasts and hostile savages were found. Suffer me to say, for it cost me months of toil and anxiety, that of this settlement I look upon myself as the sole founder. I do think its native woods would yet clothe every foot of it if I had not stepped forward and made the exertions I have, regardless of trouble and fatigue. But I am richly repaid by the success which has crowned the undertaking."

* *Life and Times of Ephraim Cutler*, page 33.



CINCINNATI IN 1810. THE PRIMITIVE OUTLOOK.
From Howe's Historical Collections.

Judge Cutler further explains in his narrative: "The respectability and success of the settlement at Ames resulted, I believe, from the character of its early citizens, and the direction they gave to its affairs. Of these besides Captain Benjamin Brown and Lieutenant George Ewing (whose history is part and parcel of the history of our beloved country) were Silvanus Ames, afterward judge, and his accomplished and estimable wife who came here in 1800, and near the same time the worthy Deacon Joshua Wyatt and his wife, a pious and intelligent woman, also Mr. John Brown and Colonel Absalom Boyles, both prominent and useful men. About 1804 a number of good families moved into the township, among them Judge George Walker, an active and influential citizen, Mr. Jason Rice, Mr. Abel Glazier, and other desirable accessions. The settlers very early entered into an agreement not to use ardent spirits at elections, on the fourth of July, at social parties, raisings, logging-bees, or any public occasion, and to this agreement they strictly adhered for many years. The sabbath was also observed as a day of rest, and meetings for public worship were held, conducted by Deacon Wyatt. On these occasions Burder's *Village Sermons* were usually read.

Schools of an elevated character were soon established. In 1801 my cousin Moses Everett taught a school in a room in my house. He was a son of Rev. Moses Everett of Dorchester, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard in 1786. He entered the army and died at Fort Erie in 1814.

The next teacher was my brother Charles Cutler, who came to Ohio early in 1802. He graduated at Harvard college in 1793, and taught school several years in Boston. He was a man of ability and a fine scholar. He came to the west on account of his health, and died at my house in Ames, September 17, 1805. I took the *United States Gazette*, at that time the only paper taken in the place, and this, except by fortunate accident, did not arrive much oftener than once in three months.

In our isolated condition we felt the need of other means of acquiring information. At a public meeting of the inhabitants of Ames in 1802, called to devise means to improve our roads, the intellectual wants of the neighborhood became the subject of conversation. It was suggested that a library would supply what was needed, but the settlers had no money, and with few exceptions were in debt for their lands. The question of ways and means was discussed. Mr. Josiah True of Sunday creek settlement proposed to obtain the means by catching 'coons and sending their skins to Boston by Samuel Brown, Esq., who expected to go east in a wagon the next summer. Esquire Brown was present and assented to this proposition. Our young men were active hunters; the 'coon skins and other furs were furnished and sent to market, and the books were bought. The Rev. Thaddeus Harris and the Rev. Manasseh Cutler selected for us about fifty volumes of choice books, and to these additions were made from time to time. As the settlement increased and children grew up, readers were multiplied, and all could have access to the library. More than fifty young men were trained under these influences, and have gone out into the world; some as intelligent farmers, some as successful merchants, others as professional teachers, lawyers, and judges, or ministers of the gospel—and all have been useful and respectable citizens. Several of them were educated at the Ohio university; among whom were Rev. Edward R. Ames, D.D., the subsequently eloquent and distinguished bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, and the Hon. Thomas Ewing, who by his talents and industry achieved as a lawyer, statesman, and cabinet officer a national reputation."

The statesman Hon. Thomas Ewing was the son of George Ewing, before mentioned among the original settlers of Ames, and from the Ohio university at Athens received in 1815 the first degree of A. B., that was ever granted in the northwest. He was in the senate of the United States from 1831 to 1837, and in 1841 was made secretary of the treasury by President Harrison. In 1849 he was appointed by President Taylor to the newly created portfolio of the interior and organized that department. He was a statesman of marked ability, and ranked in the supreme

court of the United States among the foremost lawyers of the nation. His daughter became the wife of General W. T. Sherman, and his son, Thomas Ewing, educated at Brown university, became in 1861 the first chief-justice of Kansas, and later on served with distinction in the civil war where he was created a brigadier-general for gallantry. He was afterward a member of congress, but finally declined a renomination and removed to New York, where he has since devoted himself to the practice of law. Two other sons, Hugh B. Ewing and Charles Ewing, both highly educated, distinguished themselves in our country's service. General Hugh B. Ewing led a brigade at Antietam and at the siege of Vicksburg, and a division at Chickamauga which formed the advance of Sherman's army, and which in a desperate battle carried Mission Ridge. After the war, in 1866, he was sent as United States minister to Holland, serving in that capacity four years. General Charles Ewing was for some time on the staff of his brother-in-law General Sherman, and during the war on more than one occasion received honorable promotion for gallantry.

George Ewing kept a full and interesting journal throughout the Revolution, in which he served from the campaign before Quebec to the end of the war, and notably was first lieutenant of the famous "Jersey Blues." When he settled in Ames his farm (in the beginning) was eight miles from any neighbor. His subsequently distinguished son Thomas related that "when a lad about fifteen, in 1804, he was at work one day in his father's corn-field, and was hailed by a well-mounted gentleman, who wished to be entertained all night. The lad with prompt hospitality took his horse, and conducted him to the log-cabin abode of the family, but was distressed to find that his father treated the stranger with marked coldness. The latter, however, paid no attention to his apparently unwelcome reception, but conversed in a sprightly and charming manner, and quite captivated all the other members of the household except the host. Next morning as the visitor rode off on the bridle-path, George Ewing said to his son with great feeling, "That man is Aaron Burr who slew Alexander Hamilton."

Judge Cutler removed in 1806 to the bank of the Ohio river, six miles below Marietta, where he resided nearly half a century, until his death in 1853. His diary in the early part of this period is vivid with home scenes in the wild new country.* Wishing to encourage settlers he bought large tracts of land on credit and sold them again, in small farms, also on credit, trusting buyers for the purchase-money until they could raise wheat or cattle for payment. But there was no market for these productions within

* *Life and Times of Ephraim Cutler.*

easy reach; to take cattle to Baltimore occupied six weeks in the transit. He therefore undertook the laborious business himself, driving the first cattle over the mountains from Ohio to an eastern sale. While on one of these journeys in 1809, he writes as follows:

"*Saturday, August 12.*—Conclude to leave Hamill's, who has treated us with friendship and kindness. Lose cattle: Charles went back and found all but two. The prospect in descending Alleghany is very pleasing; there are about thirty farms on George's Hills under view at one time—a beautiful house and fine farm apparently two or three miles off. We stop at a Dutchman's at the mouth of Savage, named John Brant, newly come there. The woman came out and tripped down the river to call her husband. The house looked very shabby and I expected poor fare. I thought if we could get a little milk it would be the best we could get, and expected to lie on the floor and be a prey to the fleas. But appearances are deceitful. We went in after taking care of our cattle, and found everything orderly and clean, and asked for supper. The woman had four small children, and no help. She inquired which we would have, coffee or tea. I told her coffee, and in a few minutes she had a chicken killed, dressed, and on the table, with bacon, coddled apples, pickles, cucumbers, apple pie, and I know not what all. The table was set with the neatest china, and everything had a most exquisite taste; coffee clear as amber—and all done in the twinkling of an eye. In the room where we lodged was a nice bed, an elegant clock, a handsome *beaufet*, well filled."

In passing through Pennsylvania he describes the Dutch farm-houses and the peculiarities of the people. On the first day of September, 1809, he writes: "I went out this day among the farmers to sell cattle. . . . Mr. Updegraff was not at home, but two young ladies, his daughters, gave me a polite invitation to come in and sit down. They were Quakeresses; their manners were extremely easy. . . . From thence I went to Mr. Rittle's. He too was absent, but his wife, a proper Dutch woman, told me she 'should not buys no cattles for de droust.' I asked the way to Mr. Amit's. She told me to 'go the road till I met two houses, and then I would come to a brick storehouse by de mills, then go to de right, and then to de left, to Amit's.' Well, to Amit's I went, but did not find him at home. His wife and family were at dinner, of which they invited me to partake. She told me Mr. Amit wanted to buy, and would come and see my cattle.

Sunday, September 3.—If ever a person was homesick I am. I cannot see the end of my journey or of my toils. When I came here yesterday I hoped to be ready to turn my face homeward by Monday, but am still disappointed. Our fat landlady sits constantly on the piazza. She

is loquacious enough, but I can understand her with difficulty. 'O my Got!' says she, 'what a little hand. You don't work. There!' she thrust out her own toward me, 'dat's more big dan two of dat,' and fell into a loud laugh. I thought so too. Hers looked as hard as a wood-chopper's, and as black as a squaw's. She has two maids to assist her, and the house is clean and victuals good. The man appears like an honest fat Dutchman, and has an excellent farm. . . . The Dutch are remarkable for having selected the very best lands. They have strong judgment, and are generally moral and industrious; but when they are polished they shine equal with any—for instance, the two Misses Updegraff."

Having disposed of his cattle, Judge Cutler returned to Ohio on horseback, and the money received during his absence went far toward aiding many of the pioneer families to secure titles to their homes.

Senator John Sherman refers to this period as the "Age of the Log-cabin." He says: "Many of the settlers thought it was the happiest time in their lives. We talk about hard times now! Then the pioneer was glad to get thirty-two cents a bushel for wheat; eggs and butter could not be sold for money. The only way they could get money was to drive hogs, cattle, sheep, and horses over the Alleghany mountains, and there sell for money—York money as they called it. Every homestead was a log-cabin. No brick houses then; no frame-houses except in the towns. What did they encounter! the deadening of the trees, their gradual falling, the logging and burning, the clearing, the rude plowing amidst the stumps and roots—what exciting, toilsome times! Custom made the solitude and independence of their life happiness."

In a brilliant oration, on the occasion of the celebration of the first settlement in Ohio, the Hon. John W. Daniel said: "The founders did not come as the Spaniards went to the Mississippi, in search of gold. They taught a lesson of history in the character of their laws. They taught a lesson of courage in the very nature of their bold adventure. They taught a lesson of prudence in the sedate and organic way in which they went about their business. They came here as home-seekers and home-builders. They came bringing their household gods, their wives and their children. The mustard seed which fell here in this beautiful soil a hundred years ago has now expanded into a great tree, whose branches spread over the continent, and the birds of the air from all nations of the earth do lodge therein."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Emanuel Spencer". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the main body of text.

THE BLUE AND BEAUTIFUL NARRAGANSETT

ITS HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS

Narragansett bay is without doubt the most remarkable of the picturesque features with which the proud little state of Rhode Island abounds. With numerous arteries, it extends for twenty-eight miles through the very heart of the state ; having on the east one-fifth of its entire area, and four-fifths on the left—a goodly heritage of land and water, the dwelling-places of a population of nearly three hundred thousand souls. Within the bay a dozen islands, great and small, are of easy access ; and the shores on either side, dotted with hamlets and villages, are guarded night and day by slumbering forts and watchful lighthouses.

During the summer season every form of marine life and architecture is here visible, from the formidable man-of-war to the puffing tug-boat, from the leviathan *Pilgrim* down to the steam-launch. Every yacht club on the Atlantic makes its rendezvous here, and the flags and pennants of foreign lands find a welcome haven on these lovely waters.

The historic associations connected with Narragansett bay are not less remarkable than its natural beauties. In 1764 a boat's crew from the English schooner *St. John*, in attempting at Newport to carry off a deserter, was forcibly resisted. This was the first overt act of rebellious opposition to British supremacy in the colonies, the first blow struck for American independence—a verification of the old proverb, that " Rhode Islanders loved to fight, if they could fight on the sea."

When in 1875 Admiral Wellesley of the British navy anchored in Newport harbor in command of the *Bellerophon*, he remarked that this famous arm of the ocean—" The Blue and Beautiful Narragansett "—was one of the finest sheets of water he had ever beheld. From the quarter-deck, with its surroundings, it realized to him a scene of tranquil beauty. When, however, the gallant admiral called to mind that on these waters the English once reigned supreme, he had not forgotten that it was from this very port Burgoyne, in 1778, sailed for England after his defeat at Saratoga.

As points of observation, Halidon hill and the surrounding heights are very favorable, the sweep of vision, including glimpses of the Atlantic, being practically unlimited. Here at our feet a spacious and stately home is now in course of erection ; the foundations being laid on the identical site of " Fort Chastellux," constructed in the memorable year of 1780, the

name of the noble marquis who labored in the work having been gracefully assigned to the abutting avenue on the west.

At the base of the hill are the "Lime Rocks," associated with deeds of heroism that, within recent years, were graciously recognized by personal visits from the President and Vice-President. Not far distant are the diminutive landmarks well known to mariners as the Spindle and the Dolphin.

Here in Brenton's cove, which forms the eastern boundary of Fort Adams, was finally dismantled and left to decay the famous ship *Endeavour*, in which Captain Cook, accompanied by Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, circumnavigated the globe. On the communicating heights, a modern Cræsus, with ideas borrowed from the antique, has now in course of construction a succession of domestic temples, hewn from the solid rock, to which, for want of a better, the designation of the "Newport Acropolis" has been popularly assigned.

The erection of Fort Adams, on a reservation of a hundred and sixty-five acres, was not commenced until 1824. It is capable of mounting four hundred and sixty-eight guns, with a fire-proof barrack for three thousand men. Located on the northerly limit of a point of land which helps to form the harbor of Newport, it is also the limit of a grant from King Charles the First to William Brenton, that will be forever known as Brenton's Neck. On the parade the air is generally very cool, and the views from the parapet superb. On Redoubt hill are the quarters of the commanding officer. Always in sight is Conanicut island, incorporated in 1678. Jamestown, the original settlement, has become a thriving summer resort. Not far distant, on a government reservation of seven acres, is that picturesque ruin known as Fort Dumplings, perched on a projecting and almost insular rock. Previous to the war this elliptical stone structure was used as a target for artillery practice by the erratic John Magruder.

On the southern point of Conanicut stands Beaver Tail lighthouse, commanding a broad view of the Atlantic ocean, with Block island thirty miles distant and Narragansett pier in sight. Originally erected in 1749, it is said to be the first lighthouse ever built on the American coast. Destroyed by fire and rebuilt in 1754, it was burned down by the Hessians during their ignoble retreat from Rhode Island. Beaver Tail tower was successfully lighted with gas in 1817. Rose island, on a tract of twenty-three acres, being so long and so low, appears to float upon the bay. This little isle owes its attractive name to a British man-of-war wrecked upon its shore. Neither Fort Hamilton, located here near the lighthouse, nor the tower at the Dumplings has ever been completed or garrisoned. In the centre of the harbor reposes the graceful form of Goat island, the

site of the earliest colonial fort. From this little isle was fired, in 1790, the first salute announcing that Rhode Island had at length joined in the confederation of states. It is now utilized by the war department.

As seen by night the harbor acquires manifold attractions, when the floating palaces of the Old Colony line are illuminated from stem to stern. On gala occasions the beautiful art of the pyrotechnist and the wondrous aid of electricity have here an unrivalled field for their operations and display. "Dear Old Newport" is seen gently sloping toward the bay, still containing many buildings of colonial foundation, which housed the British as enemies, and sheltered the French as allies. Originally laid out into two or three parallel streets, Thames street, the principal thoroughfare, still retains a name that not even a revolution has been able to efface.

Very prominent and very beautiful is that graceful landmark, the spire of Trinity church, being of the same architecture with which Sir Christopher Wren adorned the city of London after the great fire. Long wharf, now neglected, was once a stirring place of business, on which were the dwellings, factories, and stores of worthy-citizens. The shore-end was called "Queenhithe" in grateful memory of Queen Anne, who in 1709 sent across the Atlantic a fine-toned bell for the church, that did duty almost a century.

A once fashionable and ever delightful quarter of the city lies north of Long wharf, inscribed on the map as Washington street, but familiarly known as "The Point." In days gone by it was considered the court end of the town. When Newport could boast of an extended foreign commerce, her merchants lived and prospered there. At the end of the street the remains of Fort Greene may be seen, resting on strata known as the Blue Rocks. The rising land on the north, called Tammany hill, was formerly the camping grounds of the Narragansett Indians, the owners of the soil. Gould island, in the central passage up the bay, is quite remarkable for its bold and fort-like appearance.

Coasters' Harbor island, in the northern confines of the city, was the first landing-place of the original settlers in 1639. For two centuries it was a refuge for the poor. However, the city of Newport has recently conveyed to the federal authorities the entire island with its appurtenances, who have converted the asylum for the poor into a national war college; a naval training school has been erected on the shore, and two venerable old frigates keep watch and ward over all.

Clement Ferguson

THE TRUE STORY OF AN APPOINTMENT

During a recent visit to Washington, my business brought me into contact with a representative of that class which has arisen upon the ruins of the semi-patrician society which once, in marked contrast to its present influence, dominated the affairs and engrossed the offices of the nation. Keen and far-sighted by nature, he had divined the true issues of the civil war, and alone of his family, and at the sacrifice for the time of all social ties, enlisted in one of the few regiments which the South contributed to the Northern cause—while the half-score of wounds received bore unequivocal witness to his gallantry in battle.

A sincere and aggressive partisan, he was an unfailing power in the political machinery of his state, and secured and was able to retain during the ensuing administration an office of more than ordinary importance. Success, however, did not in his case choke the springs of human interest and kindly charity which incline one to lend a sympathetic ear to those whose affairs glide less auspiciously. Beneath the harsh lines of the politician, his face displayed the excellent qualities of the Southern gentleman.

Having concluded the business which led to our meeting, the conversation glided into genial channels, and at length involved me in an extended comment upon the curious phases of life which present themselves with every change of administration. I mentioned the apparently overwhelming tide of office-seekers that, at stated intervals, with significant regularity, sweeps down upon the seat of government, and I chanced to remark that as offices are necessarily restricted in number, many who come thither hoping for office must return with blighted expectations.

"Ah!" sighed the major, "you have chanced upon a theme which I studiously avoid; but as my thoughts are now turned in that direction, I will, if you can afford the time, relate an episode in which I bore a particular part." In reply, I assured him that my time was at his disposal.

He went on to say: "James Romeyn, of Tuscaloosa, in Alabama, was among the very diminutive number of the citizens of my native state who declined either to fight for or to countenance a cause which was based upon the doctrine of states' rights, and the enslavement of the negro. At first he held aloof from every expression which, in the slightest degree, could be construed into a preference for either party, but there came a time when the pressure had grown to be unendurable, and a sense of manhood required him to define his position.

Realizing the situation, he threw aside the veil which had hitherto concealed his real feelings, and embraced with enthusiasm the Northern cause. The chagrin and resentment of his neighbors and life-long associates cannot readily be expressed, while the hardship of his position can only be understood by one who has himself undergone a similar experience. Escaping with difficulty from the measures which were taken for his arrest, he at length reached the place of rendezvous of my regiment, in which he served with distinction until the close of the war.

Then, naturally distrusting the opportunities for peaceful enjoyment which his former home would afford, it chanced that, like so many veterans from both armies, he wandered into the wilds of the far west, where, after years of hardship and self-denial, he found himself, in the year 1870, possessed of a moderate fortune; but the exposures and the vicissitudes of a migratory existence had at last impaired even his iron-like constitution, and rendered a period of rest and recuperation a matter of necessity. It was then that the associations and attractions of his early home crowded upon his mind with resistless force, and, with the impetuosity of a Southern nature, he could scarcely await the time when the speed of even the swiftest conveyance would transport him to the scenes which memory had always held enshrined in his inmost feelings. Nor had he been entirely forgotten. The object of his early adoration he found still appreciative of his worth, and within a year from his return he had adorned his newly acquired plantation with a wife, in whose society he willingly forgot the privations and dangers of the intervening years. A family grew up about him, to add to the happiness which Providence seemed only to have withheld that it might become enhanced to a transcendent value, while a prudent abstinence from those expressions of party views which might tend to inflame the minds of his neighbors assured him the regard of the community of which he had become a not uninfluential member. This happy state continued through nearly a score of years, in which life moved on in the serene and eventless course which we only recognize to be the highest bliss, when some fortuitous occurrence breaks the spell. Such at length became the fate of James Romeyn.

A year of disastrous floods, followed by successive seasons of blighted or partial crops, impaired his resources and obliged him, in order to meet the requirements of his family, to mortgage his land at a time when prudence might rather have counseled him to exercise a severer degree of retrenchment. The vexations and exigencies of debt impaired his temper and discretion, and led him, during the heat of election, to express sentiments at variance with those of his fellow-planters, and in

sympathy with the party whose interests were in contravention to their own.

Fortune seemed now to have determined to inflict upon him an era of disaster commensurate with the period of his prosperity. His crops were sold before they had been sown; his fences and his cattle began to display the embarrassed state of the exchequer of their owner; his friends grew estranged and withdrew their countenance and generous aid; while, most imbittering of all, he was obliged to see his children deprived of the educational opportunities which the customs of society require. Exasperated and defeated upon every side, he seized upon one hope—so flattering to our sense of merit, and yet, in reality, so slightly grounded upon fact—that of obtaining a public office.

Some months since, in consequence of this resolve, it was my fortune to meet this old friend and companion in arms, and to hear from him of the occurrences which had marked the flight of years since we were mustered out of the service. When social greetings and inquiries with regard to mutual friends had drawn to a close, he told me of the vicissitudes of fortune and the changes which had recently been his lot, and of his consequent resolve; and while perfectly convinced of immediate success, he yet desired from me some slight service in high quarters—where it may be surmised I aided him to the extent of my ability. Our interviews were subsequently of frequent occurrence; but, though his faith and self-confidence seemed unabated, I began to grow concerned as I found that, in my judgment, he was in no way nearer the accomplishment of his purpose than when he arrived at the capital; while I knew that he must be under a heavy strain both in purse and patience.

One day, as I was engrossed in matters of great importance, I received from my friend a note asking that I would at my earliest convenience call upon him at his lodgings, in one of the most retired of our more modest hotels. As quickly as I could dispatch the business of the moment, I hurried away to comply with his request. I found my old companion seated at his desk, his face buried in his hands, nor did he at the first seem aware of my presence; it was only when I laid my hand upon his shoulder, and gently inquired the cause of his dejection, that he looked up and for a moment endeavored to turn upon me one of those bright smiles which in happier days had been the constant occupants of his features. But the effort was only momentary; at the next he had burst into tears, and was sobbing convulsively in the full tide of manly grief.

I did not attempt to interrupt the course of his sorrow, but quietly

awaited the abating of its first shock; then placing my arm within his I besought him to arise, and persuading him to remove from his face all traces of recent tears, and having provided him with his hat and cane, announced that we would go out into the parks, and stroll about among the winding paths of those verdant oases. Skillfully, and unconsciously to him, I turned the conversation upon the variety of the foliage then breaking forth to view, upon the emerald-like freshness of the grass of spring-time, and noted the sonnets and joyous flutterings about of the inhabitants of the leafy bowers, whose very presence seemed a continuous protest against such melancholy moods. Just at that moment, a bird which seldom visits our less sultry shores—the 'red bird' of the South—came flitting by, and its presence seeming to recall the thought which had so greatly afflicted him, he again gave himself up to the convulsions of grief.

I seated myself beside him upon a secluded bench and awaited the passing away of this fresh outburst of human passion. It continued a shorter time and was less violent than before, and when we had again proceeded on our way I saw that he was the master of his emotions. Insensibly, I so arranged our path that we emerged upon one of the most crowded thoroughfares, where we soon met mutual friends, in whose conversation and passing remarks I was glad to see that my companion forgot for the moment his troubles. I suggested that we should return to his hotel, where, though my business pressed, I could listen to an outline of the situation which had caused him such distress.

We ascended the stairs in silence, and when we had entered his room, having bolted the door, and placed my chair opposite his, I awaited patiently what he should disclose. For a moment he seemed lost in contemplation; then, raising his head with a sob, and with difficulty restraining his emotions, he told of his hopes and ceaseless exertions in pursuit of an office; of the delays, excuses, and broken obligations which had been the only result of his efforts; of the crushing news that his family were upon the borders of actual want, while he, incumbered by debts, was entirely bereft of means to relieve their or his own necessities.

'Would you demand an office of large salary or scope?' I inquired. 'God knows,' he replied, 'that I will be forever content, if I shall attain to a competence.' 'Come to me at my office at this hour to-morrow,' I replied; 'but bear in mind that I do not promise positively to secure you the object of your wishes, though I believe that I shall succeed.' Scarcely could I break from his professions of gratitude and appreciation to hasten to my office, where I was closely confined throughout the remainder of the day and far into the night.

The following morning, after a hasty visit to my office, and a glance through my mail, I hurried away to the rooms of the superintendent of printing. Sending in my card, I requested a private interview, which was not refused. After an exchange of such greetings as pass only between old and tried friends, I remarked that, having heard of an intended increase in the clerical force of his department, I had come to inquire as to the truth of the rumor, and as to whether incumbents had yet been secured for all these positions. 'We shall require an addition to our staff,' he replied, 'but the number will not together form an increase of more than twelve, and, besides, with the exception of one place, or possibly of two, the men are already appointed, while, of the remaining vacancies, I may say that they are practically filled.'

For a moment my application appeared hopeless; but the thought of the grief which a refusal would bring upon the friend I was soon to face, caused me to cling with desperate tenacity to even the slenderest chance, and in his cause, for the first, and perhaps for the last, occasion of my life, I grew convincingly eloquent. I argued and I pleaded; I urged the value and extent of my friendly services in the past, and the benefits I could yet confer upon him in the future, and I even made the bestowal of this place a test of his appreciation; while, to crown my appeal, I related the story of my friend, and placed the matter before him in the light of a necessity. He had been a soldier, and was a man whose heart had not grown callous through long continuance in office; thus I prevailed.

Punctually at the hour, my friend entered my office. Reaching the centre of the room, he remained silent, too fearful to look up, and unwilling to hear of his fate; then our eyes met, and, reading there of my success, with a cry he grasped my hand, and stood speechless with joy.

James Romeyn now resides with his family in a cottage two miles from town, and though his duties are far from light, and his salary does not exceed two thousand five hundred dollars per year, he cannot be persuaded that I am not his greatest benefactor, nor am I a whit more successful notwithstanding long and cogent arguings in convincing him that I do not deserve to be the object of his unceasing gratitude."

The story was ended, and bidding the major adieu, I took my departure. To-day, when I hear or read of the advent of a fresh adventurer into the world of office-seeking, I am inclined to shake my head, and, *sotto voce*, to wish that the result in each instance may be as happy as in the case of James Romeyn.

Richard Selden Harvey

MAJOR-GENERAL EBENEZER STEVENS

THE SUBJECT OF OUR FRONTISPIECE

In the first volume of this Magazine, issued in the year 1877, and long since out of print, appeared an interesting sketch of Major-General Ebenezer Stevens, whose excellent portrait is given to our readers as the frontispiece of this current number, through the courtesy of the Society of the Cincinnati, who have recently engraved the picture. General Stevens will be remembered as the commander of the state forces who, with Morgan Lewis, mustered for active service against the British the militia of the city, in September, 1814.

In the sketch of General Stevens above-mentioned the following paragraph occurs: "The person of General Stevens has been admirably portrayed by Trumbull in the large painting of the surrender of Burgoyne, at the capitol in Washington. The life-size figure is drawn in a graceful attitude, leaning upon a cannon on the extreme left of the scene. He is again introduced in the picture by the same artist representing the surrender of Cornwallis. He is here seen in the distance at the head of the artillery, of which he was the field officer on the day of surrender."

General Stevens was twenty-two years of age when the *Dartmouth*, the first of the fleet of tea ships intended for the colonies, arrived in Boston harbor, anchoring off the Castle, on the 28th of November, 1773, and he belonged to the famous company of artillerymen who were employed to guard the tea and prevent its landing. He was also one of the participants in the exciting affair when the tea was destroyed, which he describes as follows: "I went from the old South Meeting House just after dark; the party was about seventy or eighty. At the head of the wharf (Griffin's wharf) we met the detachment of our company on guard, who joined us. I commenced with a party on board the vessel of which Hodgdon was mate, and as he knew me, I left that vessel with some of my comrades and went on board the other vessel, which lay at the opposite side of the wharf; numbers of others took our place on Hodgdon's vessel. We commenced handing the boxes of tea on deck, and first commenced breaking them with axes, but found much difficulty, owing to the boxes of tea being covered with canvas—the mode that this article was then imported in. I think that all the tea was discharged in about two hours. We

were careful to prevent any being taken away; *none of the party were painted as Indians*, nor, that I know of, disguised, excepting that some of them stopped at a paint shop on their way and daubed their faces with paint."

From all the testimony it would seem as if the idea of a disguise on this occasion was an afterthought, and only with a few, and the work of a moment comparatively. The Hodgdon mentioned was afterwards treasurer of the State of Massachusetts, at the time young Stevens was courting his sister.

During the continuance of the war Stevens proved himself a most efficient and gallant officer, and was present when the army disbanded. He entered New York with his command on the 25th of November, the day of the evacuation by the British. Here he established himself in business, becoming one of the largest and most successful merchants of the period. He was active and prominent in civil affairs, and a military counselor at all times. He acted as agent of the War Department, and at different dates as agent for the French and English governments. He was conspicuous in the founding of the Tammany Society or Columbian Order, in 1789, and one of the founders of the New England Society, organized in 1805, of which he was the president from 1817 until his death in 1823.

Among the valuable documents in possession of his descendant, Mr. Byram K. Stevens, are several of the broadsides containing "Division Orders" while he was in command of the New York militia. The following is an interesting example:

"New York, 14th November, 1807.

In obedience to general orders of the 11th July last, Major-General Stevens directs that the detachment of seven hundred and thirty men, including officers, ordered from the division of artillery of this state, composed of the following companies, duly enrolled, and *volunteering* their services to their country, be organized into one regiment, to be under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Curtenius—the said regiment to consist of two battalions, the first composed of the companies commanded by Captains Ross, Millikin, Minthorn, Vandenburg, and Slee, in the regiment commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Clinton, and also of the companies commanded by Captains Young, Osborn, Brown, Brainard, Whitney, Cooley, Hawley, Day, Greer, and Whitaker, in the regiment commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Thorne, to be commanded by Major Robert Jenkins, as first major of said regiment; and the second composed of the companies commanded by Captains Hewitt, Harsin, Fleming, Morgan,

Forbes, Townsend, Ferris, Lyon, and Boerum, of the *third* regiment, and also the company commanded by Captain Horne of the *first* regiment, in General Morton's brigade, to be commanded by Major Charles Snowden.

Lieutenant-Colonel Curtenius will select and organize the staff.

By command of Major-General Stevens."

We are permitted also to copy the following letter, addressed by the governor of the state, Daniel D. Tompkins, to Major-General Stevens:

"Albany, March 4, 1815.

SIR:—I have the honor to inform you that your resignation of the office of Major-General of the artillery of this state has been accepted, and that General Jacob Morton has this day been appointed in your stead. As it will be proper for you to announce this to the artillery of the state in a valedictory order I transmit the inclosed to be incorporated in your division order.

As I have experienced great satisfaction in your command of the division and received repeated marks of your confidence and support, I pray you to accept my acknowledgments therefor and an assurance of my ardent wishes for your future prosperity and happiness.

DANIEL D. TOMPKINS."

General Stevens was for many years the acknowledged representative of the officers and soldiers who survived the war, and was constantly called upon by them to seek redress or relief from Congress, and on all public occasions he was one of the principal military figures.

He was born in Boston, August 11, 1751, and died in New York, September 22, 1823, at the age of seventy-two.

PLEASURE PARTIES IN THE NORTHWEST

INCIDENTS OF FORTY YEARS AGO

About the year 1849 the Rev. E. H. Day was sent as a missionary, by the Michigan Conference, to the region of the famous Cliff mine near the shore of Lake Superior. His varied experiences have recently been recited in an address before the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, from which the following extracts are alive with interest: "The Cliff mine had just been opened, and developed vast masses of pure copper, with bits of native silver, sometimes weighing an ounce or more. Men went wild, and I really think expected to find masses of silver that would weigh hundreds of tons. My first business, on my arrival, was to secure a place for my family. I obtained a room up-stairs in a cooper shop, roughly boarded up, with loose boards laid down for a floor, above where four or five coopers were at work. Our 'church' was an old blacksmith shop about fourteen feet square. The only road in the country was from the Cliff mine to the lake, a distance of five miles. But there were trails cut through the woods from one location to another, on which a horse or a single ox could pass in the winter. No one would dare to travel from one place to another in winter without his snow-shoes with him. There were probably about four hundred inhabitants in the country who remained during the winter season.

The community was a restless one, and during the summer months was much larger and constantly changing; but in winter, which lasted full seven months, that is, from closing of navigation in the fall to the opening of navigation in the spring, the people were compelled to keep comparatively quiet, as there was no possible way to leave the country except on snow-shoes, through an unbroken wilderness of one hundred miles. Few were hardy enough to attempt it, but some did. The mail was brought once a month by an Indian and 'a dog train.' Two men always went with these trains, for if, as it frequently happened, a heavy fall of snow came while on the journey, a road must be broken for the dogs. All things being ready and the dogs in harness, the driver, with a long whip in his hand, took his place behind the train. In his left hand he held a strong cord which was fastened to the hind end of the train. At the word of command each dog would start on a trot, and the Indian behind

with the cord in his hand would follow after. The cord was to hold the train back in going down hill. If the train upset, as it did a dozen times a day, nothing was spilled nor anything broken. It was like rolling over a log. The dogs would stop, the Indian take hold and roll it back, and then 'de-dah' (go on) would ring out, and off would trot the dogs.

Dog trains were frequently used for pleasure parties of ladies and gentlemen. These were made a little different from the freight trains. The bottoms were the same, but instead of the canvas a shoe was fixed on the train, made of some light stuff but strong. A blanket was spread in the bottom of the shoe, and a cushion at the heel. Into this shoe, thus fixed, a lady would place herself, warmly clad, the heel of the shoe supporting her back. Thus fixed, blankets would be placed around her, and she was wrapped and swathed up until only a small portion of her face would be visible. Thus fixed up, 'her man' would take his place behind the train, and the dogs would start.

Sometimes four or five trains would start off together to visit a mine fifteen or eighteen miles distant. Such parties had usually two ladies to one train, the second lady taking a light pair of snow-shoes. Each lady had her cavalier, but the company had to go in single file, as the foot-path was only wide enough for one to occupy at a time.

Now imagine the party all ready to start. The dogs are growling and snarling, the men and women laughing and talking. The word is given. The dogs give a bark and a jump, the train moves, the women give a little scream, and we are fairly started. Now let us take a look at the procession. First come the dogs, pulling and snarling, followed by the train, with only the face of the rider visible; back of this walks a man with a cord in his hand that is fastened to the train, by which he is to keep vehicle and lady from being precipitated upon the dogs as they descend the first hill. Next another lady followed by a gentleman, all wearing snow-shoes; then another set of dogs followed by another train and its occupant, and so on until you have the whole party on the way. The old woods ring with shouts and laughter. Suddenly the caravan stops, and the inquiry runs along the line: 'What's the matter?' 'Oh, nothing,' comes back the answer, 'only one of the trains has tipped over.' Then the men run along to the upset train, and lift it out of the deep snow with shouts of laughter, and place it on the trail upright and brush off the snow, the inmate of the train being as helpless as a log of wood, and as safe. The dogs seem to be the only ones who do not enjoy the fun. They sit quietly on their haunches until the word is given to go, and then the whole caravan moves on as before until another upset.

When three or four miles have been gone over, a halt is called, and the ladies change places, to be in their turn upset and laughed at. A journey of fifteen or twenty miles can thus be accomplished in a day. The 'boss' of the mine (whither they are bound) has had notice of their coming and is usually prepared for them. A good supper and an appetite sharpened by the all-day ride make everything seem comfortable, and mirth and gladness rule the hour. Song and story fill the evening until the 'wee sma' hours,' and then, in beds made of a few blankets spread upon the floor, with a blanket partition between the men and women, they seek rest. The next day would usually be spent in looking at the mines and the curiosities of the place, and the third day the party would take the back trail for home. The home trip, though a little less hilarious than the trip out, was generally full of fun.

A modern belle would hardly enjoy such a journey, but I never heard one of these ladies complain after such a trip of weariness or headache. Yet some of as fine ladies as there were in Pittsburg or Cleveland were found in such parties. It was the only change in the dull monotony of the long winter; and to those ladies the winter did not seem so long and dull. Husbands, fathers, and brothers were there, and a thousand beauties that the South could not afford. Health good, appetite good; what if food was coarse? I doubt whether rich viands would be more heartily enjoyed.

One who has never seen a dog in harness would be surprised at the load they will draw. A large Newfoundland dog, owned by the foreman at the 'Forest mine,' drew, on a wager, a barrel of pork in the barrel twelve miles, up the Ontonagon river, on the ice. The ice was level, but covered with snow. The dog did it with apparent ease. It was said, and I believe it true, though I did not see it, that the commandant of the fort at Sault Ste. Marie had a dog that drew a twelve-pound brass cannon around the parade-ground at the fort. The gun, I think, weighed fourteen hundred pounds. The parade-ground was smooth. The cannon was fastened to the train, and the dog was started. Two or three times in going around the ground the train was stopped, and the dog without difficulty started it again."

Roy Singleton

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN PEASANTRY

LANGUAGE, CUSTOMS, MODE OF LIFE, FOOD, DRESS

While the forces of change and progress are rapidly obliterating the ways of our ancestors, and civilization with giant footsteps is trampling out of sight even the ancient landmarks, the French-Canadian peasant still preserves the same old customs and habits which his progenitors from Brittany and Normandy transplanted to Canadian soil. The traveler through the province of Quebec may, amid many of its surviving cherished memorials, easily fancy himself among the romantic scenes and striking events of French colonial life of more than a century ago. Not only are the old fortifications which protected the city of Champlain from the assaults of Wolfe, Levy, Montgomery, and Arnold still extant to challenge the admiration of the sight-seer, but the children of their defenders, the same race with the same characteristics, mental and physical, and speaking the same language, may be seen walking the streets of the old rock-built city.

Intelligent observers familiar with the provinces of France, whence the ancestors of this people came, have frequently noted and commented upon the fact. The descendants of the Bretons, for instance, can easily be distinguished by their features, loyal disposition, and strength of will even to obstinacy. Their marked bodily vigor and fervent piety are other traits. The Normans are equally conspicuous for somewhat different physical and mental qualities. They are shrewder in business, gayer, and of more sociable disposition. They also are loyal and pious, but less excitable than their fellow countrymen of Breton extraction.

The French-Canadian peasant, *habitant*, is generally of small or medium size, of compact well-knit frame; his powers of endurance against fatigue and cold are simply astonishing. He is usually of dark complexion, with sparkling brown eyes. His quiet, thoughtful face, often dull, wears a contented expression, but he brightens quickly in merry response to a joke or a lively remark, chatting easily and with animation. If at all educated or a politician, he puts his powers to effective use and makes for his side or party a strong case. His head, in size and contents, is a good one. Along the north shore of the St. Lawrence one meets with varied types, for the original settlers intermarried with Indians, English, and Irish, with such physical results as might be expected. Thus you will often see peasants

with features and complexion corresponding to those of the foreign strain, of Saxon fairness, or freckled, with massive red beard, answering to English, Scotch, and Irish names, and yet unable to speak a word of English. Some of the farmers boast of descent from families of the old nobility of France, who, without means to leave Canada after the cession, were forced to settle down on farms among their former servants and dependents. Those nobly descended are easily distinguished by their courtly bearing and dignity of manners, apart from their aristocratic names.

The women (*créatures* as the men call them), while not generally pretty, are mostly pleasant-faced brunettes, whose dark hair and dark brown eyes form a considerable part of a beauty's endowment. They are usually strong, quiet in movement, inclining to be stout as they advance in years. Many of them attract by their agreeable, kindly expression, though of course some of them are impulsive enough. They are simple-minded, virtuous, and pious, with frankness of manner. They lead a primitive life, with sturdy labors through the day and early evening. When not engaged in the common home-duties of caring for the children, cooking, or attending to the cattle, or helping the men in the fields during harvest-time, they sew, spin, weave, and knit. Many of them clothe the whole family by their industry, requiring but little from the stores and cities. In their habits, cleanliness rules conspicuously, the fact impressing any stranger who may visit their houses. They are orderly as well. They crave but little mental stimulus; they read almost nothing but their Prayer-Books, which explains their similarity of ideas, as well as of sympathies, social, religious, and national. But the dwellers near the cities show a difference in those habits and feelings of late years, the interchange of opinion being here wider, more varied, and modern, strangers and travelers touching their long dormant thought with notable influence.

It has been stated somewhere, that "One of the best means of knowing the character of a people is a knowledge of their language." With this truism in mind I desire to correct certain erroneous impressions which exist concerning the language of the French Canadians. Among the British portion of the population in Canada and the people of the United States, the belief is wide-spread that they speak a mongrel dialect—a *patois*. It is true that the uneducated speak ungrammatically and inelegantly, use old words belonging to the dialects of Normandy, Picardy, and Brittany, and often employ words in their old relation instead of the new; but this does not constitute a *patois*, such as we hear in many of the provinces of France, where people of one district cannot understand the language of those living in an adjoining one.

The following is a specimen of *patois*, submitted with the view of emphasizing this fact: The Breton peasant exclaims: *Koi ché donc d'ol bête vient abimi mes lentils?* which, rendered in English, means: "What is this beast which comes to destroy my lentils?" Any one familiar with the French language will see the vast difference between the two cases.

A Parisian would have no more difficulty in understanding a French-Canadian *habitant*, than an educated American the peculiarities of expression of the illiterate of cities or country districts in the United States, who say: "I don't s'pose there ain't nobody seen nothing o' no old felt hat nowhere," or "I feel powerful weak," etc. The Frenchman may, however, be more mystified if he listen to the speech of the working classes of the cities, who use English words pertaining to matters technical and connected with trade. He would find it difficult to know what they meant by *J'ai une job (ouvrage)*—"I have a job." *Où est le Boss? (maitre)*—"Where is the master?" *Je m'en vais à la shop (magasin)*—"I am going to the shop." The exigencies of life in a new world have also, as in the United States, caused the people to coin words which are not found in *Le Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française*. The following are a few samples: *poudreries*, *balture*, *bordée de neige*, etc.

The peasant speaks without English admixture, but he will say, *Il mouille* ("It wets"), when he should say, *Il pleut* ("It rains"); and he will speak of his *butin* ("plunder"), when he means *effets* ("goods"). These are instances of misuse of words. A few more: if he wish to describe a child who wears out his clothes quickly, he will say, *C'est un vrai petit usurier* ("He is a real little usurer"); and he will also say, *Il me tanne*, instead of *Il m'impatiente* ("He wearies me"). Instances of corruption of words are numerous. One frequently hears, *Ah! que c'est d'valeur*, when a great misfortune is implied, and he should say, *Ah! quel malheur* ("Ah! what a calamity"). Many nautical terms are applied to land matters: *Embarquez à cheval* ("embark on a horse"), instead of *montez à cheval* ("mount a horse"); *Ben grée* ("well rigged") for *Bien fournit* ("well supplied"); *amarrou*, in lieu of *attaches*; *cordeaux*, in place of *guides*, etc.

The professional and educated classes speak good French, but they have not the same aptitude for ornate phraseology, nor can they turn a compliment as neatly, as their compatriots on the other side of the Atlantic. They are not as fluent speakers either. It may be well here to remind some of my readers that most Parisians do not speak pure French, but a corrupt French, bristling with a constantly varying slang (*argot*), which the cultured class, the academicians especially, regret exceedingly. The intonation and accent of the French Canadian are often provincial,

recalling the old Normal, Provençal, and Breton. They also frequently use Anglicisms; but, in spite of the latter drawback, they have written well enough to carry off prizes from the natives of the mother country, in competition with some of their best writers. Both Louis Honoré Fréchette, the national poet, and L'Abbé R. H. Casgrain, have had that distinction. The English in Canada will seldom speak French, fearing to make blunders, while the French Canadian does not hesitate to use the Anglo-Saxon language, even if he speak it imperfectly.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in *The Intellectual Life*, states: "When a foreign language has been acquired (there are instances of this) in quite absolute perfection, there is almost always some loss in the native tongue. Either the native tongue is not spoken correctly, or it is not spoken with perfect ease. . . . Rare indeed are the men and women who know both languages—French and English—thoroughly." There are many French Canadians who speak their mother tongue fluently, and with absolute accuracy as to grammar and choice of expression, and yet have a fair command of the English language. Some of their political leaders, notably Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, speak alternately in French and English in the house of commons at Ottawa, and it would take a well-trained ear to tell which is his mother tongue. But one does now and then see in the French-Canadian press such Anglicisms as, *Rencontrer ses paiements* ("To meet his payments") instead of *Faire honneur à ses engagements*, and *Faire une application au parlement* ("To apply to parliament") in lieu of *Présenter une pétition*, or *une demande*, etc. For many years past the "purists," or sticklers for unalloyed French, have been making determined efforts to extirpate Anglicisms, stimulated by the active intervention of the Royal Society of Canada, and the co-operation of the press and critics generally. The effect is already perceptible in the greater purity of language and amendments of style of the writings of the *littérati* and diction of the public speakers.

The poorer *habitants* live in cabins resembling the ancestral domicile on the other side of the Atlantic, the only changes being designed to meet the conditions and necessities of the more rigorous Canadian climate. They are built of logs and clay, high-roofed, covered with shingles or thatched (*en chaume*). They are usually about twenty feet square, white-washed and of neat appearance, one apartment on the ground floor, with the attic generally used to store grain, etc., and lighted by one pane of glass at each end. Quite close to the cabin may be seen a small baking oven (*four*) with a pent-roof of boards, the stable and barn a little farther off, and a modest vegetable garden in front or at one side. There is

ordinarily a porch, or *tambour*, with a double door for defense against the heavy snowstorms and bitter winds, one window on each side, with two more in the back part of the house.

On entering the visitor finds himself in a square room used as bed-chamber, kitchen, and parlor. In the dormitory portion of the apartment is a high wooden bedstead of simplest make, and another arranged in tiers, bunk-fashion, for the accommodation of the large families for which the race is noted. Some of the younger children sleep in cribs or trundle-beds, kept in the daytime under the large parental bed and drawn out at night near the cooking-stove, which is of the long, two-storied style, standing in the centre of the room, surrounded by a pile of logs or small firewood. In summer the children sleep in the attic, and at that season the fire is kept on a large hearth at one end of the house.

In one corner, reaching from a few feet above the floor to a point near the ceiling, are wooden shelves painted green or blue, and upon them are massed some of the household treasures, such as pewter plates, mugs, delft and earthen vessels. Hanging from one of the cross-beams is the old flint-gun, known as *le vieux fusil français*, with the powder-horn and bullet-mold, which rendered good service in many a contest with the Indians and English, as well as in innumerable hunting exploits. This weapon is an heirloom prized and guarded with zealous care. They often possess a more modern gun of the long-barreled sort, such as is used for duck-shooting.

In another corner may be seen the snow-shoes (*raquettes*) with which the *habitant* in winter travels over his fields, and the beef moccasins (*bottes sauvages*) for summer use. A few plain three-legged stools, some wooden chairs with wicker bottoms, one or two rocking-chairs (*berceuses*) of rustic make, one heavy, spacious wooden trunk serving as both wardrobe and seat of honor, a settle-bed, and of course the kneading trough, generally sum up the furniture. Most households have a spinning-wheel and a loom. The floor is sometimes covered with a rag carpet (*catalogne*), and the walls are covered with old newspapers.

Above the bed is a wooden cross painted black, below which is the sprig of blessed palm in a small bottle or vase (*benitier*) containing holy water, and close by the religious calendar of the diocese. This twig of palm plays an important part in the religious ceremonies of the household, around it clustering beliefs of impressive character. It is credited with the power of exorcising the evil one and preventing a stroke of lightning to the house. It is renewed each Palm Sunday, the old twig being carefully burned. Some houses will have a miniature chapel with

altar, cheap vases, and plastic figures of saints. On feast days these are illuminated with tiny candles, and before them the inmates will prostrate themselves in prayer. In many households a fiddle and bow occupy a conspicuous place on the wall. Religious prints, highly colored pictures of the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, and other saints, in touching attitudes of suffering or devotion, adorn the walls. Those of the blessed Mother of God or the Pope hold the place of honor in some districts, while in others St. Vincent de Paul or St. Jean Baptiste are the favorites.

I am reminded of a surprise I experienced one day in seeing the walls of the house occupied by a young Protestant Briton covered with pictures of the "noble army of martyrs." As discreetly as possible I expressed astonishment at his partiality for such prints, when he explained that to them he considered he owed his wife. Shortly after his arrival in Canada he happened to visit a farm-house where he saw similar pictures, with which he was unfamiliar. The daughter of his host, a pleasant, bright-eyed girl, seeing his ignorance of martyrology, eagerly sought to persuade him of the merits and distinctions of some of the saints, and their labors and sacrifices. These recitals, together with the charms of the fair talker, left deep impress upon his heart. From that moment he found himself more interested in all pertaining to the saints, calling frequently for more enlightenment, with the result that before he could become thoroughly informed in saintly records, he was completely in love with the farmer's daughter. He has since held all the saints of the calendar in high regard, gratefully recognizing that to them he owed his charming wife, and secured for him the sweetest companionship for life.

But to return to the abodes of the peasants. The houses near the cities or of the well-to-do are larger, have more rooms and conveniences than those just described, and are usually built of stone. Most of them have the same high-pitched roof covered with shingles, and occasionally one will be seen with the second story projecting beyond the first. The ceilings are low, with supporting beams visible. These houses are better furnished, but in other respects they resemble the poorer; the general manners and customs of the inmates of both being almost identical. There is often a large baking-oven connected with the house itself, and a well at a little distance from it. There are well-kept gardens and orchards in close proximity, the sole care of the women, and from which they derive quite a benefit by the sale of vegetables and fruits.

The owners of the better class of houses leave them in summer to be occupied by strangers, living themselves in adjoining out-houses. They make an honest penny not only in this way, but by selling provisions and

waiting on their tenants or driving them about the country. Life in these out-buildings wears a picnic aspect, jollity and social ease prevailing.

All houses occupied by the people are blessed by the *curé* shortly before or after their completion. It is a ceremony many think indispensable to avert misfortune and disease. Their religion teaches them that all in this world comes from and will return to God, and that it is through his gracious goodness we are enabled to enjoy all we possess. These facts command their continual gratitude. They will thus stop at the sound of the Angelus to say a short prayer three times a day, and cross themselves before beginning or completing every act of their lives. Everything they own they offer up to God, thanking him that they are permitted to enjoy these blessings. As soon as the house or out-building has its walls raised, they attach to the chimney or to one gable a few branches of palm (*le bouquet*, they call it) and discharge some fire-arm by way of salute. For what purpose they affix this *bouquet* is difficult to ascertain, except that it is a custom of their ancestors, as they will tell you. But doubtless there lingers in the mind some pleasant association, even with the unlettered, of the branch that is always connected with triumph and victory, and that was waved before our Lord on his entry into the chosen city. In France the workmen still follow this custom, and there it is done to remind the owner that he is expected to celebrate the event in some social way.

An interesting feature of the domestic picture is the large group of healthy, merry children, whose boisterous mirth keeps the house in an uproar. If the people have with much reason been credited with habits and dispositions of patriarchal simplicity, they no less resemble the ancient race in the strength of their domestic affection and love of offspring. The race is vigorous, the country large, and modern views and Malthusian theories, which check the population of lands more thickly settled, are as yet unknown in the old St. Lawrence region. How else could some sixty-five thousand of them, defeated, dejected, and abandoned colonists at the time of the cession in 1759, have swollen into the mighty flood of population, some one million seven hundred thousand at the present day, engaged in the cultivation and development of British North America's illimitable resources?

Before the cession a royal bounty was granted to all young men marrying before the age of twenty, and to young girls wedding before sixteen. Parents who had more than ten children were also in receipt of a royal gratuity. In most households there are from a dozen to sixteen children, and even as many as twenty-eight. Two prominent officials of the province of Quebec are twenty-sixth children, and fine specimens of physical

development and mental culture they are, too. Recently the parliament of Quebec passed a law granting a lot of land of one hundred acres to all parents who have twelve or more living children, and already over one thousand applications have been made for the provincial bounty. Formerly children were made to take their meals at a small table at one end of the room, generally sitting on one of the logs kept near the stove, until they had made their first communion. It appears that the logs were used for mincing meat as well, with the other end turned up. In their little quarrels the older children used to taunt the younger, saying: "Oh, you still eat off the block!" and much humiliation was felt.* *À propos* of large families, there is a story which deserves mention. A peasant, whose means were not in proportion to his wit, perpetrated a joke on his priest, the outcome of which must have been gratifying to one in his straitened circumstances. He called one day upon his pastor, bringing with him his twenty-sixth child, born to him that morning. "*Monsieur le curé*," he said, "by the laws of my country and church it is my bounden duty to hand over to you the twenty-sixth portion of all the natural products which God in his goodness may send me. I consider children are included in that category, and I therefore leave with you this afternoon my twenty-sixth child, just presented to me by my good wife." The *curé* appreciated the pleasantry, although poor himself, for the parish was in the back concessions of land, newly cleared, and the tithes—formerly the tenth portion, now the twenty-sixth—were consequently small; but he smilingly replied: "I accept my share of what Providence has bestowed upon you in its wise dispensation. But do not keep the child from his mother. Take him home and board him at my expense, and later on I shall pay for his schooling."

The garb of the peasantry exhibits the extreme of plainness. The coarsest homespun, worked up without dye or polish, the materials as dull in color as they are rough in texture, forms the staple of the suit, the monotonous brown or gray of which sadly needs the contrast afforded by the colored sash (*ceinture fichée*) about the waist, and the blue or scarlet of the nodding *toque*. They wear beef moccasins stretching near to the knee in summer, and cloth shoes and leggings (*mitasses*) in winter. The moccasins are all made round about the toes, and for this reason old country people sometimes call the French Canadians *round toes*. The wife's (*la bonne femme*) dress is of the simplest description, composed of a warm woolen shawl, a blue skirt or dress of homespun, and a neat linen cap, frilled and tied under the chin. For church-going and holiday occasions,

* *Mémoires Philippe Aubert de Gaspé.*

many of them can produce a cheap East Indian shawl, which is carefully laid away at other times. The children are dressed somewhat like the parents.

This remarkable conservatism in dress was originally due to the influence of the popular leaders, spiritual and temporal. Aware that the peasant's taste naturally ran toward display, regardless of expense, they felt it was wisest to recommend the use of articles solid and useful. This economical disposition has done a great deal to promote the success of the people as colonists. They were strongly urged to raise from the soil all required for their sustenance, to make their own clothing and tools as well, that they might become independent of outsiders, especially of the English, their old-time natural enemy. They were also stimulated to spread, multiply, and take possession of the land—*Emparons-nous du sol* was the watch-word—in order to become a power in North America. Well-meant and sensible as was such counsel, it might not have been so generally followed had the peasant had opportunities of seeing the outside world and noting the different styles prevailing in domestic and other matters. But communication with cities and towns was difficult and expensive till a few years ago. Since, however, they have had this want supplied, and been enabled to see so many pictures of the large stirring cities, their humors, fashions, and prevalent spirit, that it is impossible to confine them within the old grooves of habit or oblige them to follow with anything like fidelity the former ideals set up for their guidance. Some of them now discard homespun for garments of modern make, build themselves better houses, which they furnish with some luxury, keep servants and carriages, and have more abundant *cuisine*. In fact, of late many show much weakness for personal display and extravagance. The clergy essay, but in vain, to correct this disposition. It is said that they spend ten times more on dress, carriages, and fast horses than the same class in France. Formerly self-denial was their rule of action, backed by self-reliance. The farm and household work was divided impartially among the different members of the family, no outside aid being necessary. Many a farmer has had to mortgage heavily his homestead, as the result of his foolish disregard of the wise counsel of his chieftains.

They generally enjoy good health, vigor, and animal spirits. Many an old man and woman can be found who have never spent a dollar for medicine since their birth. Nearly all enjoy the social weed in the form of smoking; chewing is rare. And their smoking seems seldom hurtful with their steady nerves and simple habits. The race is, generally speaking, temperate; of course, with many, an occasional drink of whisky or

beer comes not amiss. Their diet is exceedingly plain. The farmer is an early riser, leaving bed by four in summer and five in winter. Just before the morning meal he takes his dram, *petit coup d'appetit*, the beverage being usually whisky in which he has infused some absinthe leaves. He is careful not to allow the younger children to see him; he will take it *à la cachette*. The first meal of the day consists of a platter of skimmed and sour milk, in equal proportions, with buckwheat bread broken and soaked in the milk. Dinner is served shortly before mid-day, the bill of fare comprising pea soup in which pork has been boiled with green herbs. The pork is generally eaten with molasses. The dessert is a bowl of new and sour milk, mixed with the bread, as for the morning meal, but they add maple sugar at this repast. After dinner all take a nap, servants and family alike. Supper comes when the work of the day is ended, and consists again of new and sour milk, with cold potatoes and whatever pork may have been left over from dinner. Occasionally an infusion of hot water and toast, under the name of coffee, is taken. Near the rivers, lakes, and coasts fish is freely eaten. During harvest time, *la moisson*, each worker is given a hunch of bread and a piece of cold boiled pork to carry to the fields for the noon-day meal, which he eats with a clasp-knife carried in the pocket for that purpose. They have an odd way of cutting the bread and pork; they hold the sandwich in the palm of the left hand, and while pressing one corner of it against the thumb, they cut a piece off with a circular motion. They next stick the end of the knife into this piece and carry it to the mouth. The process is a peculiar and striking one. With a draught of water the meal is complete.

Of a Sunday they enlarge their dietary, treating themselves at breakfast to thick pancakes, *crêpes*, made of wheaten flour and milk, cooked with butter, and eaten with maple sugar or molasses. Another article of indulgence is roast pork, *pore frais*, the drippings of which, *graisse de rot*, are much appreciated by them, and also a stew, *ragoût*, of pigs' feet. In summer they seldom eat meat, but they use it in winter when game is abundant. When they kill cattle and pigs for market, they often keep certain portions for family use, which they bury in the snow and dig up as wanted. The ruling idea is to live on the humblest fare, made up of such things as are not convertible into money. All their meals are eaten with a relish begotten of pure country air, abundant exercise at the healthiest and most invigorating of occupations. The diet of the better class of farmers is more liberal, resembling that of the corresponding class in cities, but they do not, as a whole, eat meat as freely as their British neighbors. On festive occasions, like New Year and Easter, they treat their guests with

liberality, giving them cold meat-pies, *tourtières*, and a cake, *croquignoles*, not unlike the doughnuts of New England, and such other dainties as they can afford, not omitting spirits.

On Friday no meats are eaten; fish, eggs, and pancakes being most in use, and bean soup also. Lenten season and the fasts of the church they faithfully and rigorously observe, using meats only during certain days of the week, and only once then. When they sit down to table they all make the sign of the cross and invoke God's blessing, *Benedicite*; after meals they offer thanks, *Deo gratias*, and again cross themselves. At table general hilarity prevails, and if one be noticed to eat less than usual he is at once rallied to indulge more freely.

All their soups, meats, and stews are served in one large dish, *à la gamelle*, which is placed in the centre of the table. They break their pieces of bread, drop them in the main dish, and then scoop them out with spoon or fork till the appetite is satiated. This custom is called *saucés*, and the parent is heard now and then saying to a child whose appetite is flagging, *Sauce donc, mon cher*—"Dip in, my dear."

As a boy I remember, while out fishing at a place some forty miles below Quebec, near the village of Montmagny, calling at a farmer's house at dinner-time, and being invited to join the family circle. I hesitated for a moment when asked to help myself from the main dish in the family fashion, but a long walk had so sharpened my appetite, that when I was urged a second time I threw *mauvaise honte* to the dogs and acted upon the principle, "In Rome do as the Romans do," and I live to tell the tale.

Prosper Bender

BOSTON, July, 1890.

OUR BELOVED FLAG

[Poem of Hon. Horatio King, ex-Postmaster-General, at the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Republic, at Portland, Maine, July 3, 1890.]

Who shall tell in rhythmic measure
All the story of the war ?
What became of untold treasure ?
Who shall tell what it was for ?

How the conflict, like no other,
Spread affliction far and wide ;
Brother madly fighting brother,
Fiercely ranged on either side.

Oh, the wicked, fatal error
Of the rash resort to arms !
Filling every heart with terror—
Every day with war's alarms !

Now I mind me, when I started
On life's mission, long ago—
Only just from boyhood parted—
I beheld the signs of woe.

North and South I saw arising,
Plain before my trustful eyes,
Little clouds, not yet surprising,
On the face of tranquil skies.

True, to some, they foretold danger,
Meagre as their forms appeared ;
Not so to the passing stranger :
He saw nothing to be feared.

Nor was any early meeting
Thought at that time to impend,
Of these clouds portentous—fleeting,
Wheresoe'er their motion tend.

Peace and Plenty held their places,
Smiling on a happy land ;
All serene their air, like Graces
Crowned with beauty, hand-in-hand.

Strange that at a time so cheering,
I should see in vivid dream,
Armies in the skies appearing,
Hostile in degree supreme.

What, I asked myself in wonder,
Does this startling vision show ?
Is it this—in doubt I ponder—
Must we meet a foreign foe ?

Seemed no cause for such collision,
All was quiet over sea ;
What should aid to a decision
In the matter, puzzled me.

But, at length, the clouds expanding,
Move in angry aspect near—
Dark before each other standing,
Touching patriots' hearts with fear.

Look ! what means this strange com-
munion ?
See ! emblazoned on each cloud,
In letters bold, the word DISUNION !
All alarming, fierce, and loud !

Hark ! what sound is that conspiring,
Rumbling, trembling, from afar ?
'Tis from guns on Sumter firing !
Tocsin dread of civil war !

Oh ! what act of direful madness !
 Oh ! the folly of the strife !
 Oh ! what cause of deepest sadness !
 Who shall save the nation's life ?

Such was my first exclamation,
 Standing near the helm of state ;
 Whence should come the declaration
 That should my distress abate ?

"To arms ! to arms !" the cry went forth
 From LINCOLN's proud and lofty post,
 "Wake ! East, and West, and South,
 and North !
 Spring, spring to arms, a mighty host !

Our flag insulted, bids you come ;
 It calls for patriots strongly nerved ;
 March quickly, cheered by fife and drum,
 The UNION, it must be preserved !"

As when the mighty river's banks
 Are swollen by the sudden flood,
 The people rushed to fill the ranks,
 And in a solid phalanx stood.

The Nation's capital their aim,
 They moved at once in grand array,
 As line on serried line they came
 Their noble Chieftain to obey.

A brief suspense, and then they start
 To meet their bold and threat'ning foe ;
 Each man inflamed to do his part,
 Nor any hardship to forego.

Now, soon is heard the clash of arms,
 Afar the cannon's angry roar,
 O'erwhelming all with war's alarms,
 That spread, like fire, from door to
 door !

Too late ! the fatal shot was fired
 When aimed in hate at Sumter's
 shield ;

Almost, alas ! all hope expired
 When patriots fell on battle-field.

Too late ! too late ! the war goes on
 In blood and carnage—oh, how long !
 Until, at last, the RIGHT has won—
 Until defeat o'erwhelms the WRONG.

Peace now resumed her rightful sway ;
 Those hateful clouds have disap-
 peared ;

DISUNION sank with them away,
 And UNION her proud ensign reared.

Flag of our free, united land,
 Float on ! float on ! o'er sea and strand !
 We greet thee, seen away from home,
 In foreign climes, where'er we roam,
 With pride and satisfaction pure,
 A shield and safeguard, strong and sure.
 Float on ! float on ! no longer fear !
 All hearts are with thee, far and near.
 Float on ! float on ! from shore to shore !
 Float on ! float on ! forevermore !

Horatio King

MINOR TOPICS

THE EDICT OF NANTES

POEM BY THE REV. CHARLES S. VEDDER, D.D.

*Read before the Huguenot Society of Charleston, South Carolina, at its celebration, April 14, 1890,
of the Promulgation of the Edict of Nantes.*

The sword that flashed at Ivry, its splendor seen afar,
Still lights the page where glory names King Henry of Navarre ;
But nobler claim to deathless fame
Than gleams from sword or lance,
Hath he who planned, for subjects banned,
The chartered rights of Nantz.

The plume that waved at Ivry, at Arques, and Coutras,
Its snowy sheen, wherever seen, on leading like a star,
No more outsped the eager tread
Of all his host's advance
Than leaped his pen to sign for men
The great rescript of Nantz.

The triumph won at Ivry ! its fullness who may tell,
That hushed the savage cry of strife, its groan and funeral knell !
But—richer far than silenced war
To fratricidal France—
That triumph wrought enfranchised Thought
From Henry's hand at Nantz !

Ah, had the boon but come to stay, unchallenged and unlost,
The Master's heeded voice, "Be still," to spirits tempest-tost,
How would our song its strain prolong,
And years its joy enhance,
That Ivry's field such store could yield
Of garnered good at Nantz.

Yet not HIS blame the curse and shame, that following feet outtrod
The right he gave that lord and slave might know and own their God !
Though much of ill assoil him still—
This knightly Prince of France—
With all we miss, his praise be this,
His throne of fame was Nantz !

May we, whose thoughts unfettered find the Truth that fills the heart :
 Whose conscience no man's will may bind, nor guile ensnare with art :
 May we so blest, with souls at rest,
 And rights above all chance,
 Hold him sublime, beyond his time,
 And great above his regal state,
 Who, chief in word, as chief with sword,
 Starred Ivry's crown with Nantz.

A CURIOUS ANTIQUE TREASURE OF 1794

"PROSPECTUS OF THE FIRST AMERICAN EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE

SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS.

First American Edition by

MOUNTFORD, BIOREN & CO.

Proposals for Printing by Subscription, the whole

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Of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, in eight Duo-

decimo volumes, from Jones's Dublin Edition.

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- I. This work will be comprized in eight Duodecimo Volumes, printed on fine American paper, in a stile of Typographical Elegance that shall reflect the highest credit on the American press.
- II. That it shall be embellished with a beautiful Frontispiece of Shakspeare—engraved by the best American Artist.
- III. That the price to Subscribers will be eight dollars, one dollar to be paid on subscribing, and one dollar on the receipt of every succeeding volume but the last—to enable the Publishers to pursue with convenience the arduous undertaking.
- IV. Each Volume shall be delivered in blue boards to the Subscribers immediately on the publication of every volume, with best impressions of the Frontispiece—the price to be raised to Non-Subscribers.
- V. That the names of the Subscribers will be printed to record the patrons of this endeavour to encourage the useful and elegant Arts in America.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THAT Shakspeare has followed nature with such truth and correctness, as to render his Works the delight of all nations, however differing in customs and manners from his own, is a fact which more than centuries of universal approbation have sufficiently established—The debt unpaid by the careless and unlightened co-temporaries of this Illustrious Man, has been left to posterity to discharge, and in proportion to the progress of taste and literature, the gratitude of mankind has endeavoured to acknowledge the obligation.—England has exhibited her favorite Authors with splendor, and it is hoped that America that seat of true liberty, will not be backward in encouraging this first great attempt to do merited justice to the author of this Dramatic Work.

The selection therefore of this incomparable Production for an *elegant American edition*, requiring no justification, it only remains for the Publishers to add a few observations on the claim which such undertakings have to patronage in America—a country, which for liberty none can equal and should necessarily be the nurse and patron of the Arts. And tho' to rival the Eastern country, may seem hopeless in us—yet it is surely a laudable endeavour to excite that encouragement here, which should be always offered to improvement and excellence. Indeed the zeal which has appeared in America, since the permanent establishment of the present happy constitution, for patronizing the arts, whilst it had produced and rewarded a multitude of works which immortalize the artists, has also exalted the character of the nation, and given dignity to the people whose patriotism and munificence have promoted their discovery of perfection.

America is not insensible to the value of character, and will assume her rank among nations as an encourager of the arts. It would therefore be an impeachment of her understanding and patriotism, if a doubt were entertained of her possessing a portion of that spirit which considered in a national point of view, is one of the most praise-worthy in the catalogue of public virtues; as it contributes to the best interests of society, by promoting industry, cherishing genius, multiplying the rational enjoyments of life, and exciting a general taste for the beautiful and the excellent.

In the hope then that the humble effort here proposed may interest this spirit, and have some claim to general encouragement, it has been undertaken.

The attention which shall be paid to the correctness and beauty of the Printing, will evince the desire of the publishers to present their country with an edition worthy of the inimitable Shakspeare.

The Publishers assure the Patrons of this undertaking, they will discharge their engagement with strict probity and honor, and therefore hope they may justly claim public confidence and support.

Subscriptions are received by Messrs. Dobson, Carey, Young, Stevens, Campbell, Rice, McKensy, Ormrod, Johnston, and all the booksellers throughout the United States—also, by the editor of the *General Advertiser*, the editor of the

Gazette of the United States, and by the publishers, Mountford, Bioren and Co.
No. 75 Dock street

Philadelphia Dec. 16 1794."

Dunlap and Claypoole's American Daily Advertiser, Dec. 22 1794 No. 4899.

W. K.

SIXTY WAYMARKS IN THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

The beginning of astronomical observations, at Babylon, 2234 B.C.
The art of making bread from wheat, taught in China, 1998 B.C.
Gold and silver first mentioned as money, 1920 B.C.
Invention of the Egyptian alphabet, by Memnon, 1822 B.C.
The first naval expedition on record (Jason), 1263 B.C.
Standard dictionary of the Chinese completed, 1100 B.C.
Erection of Solomon's Temple, 1012-1004 B.C.
The first eclipse of the moon observed, 721 B.C.
First comedy acted at Athens, on a cart, 562 B.C.
First public library founded at Athens, 527 B.C.
The Carthaginians sail to Britain for tin, 460 B.C.
Herodotus reads his history in the Athenian council, 445 B.C.
Thucydides' history ends, and Xenophon's begins, 410 B.C.
First work on mechanics, written by Aristotle, 320 B.C.
Euclid founded mathematical school at Alexandria, 300 B.C.
Beginning of Septuagint translation of the Old Testament, 284 B.C.
Canal built by Ptolemy from the Nile to the Red Sea, 267 B.C.
The Romans taught the arts and sciences by the Greeks, 255 B.C.
First Roman history in prose, by Fabius Pictor, 225 B.C.
The art of surgery introduced in Asia Minor, 219 B.C.
Records of the Chinese Empire destroyed by Chi Hong Ti, 213 B.C.
Books with leaves of vellum introduced, 198 B.C.
First mention of a senate or sanhedrim, 198 B.C.
The first library opened at Rome, 167 B.C.
Greece annexed to the Roman Empire, 149 B.C.
Commerce of the world centres at Alexandria; 146 B.C.
The cherry-tree brought into Europe from Asia, 74 B.C.
Three books on agriculture written (Terentius Varro), 74 B.C.
The Alexandrian Library (400,000 volumes) burned, 47 B.C.
Golden age of Roman literature, 30 B.C.
Treasures of Egyptian art brought to Rome, 27 B.C.
The birth of Our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Josephus, the Jewish historian, in Jerusalem, 37-100 A.D.
 Pliny the Elder wrote the first *Historia Naturalis* (37 volumes), 66 A.D.
 Destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, 79 A.D.
 Public schools in the Roman provinces, 98 A.D.
 The first credible historian among the Chinese, 107 A.D.
 Papinian, the greatest civil lawyer of antiquity, 170-212 A.D.
 Constantinople the seat of art and literature, 330 A.D.
 Zenobia conquers Egypt and part of Asia Minor, 269 A.D.
 The Bible translated into the Gothic language, 379 A.D.
 The Latin language ceases to be spoken in Italy, 580 A.D.
 Ethelbert publishes the first code of laws in England, 602 A.D.
 University of Cambridge founded (chartered 1230), 644 A.D.
 The art of making paper brought to Europe by Arabs, 716 A.D.
 Golden period of learning in Arabia, 785 A.D.
 Figures of arithmetic brought to Europe by Saracens, 941 A.D.
 Paper first made from cotton rags, 1002 A.D.
 First age of scholastic philosophy, 1055 A.D.
 Invention of printing at Mayence, 1436 A.D.
 Invention of wood engraving, 1460 A.D.
 Discovery of America by Columbus, 1492 A.D.
 First newspapers of the world, in Venice, about 1563 A.D.
 Telescopes invented by Jansen, a German, 1590 A.D.
 First printing-office in America, 1639 A.D.
 First published idea of steam as a moving power, 1663 A.D.
 The lightning-rod invented by Dr. Franklin, 1752 A.D.
 Steam first applied successfully to navigation, 1807 A.D.
 Invention of the magnetic telegraph, by Morse, 1832 A.D.
 The Atlantic cable—the beginning of telegraphic communication between all the countries of the world, 1866 A.D.

VINTON READE

EXERCISES IN AMERICAN HISTORY

1. What theories did Columbus hold in regard to the size and shape of the earth, before he discovered America?
2. Tell something about his unsuccessful attempts to get help to test these theories. Who finally furnished the means?
3. How many voyages did Columbus make, and what did he discover in each?
4. What was the fate of Columbus? Where was he buried?
5. Give the origin of the name America.

6. For what is Ponce de Leon's name remembered? Balboa's?
7. Who commanded the first ship that circumnavigated the globe? What was this commander's fate?
8. Who gave the Gulf of St. Lawrence its name?
9. What English discoverer was called the "Great Admiral"?
10. For what discovery is De Soto remembered?
11. What river did Father Marquette explore? How was he regarded by the Indians?
12. Name five bodies of water in, or near, the borders of America, named for their discoverers.
13. What is the origin of the name Virginia?
14. Give an account of Sir Walter Raleigh's first attempt to plant a colony in America.
15. What plants did Raleigh introduce into England? How were they received?
16. Give an account of Raleigh's second attempt at colonization.
17. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, what regions were claimed in America by France? By Holland?
18. At the same period, what regions were claimed by Spain? By England?
19. What motives led explorers to the New World?
20. What is the literal meaning of the following words: Port Royal? Vera Cruz? Chaleur? Pacific? San Salvador? Christopher?

—*Southwestern Journal of Education.*

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF ZEBULON BUTLER

Contributed by Rev. Horace Edwin Hayden

ZEBULON BUTLER TO GENERAL HAND

"Garrison, Wyoming, 31st March 1779

Dear Gen^l

Yours of the 25 Inst came to hand Last Evening in answer thereto M^r Jinkins will Wait on you and as I conclude you have my account of the Late Actions at this Place I Shall omitt saying any thing about it and if you have not M^r Jinkins Will be abel to give you the Particulars of that affair, with Respect to the Indian Job Jillaway I was well acquainted the Last I heard of him he went with Gen^l M^cIntosh to the Ohio and is since Dead of the Small Pox.

As to the Road to Mennes into the upper Road is from this Garrison to Lacawana by the Susq^h 9 Miles to A Large Flatt Deserted by our people 10 Miles to Capons Large Meddous and several Stacks of Grain Except it is Burnt very Lately 23 Miles to Lacaway to A Settlement. Deserted but Believe Forrage Plenty. 14 Miles to Shehola A Settlement Large Meddous and I Believe hay Plenty. 14 Miles to Wellss Ferry opposite Cap^t Chambers on Dilware. The Lower Road is 8 Miles to Bullocks House Deserted by the Owner Small Meddous no Forrage 27 Miles to Lornards some Improvements but much Eat out by Travellers 8 miles to Colo Strowds. 37 Miles to Wills Ferry on the west Side Dillware, Inhabitants the Most of the way. the Upper Road has been Much Used with Carts and Waggon and the Lower Road has not been Used with Carrages at all I Shall take Particular Care that your Horse is well Tended.

If the Horse the Express Rides out Could be Sent back Should be Glad as we are Much Strip'd of Horses the Indians took away nine Lately and killed My Rideng Horse and one Other the Best we had and if you have Others wants Recruiting we can take Good Care of them hear if the Indians Dont Catch them.

The Situation of M^r Jinkins he was A Militia officer hear. Cap^t Spaulding had No Subbaltern officer in his Company M^r Jinkins Entered as A Volunteer in Cap^t Spauldings Compy and has Done Lieuts Deuty for Eight Months Past.

I am Dear 'Gen^l your Most Ob^t

Humb^l Serv^t

Zebⁿ Butler

On Publick Service"

Vol. XXIV.—No. 2.—10

ZEBULON BUTLER TO COLONEL BLAINE.

"Garrison, Wyoming, 4th Sept^r. 1780

Sir

The Intent of this is to Apply to you to give orders to M^r Stewert Commisary of Issue at this Post or some Purchasing Commisary that will Furnish him beef Cattel or Salt Provision for the Use of this Garrison he Left this by my Order the 29th of Last June to Procure Provision for this Garrison we have been out of Provision near half the time Since and he has not Returned he has Sent Some Flour but no meat he Writes me some Flour is coming but no meat and that I must Send Express to Col^o Blain, Coms^r Gen^l of Ps^a to Furnish him with orders or money or he can not Procure it. this Express waits on you on purpose to have Some Relief for this Garrison, which is A Frontier and aught to have at Least three Months Provisions on hand with Respect to Flour I think A Supply may Soon be had hear as there is A Quantity of Wheat to be Sold hear and A Mill will be Ready to go in 4 or 5 Weeks but at Present no Person authorised to Purchase my Makeing this applycation to you is by Request of M^r Stewert Issuing Commisary at this Post if it Should be out of the Rule Youll Please to Excuse me, but so much is fact we are out of Provisions and no Prospect of Getting meat an answer by the Bearer Who waits on you will Much Oblige your Humble

Serv^tZeb^a Butler, Co^l Comd^t.Col Blaine D C G of P^a."

AN INTERESTING UNPUBLISHED LETTER

Contributed by Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., LL.D.

[The original of this letter is in the handwriting of Dr. Lyman Hall, and is signed by him and by Dr. Brownson, both members from Georgia of the Continental Congress. At the time, Georgia, by permission, was recruiting in Virginia.]

"Baltimore Feb^y 11th 1777.

Sir,

Your favour by Mr Jos Pearsons of y^e 5th of Jan^y we have Rec^d. & immediately made application for the Amount of your Draught : & agreeable to y^r Desire have delivered to him to bring forward to you the sum of ten thousand Dollars. At the time of receiving your Letter the money could not be obtained, there not being a sufficiency in the Treasury to supply the numerous large Demands then in waiting. Of course we was obliged to detain him till this Time. Due consideration therefore ought to be had to the necessary Expence & Time of his Detention.

We hope he will come safe wth his Charge, & will Deliver either to you, or if

agreeable to your Order, to George Walton Esq^t., who, we understand has been very Friendly in promoting the Recruiting Service & merits our gratefull Acknowledgments.

A Supply of Guns, Blankets, &c cannot at this Time be obtained from this Quarter : must therefore Recommend to you to obtain such Supplies as you can get where you are, & as soon as possible March to the Georgia State.

We are sorry to inform you that complaints have been made to us repeatedly that some Officers under y^r Command behaved imprudently before your arrival in Virginia, but have not the least Doubt but that by your Discreet Management every Imputation of that kind will be prevented for the Future.

We sincerely wish you Success & hope your Spirited Exertions will fully answer the flattering Expectations of all your Friends,

& are Sir,

your most Obed^t Servts,

Lyman Hall

Nathan Brownson.

10,000 Dollars.

P. S. y^r & Maj^r Cuthbert's

Joint Order was accepted

& p^d to the Virgin^a Dele-

gates for y^e Sum £5000.

Cur^y. of Virginia.

Col : Stirk."

NOTES

INTELLECT OF NEW ENGLAND—The power of the Congregational clergy, which had lasted unbroken until the Revolution, was originally minute and inquisitory, equivalent to a police authority. During the last quarter of the century the clergy themselves were glad to lay aside the more odious watchfulness over their parishes, and to welcome social freedom within limits conventionally fixed; but their old authority had not wholly disappeared. In country parishes they were still autocratic. Did an individual defy their authority, the minister put his three-cornered hat on his head, took his silver-topped cane in his hand, and walked down the village street, knocking at one door and another of his best parishioners to warn them that a spirit of license and of French infidelity was abroad, which could be repressed only by a strenuous and combined effort. Any man once placed under this ban fared badly if he afterward came before a bench of magistrates. The temporal arm vigorously supported the ecclesiastical will. Nothing tended so directly to make respectability conservative, and conservatism a fetich of respectability, as this union of bench and pulpit. . . .

Even Boston, the most cosmopolitan part of New England, showed no tendency in its educated classes to become American in thought or feeling. Many of the ablest Federalists, and among the rest George Cabot, Theophilus Parsons, and Fisher Ames, shared few of the narrower theological prejudices of their time, but were conservatives of the Eng-

lish type, whose alliance with the clergy betrayed as much policy as religion, and whose intellectual life was wholly English. Boston made no strong claim to intellectual prominence. Neither clergy, lawyers, physicians, nor literary men were much known beyond the state. . . .

There was an arena of intellectual combat, if that could be called combat where disagreement in principle was not tolerated. The talk of Samuel Johnson and Edmund Burke was the standard of excellence to all American society that claimed intellectual rank, and each city possessed its own circle of Federalist talkers. Democrats rarely figured in these entertainments, at least in fashionable private houses. The clergy in Boston took a prominent part in conversation, but Fisher Ames was the favorite of every intelligent company; and when Gouverneur Morris, another brilliant talker, visited Boston, Ames was pitted against him. "There was no exclusiveness," said a lady, who long outlived the time; "but I should as soon have expected to see a cow in the drawing-room as a Jacobin."—Henry Adams's *History of the United States*.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE—"Quebec, October 7th, 1759. Honoured Sir, I now have the pleasure of writing to you from Quebec, which place is in his Britanick Majesty's possession. As to our proceedings during the siege I will not trouble you with them, as you will see it at large in the public papers, but will acquaint you with my own proceedings

which I hope will give you satisfaction. Notwithstanding all the expedition I could use it was the 16th April before I arrived at Louisburg—On my arrival there I found that our Regt. was not to go up the river, but upon Mr. Wolfe's arrival he brought an order for the Granideers of the garrison to join him which Granideers consisting of three companies was formed into a batalion under the command of Col^l Murray. I then applied to Gen^l Whitmore for liberty to go with our Granideers, which he granted me and strongly recommended me to General Wolfe—there was no service through the campaign that required courage and resolution but what we were sent on, and Hon^d Sir I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that God enabled me on every occasion to do my duty to the satisfaction of All my commanding officers and in particular on that *Ever Memorable Day* the 13th of Sept^r when the two Armys was drawn up in the line of Battle within a small distance of each other our company was the Right of the line—when the General viewing the position of the two Armies he took notice of a small rising ground between our right and the enemy's left which concailed us from that quarter—upon which the Gen^l did me the Honour to detach me with a few Granideers to take possession of that ground and maintain it to the last extremity, which I did till both armys was engaged. And then the General came to me and took his post by me.—But oh how can I tell you my dear sir—tears flow from my eyes as I write—that great that ever memorable man whose loss can never be enough regretted was scarce a mo-

ment with me when he received his fatal wound. I myself received at the same time two wounds—for I was close by him—one in the right shoulder and one in the thigh—but my concern for him was so great that I did not at that time think of them. When the General received the shot I caught hold of him and carried him off the field. He walked about one hundred yards and then begged I would let him sit down which I did; then I opened his breast and found his shirt full of blood at which he smiled, and when he seen the distress I was in 'My dear,' said he, 'don't grieve for me I shall be happy in a few minutes—take care of yourself as I see you are wounded—but tell me, tell me how goes the battle there?' just then came some officers who told him that the French had given ground and that our troops was pursuing them to the walls of the town. He was then lying in my arms fast expiring. That great man whose sole ambition was his country's glory raised himself up on this news and smiled in my face. 'Now,' said he, 'I die contented.' From that instant the smile never left his face till he died. I thought in him I had lost all my interest but it pleased God to raise me up friends in all the surviving General Officers and in particular in General Monck who upon his first taking the command inquired for the Volunteer that distinguished himself so much on the 13th September with General Wolfe, as he thought it his duty incumbent on him in honour to General Wolfe's memory to provide for that gentleman and in a few days he sent my commission by Colonel Walsh who is my Colonel in the 28th Regiment commanded by General

Bragg which is one of the finest regiments in the service, and what gives me the greatest pleasure is that I am particularly liked by both my Colonel and Major. We are single officers, that is only one Lieutenant to a Company and out of any danger of a breach. I believe at the opening of the next campaign I shall be near the head of the ensigns as there is a great many of them our officers going out of the Regiment that was wounded. Dear Sir, I believe it will be scarce possible for you to read this, but you must excuse me as it is written with great pain as the wound in my arm is not yet well. But, Honoured Sir, I thought nothing should excuse me from paying my duty to you and my friends at home. Dear Sir as soon as this reaches you be so kind as to acquaint my dear mother and sister with my good fortune, and take my excuse for not writing to them in particular. My dear Sir I beg you will write to me by the first ships that come from England as nothing in the world will give me more pleasure than to hear what situation my dear mother and sister is in, and you have your health, and my aunt and cousin John and his wife. I am my d'

Hon^d Sir, with my sincere love to all my friends,

"Your ever loving nephew,

"JAMES HENDERSON.

"I must again beg you will write to me, and direct to me ensign in the 28th Regiment, Quebeck."

The above letter, written by a young officer present at the battle, was copied from the original in the early part of the century, and printed in *Notes and Gleanings* for April, 1889. PETERSFIELD

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY—The relations existing between geography and history would seem to demand that one should not be taught and understood to the exclusion of the other. Is it not possible that by teaching less of detail in geography, time may be found for training children to read and become interested in history? The two studies are properly complements of each other. The one is a description of the earth, and the other a story of the people who have lived on the earth. If either is presented with no reference to the other it often becomes a dry and uninteresting subject. The teaching of geography for this reason has lacked life and color.

QUERIES

DISASTERS ON LONG ISLAND SOUND —*Editor of Magazine of American History*: The article called "Disasters on Long Island Sound," in the June number of the *Magazine of American History*, says: "Four survivors lived to tell the story" of the loss of the steamer *Lexington*, and gives their names. I would say that I was person-

ally acquainted with one of the survivors of that disaster, whose name is not given. It was Captain Hannah of Portland, Maine, master of the bark *Chester*, which was at that time loading at Lewis wharf, Boston, for Mobile. I was a boy in the counting-room of the merchants who were loading her, and remember distinctly the arrival of Cap-

tain Hannah in Boston from the wreck of the *Lexington*. He was saved on a floating bale of cotton.

Will you permit me to ask for some information which I think you may be able to give? Among several original letters which I happen to have, there is one addressed to General Washington by Elias Boudinot, who was attached to General Washington's staff as commissary-general of prisoners. I want to learn the approximate date of the letter. It is dated Elizabeth Town, Wednesday noon, without the month or year. But it contains the following paragraph by which the date can be fixed: "This very man is now a chaplain on board of the new frigate *Confederacy*, which has arrived at Chester, in Delaware, from New London." If I can learn when the "new frigate *Confederacy*" was launched, or when she arrived at Chester, I can get very near the date of the letter. Can you assist me?

WILLIAM R. BLISS

NEW YORK CITY.

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PORTRAITS IN PASTEL—Hon. E. B. Lynde of West Brookfield, Massachusetts, owns two pastel portraits of the same lady, taken at different ages, and apparently by the same artist. One represents a very young girl with an oval face, the most exquisitely colored complexion, very large, soft dark eyes, arched eyebrows, regular features, and a very sweet expression. The other represents her a few years older, more matured, and graver. In both portraits the gown is cut low, showing a plump young bust, modestly covered, and with a white frill of lace above the edge of the

gown. A black cord or narrow ribbon is tied around the neck, and hangs down as if a locket or miniature hidden in the neck of the dress were suspended from it. The hair is raised high over a cushion, surmounted by a curious head-dress or turban, like a great shell in shape; these are not alike in the two portraits, but of same general character; they are of gauze and lace of blended pale blue and pink shades. There is a rose in each, as a centre-piece on the front. There are large puffs showing on the sides of the head, coming from the back, and large soft curls falling on the neck on each side.

The writer owns a very fine oil portrait of Madame de Sévigné (1626-1696), by Guillaume Spinny, painted probably about 1661, in which the whole costume is similar to that of the portraits we describe, except that the cushioned head and curls on Madame de Sévigné's are surmounted by feathers instead of a turban or headdress. The two pastel portraits have descended through several generations of educated gentlemen in the Lynde family, accompanied by the tradition that they were brought over by Mr. Simon Lynde, a wealthy merchant who came from London to Boston in 1650, and that they were family portraits. He had no sister. He married after coming to this country. His mother, Elizabeth Digby, of a traced descent from the noble family of that name, early left an orphan, was educated as a Protestant in Holland, and was married in London in 1614 to Mr. Enoch Lynde, of a heraldic Dutch family. These portraits, if of her, might therefore have been executed either in

Holland or in England. Were pastels used in taking portraits as early as the time of this marriage? When did pastels first come into use for that purpose on the continent and in England?

This information is much desired for the monographs on the Lynde and Digby families, in the large work of family histories and genealogies now nearly completed, by Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Salisbury of New Haven, Connecticut.

REPLIES

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES [xxiii., 169, 345]—Surnames came into use, from necessity, in the fourteenth century. Among the middle and lower classes they became hereditary about 1450. A curious illustration is given of their origin in *Curiosities of Puritan Literature*. In the wardrobe accounts of Edward IV., 1480, occur the names of "*John Poyntmaker*, for pointing XI dozen of silk points, *John Carter*, for carting away a load of robeux, *Richard Gardyner*, for working the garden, *Alice Shapster*, for making sherts." Shapster is feminine for Shaper. There are many works on this subject.

H. E. H.

UNIVERSITIES OF THE WORLD [xxiii., 345, 418, 507]—The following additions may be made to my former lists:

SOUTH AMERICA.—Argentine Republic. Universities of Buenos Ayres and Cordova.

Bolivia. Universities of Chuquisaca, La Paz, and Cochabamba.

Brazil. Soares university. The young men are sent generally to universities in Europe and the United States to be educated, mostly to the latter country, and the larger number of them to Cornell university.

U. S. of Colombia. Colleges of Bo-

gota, Cartagena, Popayan, Mompox, Tunja, and Cali.

Guiana. None.

Peru. Universities of Lima, Trujillo, Ayacucho, Cuzco, and Puno.

Paraguay, 1887. National college at Assumption, 21 professors, 201 students.

Patagonia. None.

NORTH AMERICA.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—Nicaragua, 1887. 10 colleges, 64 professors, 998 students.

San Salvador. University of San Salvador. The colleges of Central America are mostly colleges in name only.

WEST INDIES.—Cuba, 1873. Royal university at Havana. Rector and 30 professors. Royal college also at Havana.

Porto Rico. None.

ASIA.—India, 1885-86. Universities of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay admitted 3,802 students; 106 other colleges for males, and 2 for girls, with 31 students in 1886.

Japan. Imperial university, 40 professors. The government sends a number of young men each year, at its own expense, to American and European universities to be educated, in order to afterward assist in the government.

China. No regular colleges. Several

private colleges, as they are called: men of great reputation as educators gather around them young men to prepare for the government examinations. The government annually sends a number of young men to universities in Europe and the United States to be educated.

Corea. None.

Siberia. None.

Turkey. No regular colleges, except the two missionary colleges at Aintab and Beirout, but a lyceum in each province's chief town.

EUROPE. — Iceland. None. The young men are sent to the university at Copenhagen to be educated.

Turkey. Roberts college at Constantinople is an American college for the education of sons of missionaries.

AFRICA.—Morocco. University of Dar-el-ibu.

MURRAY EDWARD POOLE
ITHACA, NEW YORK.

STEPHEN MOYLAN [xxiii., 414, 415, xxiv., 72]—Professor Oliver P. Hubbard writes to the editor that he has found from Washington's writings in Sparks's

twelfth volume that Stephen Moylan was aide-de-camp in 1775—thus must have written these official letters. Professor Hubbard further says: "Colonel Stephen Moylan of the 4th Pennsylvania Dragoons married one of the five handsome and well-bred daughters of Philip Van Horne, and in consequence of the army wintering at Middlebrook, New Jersey, in 1777, they all found husbands. The fascinations of Moylan's merry nature and fine appearance—the latter enhanced by his red waistcoat, buckskin breeches, bright green coat, and bearskin hat—were too great for the Middlebrook beauty to withstand. The dashing Irish colonel was the brother of the Roman Catholic bishop of Cork, and the first president in America of the 'Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.' After the war he became distinguished as an old-school gentleman and a hospitable host. He, his wife, and two daughters, one of whom inherited her mother's fascinations, drew many persons to their attractive house on the northeast corner of Walnut and Fourth streets in Philadelphia."—*Story of an Old Farm in New Jersey*, by A. D. Mellick, Jr.

SOCIETIES

THE HOLLAND SOCIETY—The annual meeting of the Holland society of New York was held May 27, 1890, at Hotel Brunswick. Present, Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, vice-president for New York city, and acting president in the vacancy caused by the death of President Hooper C. Van Vorst, and three hundred and forty members of the society. A communication was read from the Congregational club of Boston, Massachusetts, relating to the erection of a pilgrim statue at Delft Haven, Holland. The matter was referred to a committee to act in connection with the board of trustees and consider the matter and report at the next meeting. The president appointed Judge A. T. Clearwater of Kingston, New York, Mayor Edward Elsworth of Poughkeepsie, Louis B. Van Gaasbeek of Kingston, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer of New York, and Hon. John Van Voorhis of Rochester, as such committee. General Egbert L. Viele reported upon the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the massacre at Schenectady, and the report and speeches were ordered published in the Year Book. Mr. Theo. M. Banta, as chairman of the special committee, reported on the publication of old church records, that the first volume of the society's collections is now in press, and will be issued in the early autumn. This volume will consist of the records of the churches of Hackensack and Schraalenburgh, Bergen county, New Jersey, which were formerly collegiate, and will comprise the registers of members, marriages, and baptisms, together with the calls to the

pastors and the elections of the consistories. These have been translated from the original Dutch, and will appear in chronological order, with a complete index to all names, making a book of about seven hundred and fifty pages. It will be illustrated with full-page views of the churches. The Hackensack records date from 1686, being one of the oldest churches whose records have been preserved. The Rev. Dr. Van Gieson, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, Rev. Dr. Prall, Tunis G. Bergen, and Hon. Edward Elsworth were appointed a committee to acquire information concerning the Northwestern academy at Orange city, Iowa, and briefly to report the same as soon as practicable, by circular, to all the members of the society, with such recommendation to the several members as they may deem advisable. General Egbert L. Viele, Rev. Henry Van Dyke, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, Senator C. P. Vedder, and Rev. Dr. Ten Eyck were appointed a committee to confer with the existing committee of the trustees on the proposed statue of a typical Dutchman to be erected in New York city.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are Robert B. Roosevelt, president; Maus Rosa Vedder, M.D., vice-president for New York city, and twenty-eight vice-presidents for Dutch centres outside of the metropolis; George W. Van Siclen, secretary; Eugene Van Schaick, treasurer; and five trustees, whose term of office will expire in 1894.

SAUGATUCK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—At a meeting of this society in April, the

name was changed from "Westport Historical Society" to the "*Saugatuck Historical Society of Westport*," as the latter name seems to memorialize better the river, the valley, and the old town of Saugatuck, which Westport now represents. The officers for the year are Horace Staples, president; William J. Jennings, William H. Saxton, Captain William C. Staples, vice-presidents; Rev. James E. Coley, secretary; William Gray Staples, librarian; Dr. L. T. Day, treasurer. Mr. William J. Jennings read a paper on "Country Life in the first half of the Present Century."

THE WESTERN RESERVE HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its twenty-fourth annual meeting at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 17th of May, 1890, the president, Judge C. C. Baldwin, in the chair. The secretary and librarian, Mr. D. W. Manchester, stated in his interesting report, that the society was in a very flourishing condition, and that interest was increasing on the part of both members and visitors. The visitors during the year had for the most part sought the society's library and museum for the purposes of study rather than of mere sight-seeing. Among the members, who are scattered over the entire country, it is somewhat remarkable that only one death occurred during the year—that of Mr. Hopson Hurd of this city, who was an annual member. Officers were elected for the ensuing year, as follows: Judge C. C. Baldwin, president; D. W. Cross, W. P. Fogg, J. H. Sargent, and Samuel Briggs, vice-presidents; John B. French, treasurer; and D. W. Manchester, secretary and librarian.

THE PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY has suddenly become very rich in literary relics and autograph letters. The society met on the 5th of May, 1890, to hear the annual report of its council and receive the splendid gift of the famous collection of Mr. Ferdinand J. Greer, containing treasures of extraordinary interest, which is likely to be the sensation of historical circles for months to come. At the same time Mr. Hampton reported two other gifts, either of which alone would have attracted unusual attention, and appeared the less only in the stupendous presence of the Greer collection. These were an autograph collection of Colonel Clement Biddle from Mrs. Chapman Biddle, and relics of the Morris family from Miss Elizabeth Nixon. Mr. Greer began his collection forty years ago, and his gift embraces nine thousand letters. The mere catalogue will embrace one thousand pages. The collection contains autographs of popes and kings, philosophers, architects, poets, navigators, explorers, famous travelers, the presidents of the United States, members of the continental congress, signers of the Declaration of Independence, generals of the continental army, and the statesmen and soldiers of Great Britain and France who were conspicuous in the war of the Revolution. Of special interest to historical scholars are the letters of Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, Jefferson, and Robert Morris, which are numerous and valuable. There are peculiarly interesting letters of Lincoln and Grant, including the famous demand of Grant for the unconditional surrender of Fort Donelson.

HISTORIC AND SOCIAL JOTTINGS

The learned Rev. Dr. Hague, whose delightful reminiscences of half a century are still fresh in the public mind, has left us a graphic pen-portrait of Aaron Burr in 1821, as seen through the eyes of a boy of thirteen. He writes: "About six o'clock P. M. of a November day, having delivered my mother's message to her aunt, Mrs. Bartow, an aged lady of seventy-five (a relative by marriage to Colonel Burr's first wife), I was protracting my stay in the parlor of her dwelling in Vesey street, with the expectation that the colonel would come in very soon, as was his wont, to take his tea with Mr. Bernabue Bartow and his excellent mother. Imagine him entering the parlor at a moment when I was there alone. His physique, air, style of movement, realize a boy's highest ideal of the soldier and the gentleman; while his keen glance and sunny smile, expressive of a personal interest as real as if I had been a senator, awaken a feeling quickly responsive to the tone of cheer in his greeting, 'Well, well, I'm glad to see you. Have they left you alone here?' To which I replied, 'Hardly, colonel: aunt and cousin Bernie were called out just now; they will be in soon.'"

The graceful ease with which Aaron Burr approached the sofa where the boy was sitting and picked up a school-book, turning its leaves with the air of a connoisseur while glancing over it, can almost be seen at this moment. "Is it your way to be carrying Cæsar's *Commentaries* about with you?" he asked. "No, sir," replied the boy; "but I have evening lessons, and as I have not been at home since school, I have kept Cæsar with me."—"How far have you read?"—"Up to the bridge." Then came a lively talk about Julius Cæsar, with stories of his youth, his personal appearance, his manners, habits, and characteristics as a Roman citizen, a soldier, a writer, etc., all of which the colonel could render as captivating to a boy as Sir Walter Scott's word pictures of Queen Elizabeth or of the Duke of Buckingham in *Kenilworth*.

Dr. Hague comments upon the remarkable self-possession of Burr, which impressed itself forcibly upon his young mind, and was a familiar topic of home-talk. It had been said that Burr was never throughout all his life in the least disconcerted, except once. "Well do I remember asking my mother for an explanation of this saying. She replied, 'It was during his sojourn in Paris, where, for a time, he felt himself liable to arrest. He was walking alone, quite willing to remain unnoticed, when he was surprised by the quick, sharp exclamation of a stranger, *That's the man!* The colonel told the story himself, frankly confessing his exceptional experience of a nervous tremor and a heart-beat. It turned out that the stranger had seen the portrait of Colonel Burr drawn by his celebrated *protégé* Vanderlyn, and his quick recognition of the likeness startled him into a mood of admiration that could not but express itself aloud to the honor of the artist.' In Burr could be traced two currents of educational influence incessantly active, distinct, and different, yet coalescing like the two contrasted streams of Hebrew and Greek thought. The thought would suggest itself that we saw in him the ancient stoic, in the palmiest days of that philosophy, and the primitive epicurean, fused into a live unity."

BOOK NOTICES

LIFE AND TIMES OF EPHRAIM CUTLER, prepared from his Journals and Correspondence by his daughter, JESSIE FRANKS CUTLER. With biographical sketches of Jervis Cutler and William Parker Cutler. 8vo, pp. 353. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. 1890.

This volume is filled from the first page to the last with valuable history. It is written in size with the *Life of Rev. Manasseh Cutler*, and forms an important supplement to that well-known work. Ephraim Cutler was the eldest son of Rev. Manasseh Cutler, and a conspicuous figure in the settlement of eastern Ohio. He crossed the country with his wife and four children from Killingly, Connecticut, in 1795, and after a tedious journey reached the infant town of Marietta. He did not remain there long, but established his crude log-cabin home in Waterford. In 1798 he induced Lieutenant George Ewing and Captain Benjamin Brown to join him in founding a settlement in Athens county, which was christened Ames. Later on he held many important positions in the new territory—was appointed to the bench, and became a member of the convention which formed the first constitution of Ohio. He introduced the clause into the constitution prohibiting slavery, and that relating to religion and education. He was a member of the Ohio legislature from 1819 to 1825, and introduced the first bill for establishing a system of common schools in Ohio.

A considerable portion of this excellent volume is an autobiography, but the accomplished and careful editor has introduced letters and other material which throw a strong light upon events of great consequence. Concerning schemes for educating the growing youth in the wilderness, we are told that "An act, establishing a university in the town of Athens, draughted by Dr. Cutler, was introduced into the territorial legislature during the session of 1801-2 by his son, Judge Ephraim Cutler, which passed with some modifications and was approved by Governor St. Clair, January 9, 1802. A small brick building was erected for an academy, which was opened as a branch of the university in 1808. The college edifice was completed in 1817, and an organization of the university was effected in 1820." Judge Cutler was one of the earliest board of trustees, and labored untiringly for the interests of the institution while in the legislature. He was also in constant correspondence with Hon. Samuel F. Vinton, then a member of congress, who procured the passage of a law which empowered the Ohio legislature to sell the school lands of the state, a splendid endowment

of one third each of her whole surface, and "direct the proceeds in some permanent profitable fund, the income to be forever applied to the support of schools." The benefits of this law, which at first applied to Ohio only, have extended to the new states, and thus secured to posterity, from waste and misapplication, the valuable gift of the national government. In every sphere of life the subject of this work was a useful, conscientious, and nation-sentient man; and the story of his life, and interwoven with matters of the first importance to the people and the state, is a truly valuable addition to American history. The volume also embraces an admirable sketch of the Hon. William Parker Cutler, the son of Judge Ephraim Cutler, a prominent public character in Ohio for fifty years prior to his death in 1880. His diary while in congress in the winter of 1862-63 is of special interest.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE BACKUS FAMILY, with the private Journal of James Backus, together with his Correspondence bearing on the first settlement of Ohio at Marietta in 1788. Also PAPERS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ELIJAH BACKUS, showing the character and spirit of the times during the Revolutionary period. In two parts. Part I., Genealogical. Part II., Historical. By WILLIAM W. BACKUS. 8vo, pp. 374. Norwich, Connecticut, 1889.

The papers which are preserved in this volume have been packed away for one hundred years or more. They illustrate the spirit and character of the times in which they were penned; as, for instance, the journal of James Backus was written on the spot where occurred one of the most important events in the country's history—the settlement of Ohio at Marietta in 1788. The papers of Elijah Backus bear upon the critical period of the Revolution. He was a justice of the peace for the county of New London in Connecticut, and captain of a company of minute-men that hurried to the defense of New London when notice came of Arnold's approach with a plundering expedition of British soldiers. He was a man of property and influence, and his iron-works were of great use to the country during the war. He married Lucy, daughter of John Griswold of Lyme, Connecticut, in 1753. His son, James Backus, born in 1764, was one of the surveyors appointed to lay out the lands of the Scioto Company in Ohio; and another son, Elijah, born in 1759, was receiver of public moneys in the new Northwest territory. He was a prominent lawyer, was

Joseph Hawley, another eminent statesman, still at the post of duty? As we turn the leaves of this ponderous tome we meet an army of active and scholarly men bearing the honorable name—ministers by the score, soldiers, editors, lawyers, doctors, statesmen. The material has been collected for this elegant and costly work by one who, in his profession and business enterprises, has been a very busy man all his life. Its design is practical, convenient, excellent; each page may be carried to a further state of completion by any person interested, which explains why the sort of paper is used that will admit of written entries, the filling in of dates and names, where now from want of knowledge of the facts the blanks are to be seen. The arrangement is for a record to contain a certain number of facts, representing families in groups, in the order of birth, and the generation to which they belong, with marriage records.

It is well that the time has gone by when educated men and women can be deterred from genealogical pursuits and investigations by the fear of ridicule from those near and dear to them, or of having their motives misunderstood or misconstrued. We cordially welcome the fine fruits of genealogical studies, as year by year they drift into our archives. In the language of the able author of this superb volume, "History is not an honest witness. She may tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, but she does not tell the 'whole truth.' She sees only the mountain peaks in the landscape, and this is less than half sight. The spire of Trinity, the dome of St. Peter's, could not stand, could not have been built, without first those deep and wholly obscure and hidden foundations. To rescue from utter oblivion the names of those on whose patience, industry, honesty, and virtue, the very superstructure of society is built, and the celebrity of great names founded, and by which these are made possible, is the beautiful and delightful work of the genealogist and local historian."

THE MEMOIRS OF GENERAL JOSEPH GARDNER SWIFT, LL.D., U. S. A., first graduate of the United States Military Academy, West Point, 1800-1865. To which is added a genealogy of the family of Thomas Swift of Dorchester, Massachusetts, 1634. By HARRISON ELLERY. Square folio, pp. 350. Privately printed. 1890.

The diary of General Joseph Gardner Swift, the celebrated civil engineer, who was the first graduate of the United States military academy at West Point, occupies the larger portion of this handsome volume. His first jottings are dated July, 1807, and the last entry in his journal

bears date January 31, 1865, a few months before his death. The remainder of the volume is devoted to an elaborate genealogy of the Swift family. The career of General Swift is familiar to our readers. He was born in 1783, and graduated from the United States military academy in 1802. He was chief engineer in planning the defenses of New York harbor in 1812, and of the army the next year. He was superintendent of harbor improvements on the lakes from 1829-1845, and in 1830 constructed the railroad from New Orleans to Lake Pontchartrain, over an almost impassable swamp. Later on he became chief engineer of the Harlem railroad. His life covered periods of such surpassing interest that it may be easily seen how his circumstantial diary must contain material of exceptional historic importance.

He was in Washington during the month of December, 1813, and speaks of his interviews with General Armstrong. "We were occupied until 24th in looking at the Delaware and Patapsco, with military views, and in reaching Washington. I found Mrs. Armstrong an amiable lady, and her daughter handsome and intelligent. The general has a fine mind, though personally of very inert habits, abounding in knowledge of the past and strong views of the future operations on the frontier. He spoke of General Washington in highest terms of respect for his integrity and patriotism, but not respectfully of his genius. We discoursed on the 'Newburgh Letters.' The general said that had he been one year older he would have written them; that they had been a mill-stone hung about his neck through his life."

One notable feature of the general's diary is his account of the tour of President Monroe through the northern states, whom he accompanied. He speaks of visiting Joseph Bonaparte, also Vice-President Tompkins on Staten Island, and of meeting De Witt Clinton, General Scott, General Morton, and other notable New Yorkers. He goes with Monroe to see the venerable ex-President John Adams at Quincy, and he alludes to nearly all the prominent men of New England in one way or another. Glancing over the varied subjects mentioned in this diary, we find, on June 30, 1850, the following: "I replied to Daniel Huntington's inquiries as to the belief in General Washington's blasphemy, stating my total disbelief in such impressions; that I had conversed in my youth with General Alexander Hamilton, Lieutenant-Governor Cobb, Colonel Trumbull, Major Baylies, and General Chief Justice Marshall as to the domestic and social character of Washington, all adverse to his having any habit of using oaths, etc." This memoir has been ably prepared, it is issued in very handsome style, and is altogether a most acceptable and valuable contribution to American history.



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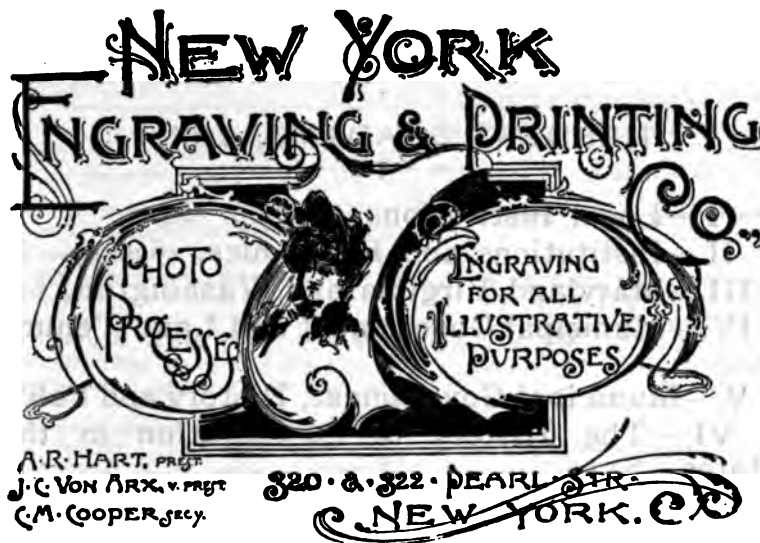
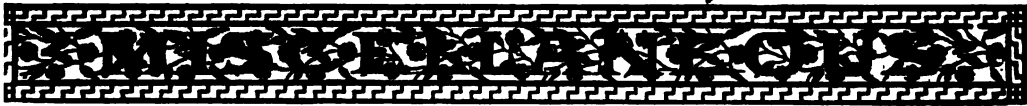
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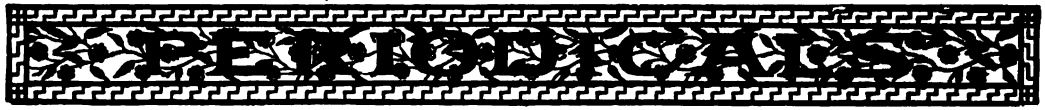
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Increase in Assets,					\$10,319,174 46
Surplus,					9,657,248 44
Increase in Surplus,					1,717,184 81
Receipts,					31,119,019 62
Increase during year,					4,903,087 10
Paid Policy Holders,					15,200,608 38
Increase during year,					473,058 16
Risks Assumed,					151,602,483 37
Increase during year,					48,388,222 05
Risks in force,					565,949,933 92
Increase during year,					83,824,749 56
Policies in force,					182,310
Increase during year,					23,941
Policies written in 1889,					44,577
Increase over 1888,					11,971

THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Real Estate and Bond and Mortgage Loans,	\$69,361,913 13
United States Bonds and other Securities,	50,323,469 81
Loans on Collateral Securities,	9,845,500 00
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest,	2,988,632 79
Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit, etc.,	3,881,812 29
	\$136,401,328 02

Liabilities (including Reserve at 4%), \$126,744,079 58.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Assets.	Surplus.
1884.....	\$34,681,420.....	\$351,789,285.....	\$103,876,178 51.....	\$4,743,771
1885.	46,507,139.....	368,981,441.....	108,908,967 51.....	5,012,634
1886.	59,832,719.....	393,809,203.....	114,181,963 24.....	5,643,568
1887.....	69,457,468.....	427,628,933.....	118,806,851 88.....	6,294,442
1888.....	103,214,261.....	482,125,184.....	126,082,153 56.....	7,940,063
1889.....	151,602,483.....	565,949,934.....	136,401,328 02.....	9,657,248

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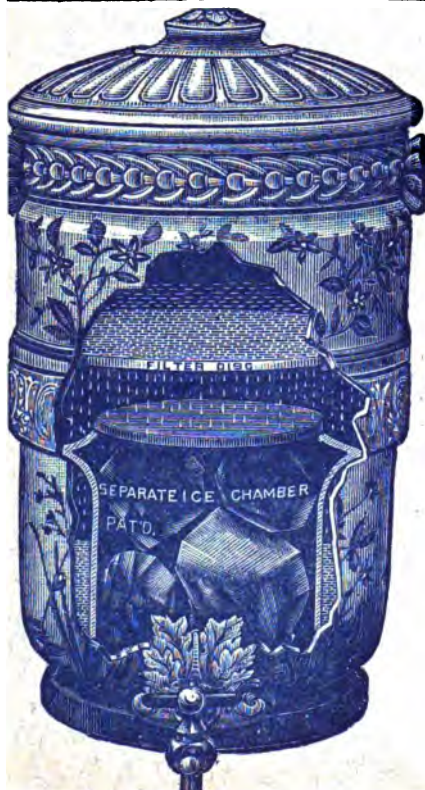
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THEN AND NOW

THE TWO CROTON AQUEDUCT CELEBRATIONS, 1842, 1890

IT was a notable event in the history of America when the first Croton aqueduct, a conduit of solid masonry forty-five miles in length, received the water of the Croton river and conveyed it into the chief city of the western world. The magnificent work was considered at the time worthy of being ranked with the old Roman aqueducts. It had been accomplished at a cost of some nine millions of dollars, in a period of unprecedented commercial embarrassments, and in the face of vast natural obstacles. In its course through Westchester county it crossed twenty-five streams from twelve to seventy feet below the line of grade, besides numerous brooks; and sixteen tunnels through solid rock varied in length from one hundred and sixty to one thousand two hundred and sixty-three feet—to say nothing in this connection of the elliptical arch of hewn granite at Sing Sing and the famous High Bridge over the Harlem river. The completion of this first aqueduct was enthusiastically celebrated; an imposing military and civic procession seven miles in length presented features eclipsing in gorgeous display, magnitude, and invention, both of its predecessors—the great federal pageant of 1788 and that of the canal celebration in 1824.

Although this pioneer aqueduct had capacity for carrying one hundred and fifteen million gallons of water per day, the public long since found that through the rapid increase of population, the extension of the city limits, and the growth of the fire department, New York was in imminent peril for the want of more water. Thus a second aqueduct was projected, which, after an expenditure of twenty-three millions of dollars and much delay, has finally become an accomplished fact with a full flowing capacity of three hundred and eighteen million gallons every twenty-four hours, and the Park reservoir has actually been filled with water for the first time in upward of fifteen years. As the day approached for the opening of the new aqueduct, it was generally expected the important event would be commemorated by a celebration. The newspapers talked about

it vigorously, and some of them made frequent allusions to what was done when the first aqueduct was finished. But one or more of the morning journals questioned the historic statement that an ode was sung on that occasion in City Hall park, beside the gushing fountain, because, while the verses are extant, no traces were discovered of any music adapted to them. We are fortunately prepared to respond with a *fac-simile* of the lost music—a precious relic—therefore the doubters will henceforward be enlightened. A curiously unique and interesting view of the procession in 1842 is attached to this sheet of music, and it is believed the original now in possession of the New York Historical Society, from which our illustrations are made, is the only copy in existence. The following account of the Croton jubilee, from the *New York Tribune* of October 4, 1842, conveys us back to that period in a very realistic fashion:

“The celebration of this day will long be remembered as second in importance, and in the splendor and rejoicing by which it was marked, only to that which heralded the union of the waters of Lake Erie to those of the Atlantic by the great Erie canal in 1824. The magnitude of the work, the municipal enterprise by which it has been so successfully achieved, and the importance of the object it proposes to secure, alike commend the construction of the Croton aqueduct to the gratitude of every class of our citizens. Its benefits will reach every inhabitant of the city. The poor by its means have brought to their doors, to be enjoyed without price, the pure water of a beautiful river, sufficient for health, cleanliness, and all domestic uses. The rich will have better water to drink than they have ever been able to procure heretofore, and the additional luxury of baths, fountains, etc. The streets of a crowded metropolis may be kept clean, free from dust and all foul impurities which have heretofore tainted the atmosphere and rendered it most unwholesome. All classes have cause to rejoice at the completion of this great work; and all seemed in reality to feel their obligations, for they poured forth *en masse* to share in the rejoicings of the day. Since the funeral procession in honor of President Harrison, no public display has taken place which will at all compare with that which has just closed. The whole city was alive with rejoicing and hilarity, and thousands of strangers from every part of this and the neighboring states were present to witness the magnificent ceremonies of the day. . . .

At sunrise one hundred guns were fired, all the bells in the city were rung, and in less than an hour all the streets and public places were nearly filled. At nine o'clock the various military companies began to parade on the Battery, which was crowded with thousands of spectators.



VIEW OF THE CROTON WATER CELEBRATION IN 1842.

FROM THE ORIGINAL, PUBLISHED BY J. F. ATWILL, 201 BROADWAY, IN POSSESSION OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

[Engraved by the *Magazine of American History* to commemorate the opening of the new aqueduct in 1890.]

In the centre of the Bowling Green a beautiful temporary fountain had been prepared, constructed of shells and marble images of the Graces, etc., arranged with great taste, and having eight jets throwing small streams of water to a height of some twenty feet. All the hotels and public buildings on Broadway were tastefully decorated with flags, wreaths, and emblems of all kinds, and arranged with great elegance and taste. The balconies, windows, porticos, and roofs of all the stores and dwellings were filled, and thousands upon thousands lined the great thoroughfares on either side. The procession moved at precisely ten o'clock. The military display was one of the most brilliant we have ever seen. The procession was *two hours and fifteen minutes* in passing Niblo's Garden, where we counted them with as much accuracy as the circumstances of the case would allow. Our estimate of the number is as follows:

Military.....	2,000
Officials of this and other cities.....	1,000
Firemen	3,500
Temperance societies	1,500
Mechanics, citizens, etc.....	4,000
Miscellaneous.....	3,000
	<hr/>
	15,000

Scattered through the extended line were flags, emblems, and mechanical instruments of all kinds. A little boat some eight feet in length was mounted upon wheels, and in it were seated two little girls and two boys, some seven or eight years old, tastefully dressed and bearing flags; the boat was inscribed

THE SISTERS OF CROTON LAKE

This followed a machine for tapping the Croton water pipes. At the head of the Typographical society was a most interesting relic just brought from England by James B. Murray, Esq. It was the identical press upon which Franklin worked. Colonel Stone, the oldest representative of the craft, was comfortably seated in a large arm-chair, and presided over the typographical performances with due grace and dignity. Copies of the *Ode* of General Morris were worked off and distributed through the crowd as the procession moved along the street.

THE CROTON ODE

[Written at the request of the corporation of the city of New York by George P. Morris, and sung in front of the Park fountain, by the

[Fac-simile of the historic music arranged and adapted to the ode.]

The Celebrated

CROTON ODE

written at the request of the Corporation of
THE CITY OF NEW YORK

George P. Morris, Esq.

AND SUNG IN FRONT OF THE

"*Park Springtime*"

MRS. STRONG, MISS J. PEARSON, MR. J. PEARSON, AND

the Members of the New York Sacred Music Society:

ON THE COMPLETION OF THE CROTON AQUEDUCT, OCT. 14, 1842.

The Music arranged & adapted to Robbins' Opera of America
by

SIDNEY PEARSON.

ATWILL, Publisher 201, Broadway NEW YORK.

Allegro
Moderato.

Gush - - - ing from yon li - - - ving fountain, Mu - - - sic

The musical score is presented in three systems. Each system consists of a piano accompaniment (treble and bass staves) and a vocal line (treble staff). The tempo markings 'Allegro' and 'Moderato.' are placed to the left of the first system. The lyrics 'Gush - - - ing from yon li - - - ving fountain, Mu - - - sic' are written below the vocal line of the third system. The piano accompaniment features dense chordal textures and arpeggiated figures, while the vocal line is melodic and expressive.

pours a fall - - - ing strain, As the God - - - dess

of the mount - - ain, Comes with all her spark - - ling train,

Dolce. From her Grot - - - to springs ad - - van - - - cing, Glitter - - ing

legato. In her feath - - - ry spray, Wood - - - land says be -

side her danc - - - ing, She pur - - sues her wind - - - ing

way, Wood - - - land lays be - - - side her dancing,

She pur - - sues her wind - - - ing way, her winding way her winding

way

members of the New York Sacred Music Society, on the completion of the Croton aqueduct.]

'Gushing from yon living fountain,
Music pours a falling strain,
As the Goddess of the Mountain
Comes with all her sparkling train.
From her grotto-springs advancing,
Glittering in her feathery spray,
Woodland fays beside her dancing,
She pursues her winding way.

Gently o'er the rippling water,
In her coral shallop bright,
Glides the rock-king's dove-eyed daughter,
Decked in robes of virgin white.
Nymphs and naiads, sweetly smiling,
Urge her back with pearly hand,
Merrily the sylph beguiling
From the nooks of fairy land.

Swimming on the snow-curved billow,
See the river spirits fair
Lay their cheeks as on a pillow,
With the foam beads in their hair.
Thus attended, hither wending,
Floats the lovely Oread now,
Eden's arch of promise bending
Over her translucent brow.

Hail the wanderer from a far-land !
Bind her flowing tresses up !
Crown her with a fadeless garland,
And with crystal brim the cup.

From her haunts of deep seclusion,
Let Intemp'rance greet her too,
And the heat of his delusion
Sprinkle with this mountain dew.

Water leaps as if delighted,
While her conquered foes retire.
Pale contagion flies affrighted
With the baffled demon Fire.
Water shouts a glad hosanna !
Bubbles up the earth to bless !
Cheers it like the precious manna
In the barren wilderness.

Water shouts a glad hosanna !
Bubbles up the earth to bless !
Cheers it like the precious manna
In the barren wilderness.
Here we wondering gaze assembled,
Like the grateful Hebrew band,
When the hidden fountain trembled,
And obeyed the prophet's wand.

Round the aqueducts of story,
As the mists of Lethe throng,
Croton's waves in all their glory
Troop in melody along.
Ever sparkling, bright, and single
Will this rock-ribbed stream appear,
When posterity shall mingle
Like the gathered waters here.'

The emblems of the temperance societies in the procession attracted especial attention. One lad carried a white banner with an upset decanter upon it, and this inscription, 'RIGHT SIDE UP.' A large car bore an old-fashioned well-sweep, with its bucket, and a man drawing water very vigorously and distributing it to those on the car with him. The butchers were out in great force with white aprons and striped sleeves. They had two large cars covered with bleating sheep, calves, and other animals—with flags displaying the names of all the principal markets in the city, and the stuffed skin of a tremendous ox.

Presently there came a carriage with the miller and his men upon it.

A little boy bestrode a hobby-horse with his grist beneath him, and some half dozen men with white clothes well floured surrounded the mill. A miniature steam-engine in full play followed, puffing off steam and leaving its trail of smoke. . . .

But we despair of presenting any adequate description of this great procession. It was one of the largest and best arranged ever got up in this city. Throughout the day all the great streets were crowded to suffocation, and it is no exaggeration to say that at least two hundred thousand persons were spectators of the ceremonies."

At twenty minutes before two o'clock P. M., his honor the mayor, the members of the common council, foreign consuls, and invited guests took their stations in front of the city hall, which presented a most animated spectacle. The troops then passed in review, followed by other portions of the procession, and at half past four o'clock the grand marshal introduced the orator of the day.

The address of Samuel Stevens (the orator of the day), president of the board of water commissioners, on delivering over the great work, and the reply of Hon. John L. Lawrence, were the literary features of the occasion. The ladies and gentlemen of the Sacred Music Society then took their stations on the platform and sang the *Croton Ode*.

With three cheers the great throng dispersed, and thus ended the magnificent Croton celebration.

The mayor, common council, distinguished citizens, and invited guests proceeded to partake of a cold collation in the city hall, where Croton water and lemonade were the only beverages served.

There is a slight tinge of silent irony in the contrast between the ceremonies of turning the Croton water into the old and the new aqueducts—the second occasion nearly fifty well-rounded years after the first. The *New York Tribune* said on the morning of July 15, 1890, "There will be no celebration in connection with what is really an event in the history of the city; and perhaps it is just as well. No speech-making or fire-works could add to the significance of the simple fact that New York is to have henceforth enough water and to spare."

In the course of the forenoon of that day, Mayor Hugh J. Grant met the aqueduct commissioners at their rooms in the Stewart Building, where the following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, That as our citizens enjoy to-day, by the utilization of the new aqueduct for the first time, the benefits of an undertaking which stands an unparalleled monu-

ment to engineering skill, and which in every way contributes to our city's health and welfare, the members of this commission warmly congratulate the public of the city of New York upon the virtual fruition of an enterprise of such incalculable magnitude and merit."

The remaining exercises were not of the kind to create excitement. It was expected that the mayor of the great city would appear at the proper place in the Park and compel the Croton by the "turn of a knob," or something equally worthy of record, to send its floods roaring through the mammoth pipes; but when he arrived the water was before him—the current had already been dashing and splashing through the sluices for eight hours. The *New York Sun* humorously said: "The torrent was there on time, but not the officials, and so even the unceremonious ceremonial of the day was unceremoniously abated. If the commissioners had not insisted on arriving in all the state which attends upon a stage, and had gone direct to the Ninety-third street station of the elevated road instead of to the Fifty-eighth street station, the proceedings at the gate-house would have filled several more pages of history."

The voices of many waters were indeed the only eloquent voices raised in welcoming the new supply, the importance of which no one should underestimate because of the inglorious character of its reception. Some one asked the mayor "if he was not going to make a speech or do something?" He replied in the negative. He was present with the other civic dignitaries to observe the foaming flood, not to assist in making municipal history. The long-expected water comes at a time when it is desperately needed, and the supply is said to be "at least four times as great as ever before." It is believed the storage system may eventually be so increased as to render the full resources of the Croton water-shed available. The Central Park reservoir holds one billion gallons of water. The dividing wall of masonry which separates the east basin from the west is three feet under the surface when this tremendous capacity is achieved. That partition has not been out of sight since 1877, but if all goes well it will be submerged before September 1, 1890. Much of the tremendous energy of the first rush of the freed flood was spent in an hour or two after the gates were lifted, when it settled into a steady flow of about forty million gallons a day. One needs only to examine the maps and trace the new aqueduct through nearly twoscore miles of solid masonry to appreciate the extent and value of the great work. Its completion is as notable an event in the history of America as that of its predecessor, even without the ringing of bells, the banging of cannon, or speech-making, and the whole country is profoundly grateful.

THE SELF-MADE LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER

Americans are fond of talking about self-made men, usually applying the term to such as have obtained education and taken high position without the uplifting power of money or influence. But we have an example in the far-famed Timothy Dexter of a native American who made himself a lord simply by assuming the high-sounding title, and, strange as it may seem to us of this generation, he was called "Lord Timothy Dexter" by his contemporaries of all classes henceforward to the end of his extraordinary and inglorious career in 1806. He won an enduring celebrity, while many a really good, useful, and distinguished citizen of his time has been forgotten. Numerous prominent men have lived in Newburyport, Massachusetts, "yet," writes one of its residents, "the home of no one else is so frequently asked for by strangers in that city; and in all parts of the country, when the writer has spoken of residing there the first exclamation has been: 'Ah! that was the home of Lord Timothy Dexter.'"

Such was the notoriety of this unimportant personage that Samuel L. Knapp (who knew him), a graduate of Dartmouth college in 1804, a lawyer and one of the best-known literary men of his day, found it expedient to write and publish the *Life of Dexter*, a book that was so popular it went through several editions, and which is now an exceedingly rare little tome. It was laden with anecdotes, some of which the author was careful to explain might have been made up by the ingenious; "but still there were enough very well authenticated," he said, "to throw some light on the idiosyncrasies of the human mind." These stories have been much repeated, and are still fresh and amusing, particularly that of Dexter's sending warming-pans to the West Indies and selling them for skimmers. This eccentric personage accumulated considerable property, and it was curiously believed that he made his money by foolish speculations that always turned out well—in short, that while vastly deficient in common-sense he was the creature of good luck.

He had learned the trade of a leather-dresser, and in 1768, at the age of twenty-one, commenced business for himself in Charlestown, Massachusetts, which then had a monopoly of the secret of dressing sheepskins, goat and deer skins, making them so elastic and soft as to produce a delicate material for ladies' shoes. He was industrious and soon became thrifty. When Charlestown was burned at the beginning of the Revolution he

moved away, but continued his work in the neighborhood—the particular town Knapp does not name. He married a widow nine years older than himself, who had some property and who added to the income of the family by keeping a huckster shop until Dexter had laid by several thousand dollars in specie, which he was not averse to investing properly. From the peace of 1783 until after the adoption of the Constitution it is well known that the old continental money was greatly depreciated in value. The securities issued in Massachusetts, which had for a while kept public confidence alive in that quarter, became so worthless that the distressed holders, who had received nothing else for their seven years' service in the army, were forced to sell them for any price they could get. Beginning as a matter of benevolence—partly to oblige friends, and with a view to keep up the public confidence—Governor Hancock, and Thomas Russell one of the most eminent merchants in Boston, purchased from time to time many of these securities. Following their example, and probably having more hard money in hand than the greater part of his neighbors, Dexter went and did likewise. Knapp says he unquestionably had better opportunities for buying in small quantities than the Boston celebrities, and doubtless made much better bargains. He could live as he had done on the results of his industry, and wait until the government could pay—which he was led to believe was a good time soon coming. When Hamilton's funding system went into operation the government securities brought their par value and Dexter became a rich man.

So much interest centres about our old continental paper currency, that we are earnestly requested to reproduce in fac-simile one of those Massachusetts loan certificates, which bears the autograph of Timothy Dexter. The original parchment is yellow with age, but it has the genuine texture of the period, and it has also a little newspaper clipping pinned to it descriptive of Lord Dexter. That he dealt considerably in these securities there is abundant evidence. A prominent gentleman in Boston writes: "I have had a number of the certificates in my collection, and the amount of them of various dates was quite large; also twenty or more documents from the loan office certifying deposits he had made to the loan office of the United States. In fact, Dexter was not so 'big a fool' as many persons took him for. His want of learning did not overpower his sagacity and his shrewd discernment."

But in attempting to parade his wealth before the world, the simplicity and eccentricities of Dexter first attracted public attention. Being a rich man he thought it necessary to live and act like other rich men. He attempted imitation with ludicrous results. He must first be a lord, he

thought, and all other joys would come after, and he was greatly astonished that he was not immediately courted and fêted by the best society. He continued to do business; some say that he worked at leather-dressing for awhile in Newburyport, which is quite possible, but he certainly engaged in numerous commercial ventures. His traffic was chiefly to the West Indies and to Europe, and he sent adventurers to the East Indies and made them profitable. He often availed himself of the suggestions of those who thought they were *hoaxing* him, to his pecuniary advantage. At one time he was told that it might pay to buy up all the whalebone in

N^o 83-

No. [REDACTED] COMMISSIONERS OFFICE 21st October 1790

LORD DEXTER?
When I signed these certificates, I was not aware of the existence of the said Lord Dexter, and I am not responsible for the consequences of his signature. I am, however, responsible for the consequences of my own signature, and I am not responsible for the consequences of the signature of any other person. I am, however, responsible for the consequences of my own signature, and I am not responsible for the consequences of the signature of any other person.

RECEIVED OF NATHANIEL APPLETON,
COMMISSIONER of LOANS in the STATE of MASSACHUSETTS,
the following Certificates of FUNDED DEBT, viz.

One Certificate bearing Interest at *five* per Cent. per Annum from the first day of January 1791, payable quarter yearly, and redeemable by Payments not exceeding in one year the Proportion of Eight Dollars upon a hundred on account of Principal and Interest. } 289. 47
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Dollars - 506. 21

Amounting in the whole to Five hundred and Six Dollars
Twenty one Cents

being in full of the Certificates of Public Debt contained in a Statement of this Date, Numbered 83 for which I have signed Duplicate Receipts.

Timothy Dexter
of Newbury Port

MASSACHUSETTS LOAN CERTIFICATES, WITH LORD DEXTER'S SIGNATURE.

the market, and he did so. His workmen laughed at his stupidity, but he said, "Never mind." In a short time it was found he had a monopoly of the article and could command his own price for it. This led him to inquire frequently for something that was scarce, that he might buy it all up; he made quite a speculation in opium on one occasion in this way. Shrewd merchants became suspicious of selling him an article, apprehensive that it was almost a sure sign that it was going to rise, while they could see no reason for it. Our Boston correspondent has had papers in his collection relating to the purchases of wool by Dexter. At the same time the exaggerated stories he himself started, of having had nine tons of silver at one time on his hands, and of having bought three hundred

and forty tons of whalebone, and of sending out forty-two thousand warming-pans, and twenty-one thousand Bibles to the West Indies, filling an immense fleet of vessels, reads like the monstrous fable he evidently intended.

He bought one of the finest houses in Newburyport, which through the failure of its owner he obtained at a very low price, and fitted it up for a *palace*. It had been occupied by a gentleman of taste, was admirably situated, and ten acres of grounds were highly cultivated about the mansion with flowers and trees after the most approved European method. Dexter found opportunity, however, for improvements. He adorned the roof with minarets surmounted with gilt balls; and presently he erected some



VIEW OF THE PALACE OF LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER, NEWBURYPORT.

[From an antique print.]

forty columns fifteen feet high in the front of the edifice, each having on its top a statue of some distinguished man. On an arch occupying the most prominent position were colossal figures of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson—Washington standing in the centre. Among the other images were those of Franklin, William Pitt, Bonaparte, George IV., Lord Nelson, General Morgan, the Goddess of Liberty, an Indian chief, a traveling preacher, and several lions. These were all carved in wood and gaudily painted, and with little merit as works of art, and less as likenesses, they attracted crowds of the curious. Dexter often changed the names of his heroes: the Franklin of yesterday might become the Bonaparte of to-day, or the William Pitt of to-morrow, according to the fickle fancy of the noble lord. In a conspicuous place among the great men whom he



Lord Timothy Dexter

[Printed from an old steel plate which has been preserved in Boston.]

delighted to honor, his own statue was erected, and having already conferred the title of lord upon himself he labeled his column, *I am the greatest man in the East.*

Ranking himself with the nobility, Dexter imported elegant articles

from France with which to furnish his house, and hung the walls with paintings obtained in Europe, some of which were very good ; and being told that no gentleman could possibly flourish without a library he provided his establishment with a large quantity of handsomely bound books, which were, however, scattered through every apartment, while the great unwieldy bookcases were left half filled and their doors on the swing. Of course he must have a grand coach with a coat-of-arms painted upon it, and a span of beautiful cream-colored horses. This equipage for a time gave him exquisite pleasure, for whenever he appeared on the street with it the boys shouted, "Hurrah for Lord Dexter and his horses!" He bought a country seat at Chester, New Hampshire, and for a time called himself "Lord of Chester." When the news of the death of Louis XVI. reached Boston, Dexter was there. He hurried to Newburyport and caused all the church-bells of the town to be tolled, which very much startled the inhabitants as it was early in the evening. The selectmen soon stopped the bells. But Dexter had gained his point. Then he sent out invitations to the survivors of the royal family to become his guests. In expectation of their acceptance he laid in a large stock of provisions, which rose in value on his hands—an act of Providence, he said, to reward him for his good intentions, but according to the popular idea another instance of his unfailing and marvelous good luck.

He had a tomb constructed in his garden, and caused a coffin to be made of mahogany, with silver handles, expensively lined, and this he kept in his house and often displayed it to his guests. Mr. William Cleaves Todd speaks of knowing a gentleman who remembers when a boy looking in at the window to see it. After the tomb had been prepared Dexter thought he would have a mock funeral. He persuaded his wife, daughter, and son to acquiesce, and sent cards to certain persons in the town to attend the funeral. A wag was procured to officiate as clergyman, read the burial service, and pronounce the eulogy. The procession moved to the garden vault, the coffin was deposited, and the door locked. Dexter watched the proceedings from an upper window to see how the people were affected. He was well satisfied with everything except the lack of grief exhibited by his wife, who did not act her part in the ceremony! She never shed a tear! And he insisted she ought to have cried to think it was not a reality. The assembled mourners were afterward treated to a sumptuous entertainment, where the choicest wines flowed swiftly. Dexter had become by this time excessively dissipated, the natural result of his wealth and leisure. Henceforward many of his queer performances were but the pranks of a drunkard.

nonsense, and, whether purposely or otherwise, he jumbled all he had to say together without any punctuation; the inference is that there was method in his madness—for he would not allow his printer to use any punctuation. He had thousands of copies printed and gave them away, and such was the demand that it was several times reprinted and is now very rare. It is thought by those who have exercised ordinary judgment in the matter, that Dexter was flattered by the pestering of the inquisitive who were continually asking him how he made his money, and thought it would be a huge joke to increase their wonder. He undoubtedly intended the whole yarn as a hoax, never dreaming that any

A PICKLE, ETC.

like taking a stone out of a rock. This is from a minister. Now why wont you believe me as well.

APPENDIX.

The follering peases are not my Riting
but very drole
TIMOTHY DEXTER

[Here follow, in the original edition, a few pages apparently made up of extracts from the newspapers of the day; but as their merits in point of originality, although "very drole," are not equal to the drollery of Lord Timothy himself, we have thought it best to omit them.]

[Note in Dexter's Second Edition.]

fouder mister printer the Nowing ones
complane of my book the fust edition had
no stops I put in A Nuf here and thay may
peper and solt it as they plesse

CONCLUDING PAGE OF "PICKLE FOR THE KNOWING ONES."

[An exact fac-simile.]

sane person would believe it. We reproduce in fac-simile—as a curiosity—the concluding page of the second edition of Dexter's *Pickle for the Knowing Ones*, in the exact size of the original, with the punctuation as thrown in for the reader to help himself.

It is interesting in this connection to quote briefly from an article by John H. Lewis, published in the *Newburyport Herald* in the year 1881, who is firmly of the opinion that instead of being a fool Dexter fooled the community most effectually. He says Dexter was an intelligent, shrewd, and careful merchant, but truly eccentric, honest, strictly honest, and very benevolent. "There have been many better men in Newburyport, but certainly there have been many, very many, in no respect as good as Timothy Dexter. In a long series of years Dexter was uniformly successful, and in all his little business transactions with people around him he always knew how to take care of his interests. His generosity was in the main judicious. He offered to pave High street if it could be called after his name, and we think he was a far less fool to make the offer than the town in declining it. Up to this date the street is unpaved, with only partial sidewalks, and the people have been obliged to walk for three-quarters of a century through mud for their folly. 'What's in a name?' He was very vain, and spent thousands of dollars to gratify his vanity, just as men now spend thousands to go to congress with no fitness for such a position, and in many ways make a foolish display of wealth gained with less apparent wisdom than Dexter displayed. In all probability Dexter gained the most of his money by buying up continental money, as did John Hancock and many others. It is a proof of his wisdom that if he wanted fame he knew how to get it, for of all the men that have lived in Newburyport he has been most talked about. Of the strangers of our own country who visit our city ten ask for the house where Dexter lived to one who asks for the homes of all others. Englishmen always want to see Whitefield's bones. Old men talked about Dexter's images to their children, and children's children, while hardly a word is said of Judge Parsons and his house on Green street, though he was one of the greatest lawyers our country ever produced. Personally Dexter is of small consequence, but it is a matter of some interest to know if a whole community can be successfully hoaxed by one regarded by them as a fool."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Emanuel Spencer". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned at the bottom right of the page, below the main body of text.

THE RIFLE IN COLONIAL TIMES

It is not known who first discovered the advantages of cutting spiral grooves in the bores of gun-barrels for shooting ball. The common story goes that one Caspar Zöllner of Vienna began to make a peculiar kind of weapon toward the close of the fifteenth century. His gun had straight channels cut in its bore from breech to muzzle, which received the burnt residue of powder and thus admitted a more tightly fitting bullet than could be used in other pieces. The windage was reduced by this contrivance, and the bullet was given a truer direction because it had no play in the barrel. Such weapons are said to have been used in public for the first time in 1498 at a shooting match in Leipsic. Spiral grooving, or rifling proper, is supposed to have soon followed from the endeavor of some smith to give a bullet the same whirling motion that steadies a well-feathered arrow in its flight. Unfortunately the original authorities for this Zöllner story cannot now be traced, and there are other legends that would give the credit of discovery to other experimenters, though they agree in this—that the inventor of rifling was a German.

Most writers on the history of firearms are content to let the matter rest here, but better evidence than that of tradition points to a different origin for our first instrument of precision. In an inventory of the fortress of Guastalla near Parma, dated 28 July, 1476, there has been found the following macaronic entry:

"Itē scolopetus unus ferri factus a lumaga." The last word is Milanese dialect for *lumaca*, a snail, and the phrase *a lumaga* is applied to anything convoluted like the shell of a snail; hence the literal meaning of this entry is, "Also one iron gun made with a helix," or twist like that of a snail-shell.

Such a description is unmistakable, and whether the arm was made in Italy or elsewhere shows at least that Zöllner's straight grooves were behind the times. That it was made in Italy seems likely from the fact of its being there already a score of years before rifling is claimed to have been invented elsewhere. Moreover, we may remember that some of the finest specimens of sixteenth-century rifles surviving in museums are of Italian workmanship. Marksmen there were, too, on the southern slope of the Alps who were famous at an early day. Even a German prince, Frederick III. of Brandenburg, attached a corps of Piedmontese riflemen

to his army, and employed them at the siege of Bonn to pick off officers and prevent reconnoitring. So it may well be that the curious gun of Guastalla was made by some smith hard by, though it by no means follows that he invented the form of bore called *a lumaga*. From what we know of the history of inventions generally, and of the trade routes of the middle ages, it seems not improbable that rifled arms, like gunpowder itself, may have been introduced from the east, say by Venetian travelers. A like supposition crosses one's mind when handling one of those queer arms that are still made in Asia Minor, muzzle-loading, flint-locked, built upon a plan that was never suggested or modified by western ideas yet rifled.

However this may be, it remains true that rifle-shooting as an art has flourished first and last in Teutonic countries. From the time of its first appearance in Europe the rifle was seriously experimented with by German mechanics and sharpshooters, whose skill and perseverance combined to make it more than an interesting toy. It was peculiarly a mountaineer's weapon; and Germans, then as now, held the great highland fastnesses of central Europe.

But why was a grooved bore better than a smooth one for the chamois-hunter's gun? If greater accuracy and efficiency are imparted to a bullet by causing it to spin like a top, why did not all whose trade was war or hunting take to rifled arms at once? It is time to state briefly the chief points of difference between the rival systems.

Down almost to our civil war the armies of Christendom were equipped with a smooth-bored musket known among English soldiers as "Old Brown Bess." Save for the alteration from flint-lock to percussion-lock there was no essential change in this gun for a century and a half. Brown Bess used a charge of one hundred and twenty-five grains of powder and a four hundred and ninety grain ball, so that eleven rounds weighed about a pound. The bullet was several sizes smaller than the bore, to facilitate loading, and hence the loss of power was excessive. For accuracy the arm could not be depended upon beyond sixty or seventy yards, comparing in this respect very unfavorably with an Indian's bow and arrow. Indeed, Benjamin Franklin went so far as to advise arming the continental line with bows instead of muskets. Yet the old smooth-bore had its good points too. Being strong and uncomplicated it was serviceable under almost any amount of hard usage or neglect; it was cheap and could be quickly made; the clumsiest dolt could make a noise with it or wield a bayonet from its muzzle.

A German rifle of the latter part of the seventeenth century used only about a fourth of the musket cartridge for a charge, not only economizing

ammunition but allowing more rounds to be carried on the person. The bullet fitted so tightly that but little gas escaped before it, thus utilizing almost the full power of the powder. The spinning bullet flew with such precision as to make sure of a man's hand at a hundred paces, of his head at a hundred and fifty, and of his breast at two hundred. But it took time and muscle to force the naked bullet down through the grooves, especially when the barrel was foul from repeated firing. It was necessary to keep the bore scrupulously clean when not in actual use, as a little rusting would ruin it. None but expert mechanics could make good rifles, which were always expensive and could not be turned out in large quantities to meet an emergency. Finally the rifle demanded a higher order of intelligence in its user than was needed to simply poke or stab.

In hunting timid game among the mountains, where a day's stalking might be rewarded by only one momentary glimpse of deer or chamois, accuracy of fire at long range was of the first importance, and any expedient for saving ammunition would be appreciated by him who had to carry it. So it would seem that rifled arms would commend themselves at first trial to the Alpine hunter, and we may be sure that he would not be the man to grudge the care needful to keep such instruments in order. One does not love the club with which he killed a snake, nor is it likely that affection was ever lavished upon old Brown Bess, but the son of famous bowmen could not find his skill coaxed by the rifle's latent powers without feeling for the weapon an artist's pride and attachment.

On the other hand, military conservatism could see nothing good in the new invention. Occasional exchange of missiles between regular troops and Swiss or Tyrolean hunters may have given the tacticians a new sensation, and ordnance boards, prodded by public opinion, may have carried out some half-hearted experiments to test the rifle's qualities as a military arm, but prejudice in favor of brute strength and cold steel was too deep to be easily uprooted. Gunpowder had never been in favor with the official class, which was lineally descended from those mediæval knights in armor who were thrown to the dust by firearms in the hands of peasants. The humiliation of that encounter was never forgiven, and may account in part for the fact that improvements in weapons of war have since been mostly the work of civilians. It was unprofessional to encourage such vile and democratic arts. So the rifle won no friends at court, and war continued to be a rather innocent amusement when fought beyond arm's length. It was enough to condemn it that the deer-stalker's gun was slow and hard to load or that common soldiers must be specially trained to use and care for it.

Yet the practical genius of American backwoodsmen had adapted the

rifle to military requirements a century before it came into general use. Our hunters were also soldiers, from boyhood to old age, and the same weapon that procured them food in the forest was their protection against the deadliest of human foes. Instead of forcing a naked bullet down through the grooves, they used a ball somewhat smaller than the bore and covered it with a greased patch of linen or thin buckskin, which cleaned the barrel and acted as a gas-check, increasing the accuracy of the piece while at the same time it prevented leading. When hard pressed the American would drop an undersized bullet into his gun without using a patch, a blow on the stock would prime the flint-lock, and he could deliver as many as five or six shots in a minute, all effective at short range.

On reflection it will not seem strange that the use of rifled arms did not spread gradually from central Europe outward, but skipped from the Alps to the Alleghanies. The same qualities that recommended the grooved barrel to German hunters, its superior accuracy and economy of ammunition, appealed with far greater force to our pioneers in the middle and southern colonies. It was required of these latter that they fight with tactics not laid down in books, and military precedents were no check upon their inventiveness. They struggled along without organization, often single-handed, under such conditions of forest war that generally everything depended upon the first blow, the first shot. The way to supply-stations was a weary one, and often impassable, while long expeditions were undertaken on foot with no outfit save what was carried on the person. Success was due partly to pluck, partly to gumption, partly to plasticity of habit; but also due in no small measure to the rifle, which in their hands was sparing of lead and prodigal in shedding blood.

The advantage of superior weapons came to our pioneers at a critical period in history, for the white man was not at home on this continent until he had won the Atlantic watershed. European colonists could hover along the coast, saved from extermination by their skill at sea; but commerce was peripheral, production stunted, and no separate nationality possible, until the rich valleys of the interior were opened to settlement and the long Appalachian frontier was picketed by a race that could hold its own. The first Americans were they who dared enter the wilderness, and could stay there and thrive without foreign aid. It becomes, then, of some consequence to learn how the rifle came to America, and when.

It may as well be said at once that recent histories of the colonial period are apt to be careless in the use of the term "rifle," making it a convenient synonym for "gun," and often commit startling anachronisms by putting rifles in the hands of men who never heard of such a weapon.

The only evidence of any use to us is that of contemporary documents, or of the few surviving rifles themselves that have an authenticated history running back into colonial times. The conquest of New England and of the Atlantic coast generally was accomplished with match-lock, wheel-lock, or flint-lock muskets. Guns used by the Puritans may still be seen in the museums of historical societies. They are ponderous tubes, six feet long or more in the barrel alone, and too heavy to fire from the shoulder without a rest. Rifles were practically unknown in New England before the Revolution. Perhaps here and there one may have hung above a Yankee fireplace, but, if so, they were as exceptional as the three-shot and five-shot repeaters which some of Frontenac's people used against the Iroquois in 1690.

It is true that British officers attributed their repulse at Bunker Hill to the American rifles, which were "peculiarly adapted to take off the officers of a whole line as it marches to an attack." Others declared that each provincial rifleman was attended by two men to load for him, so that the marksman had nothing to do but fire as fast as a piece was put in his hand; "and this is the real cause of so many of our brave officers falling, they being singled out by these murderers, as they must appear to be in the eyes of every thinking man." We have reasons, however, for not accepting such testimony in evidence. Friends in England were pressing for explanation, and it was no time for fine distinctions. There were sent home stories of poisoned bullets, of air guns, and of rifle-balls slit almost into quarters, which, when fired from grooved barrels, flew into pieces and did great execution. It was a British officer who fathered the report, gravely published in London newspapers, that "the reason why the royal army killed so very few of the rebels in proportion to the number his Majesty lost at the battle of Bunker's Hill was entirely owing to an unfortunate mistake in some who had the care of the artillery; in the hurry of their proceedings they took with them by mistake a prodigious number of twelve-pound shot for six-pound field-pieces. Hence it naturally required a great while to ram down such disproportioned shot, nor did they when discharged fly with that velocity and true direction they would have done had they been better suited to the size of the cannon."

It goes without saying that many of our militia at Bunker Hill were excellent shots. Putnam exclaimed to his troops as the enemy approached: "Men, you are all marksmen!"—but coupled this with his famous order: "Wait till you see the white of their eyes," which would have belied his words had the men been armed with rifles. Stark's New Hampshire regiment was recruited from backwoodsmen who knew the

habits of big game and of Indians. Some had served in the French war with Rogers, whose rangers are said to have been able, every man of them, to hit a mark the size of a dollar at a hundred yards. Such extraordinary shooting could, of course, only be done with rifles; but Rogers never speaks of rifles in his *Journal*, though often mentioning his "fusee," "gun," or "firelock." On the whole it seems safe to conclude that rifles were not used in the war for independence until hunters from Pennsylvania and Virginia began to make them terrible at the siege of Boston. For some years before the war England had been full of stories about the skill of our backwoodsmen in shooting with the rifle, and this was held up as a menace in case of disruption.

A minister of the Church of England wrote from Maryland to the Earl of Dartmouth in 1775 that "Rifles, infinitely better than those imported, are daily made in many places in Pennsylvania, and all the gunsmiths everywhere constantly employed. In this country, my lord, the boys, as soon as they can discharge a gun, frequently exercise themselves therewith, some a fowling and others a hunting. The great quantities of game, the many kinds, and the great privileges of killing making the Americans the best marksmen in the world, and thousands support their families by the same, particularly riflemen on the frontiers, whose objects are deer and turkeys. In marching through woods one thousand of these riflemen would cut to pieces ten thousand of your best troops." Reports of this kind would be received in England as applying to all the colonists alike, and it follows that when the royal troops charged Prescott's redoubts they expected to face the fire of sharpshooters. As a matter of fact, only a small percentage of Americans were accustomed to rifle-shooting, and few if any of these were present at Bunker Hill. In New England and all along the coast, wherever population was comparatively dense, the only shooting to be had was at feathered game or rodents, and farmers owned nothing more formidable than shot-guns, while townsmen fired salutes on training-day from provincial muskets. It was only in the backwoods, along the frontier that vaguely set apart white-man's land from Indian's land, where the settler was more hunter than farmer, that rifles were known, and made, and used. In that region all other kinds of firearms had been discarded long before the Revolution.

In 1683 a little flock of Westphalians arrived at Philadelphia and founded Germantown. Within the next thirty years many thousands of Germans from the Rhine countries and Switzerland fled from persecution at home and settled in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. Success attended the persevering efforts

of the fugitives. Their numbers were swelled by constant accessions from abroad as well as by the natural increase of a prolific race, until the older colonists became alarmed lest German customs and dialects should overwhelm them. Pennsylvania was the focus of this immigration, which always pushed well beyond tide-water and was particularly attracted by the fertile limestone belts at the foot of the Alleghanies. Central Pennsylvania is to-day mostly in the possession of descendants of Palatines and Swiss, now known by the inaccurate and ill-sounding name of "Pennsylvania Dutch." Their strange patois is still current among the country-folk. From this centre the early Germans spread westward and southward, crossing the mountains or sending a steady stream of colonization down the Blue Ridge into western Maryland and Virginia. They never turned backward into New England, nor did Germans from abroad found colonies in that region, with the sole exception of one little settlement in Maine, which was not recruited and finally died out. Thus it happened that the Appalachian border was guarded by German-speaking pioneers, who planted the rich tracts of what was then the interior and began to make the middle colonies quite self-sustaining. To the extreme westward fringe of the German settlements pushed a still bolder but less thrifty people, the Scotch-Irish, who traded with the Indians, took the lead in border war, and sought pathways into the mysterious west. The steady industry of the Germans made each conquest permanent, while they supplied all the border with the best of home-made rifles for hunting or war.

It was a matter of course that Alpine hunters emigrating to the wilds of a new country should bring with them each his faithful "Büchse," and that the manifest superiority of these weapons should open a market for German rifles and then stimulate the manufacture of similar ones in America. Watson says that between 1700 and 1710 one Anthony Klincken, a Hollander of Germantown, "purchased a German *Yager* [Jägerbüchse] celebrated for shooting," and won notoriety for his success in field-sports. Again he says, "Old Mr. W., in 1718 or 1720, shot a stout deer between Germantown and Philadelphia, and the rifle he used is now in possession of his grandson." One of the mightiest hunters and Indian-fighters of colonial times was Edward Marshall, who made the "great walk" for the Penns in 1737. The rifle which Marshall carried is still preserved unaltered and in excellent condition by one of his descendants. Marshall sent to Germany for the barrel and lock because he could not at that time get them in America to suit him, and had the parts mounted afterward. This piece is of unusual calibre, carrying an ounce

ball. It is said that Marshall killed thirteen hundred deer with it, besides other game, and unnumbered Indians.

It was not long before better rifles were being made in Pennsylvania than could be procured abroad. The most important supply-station for the Alleghany border was Lancaster, Pennsylvania, which was settled by Swiss Mennonites, became a centre of colonization for fugitives from the fatherland, and soon grew to be the largest town of the interior. It was here that rifle-making on a large scale was first practiced in America. Rupp says that the first gunsmith in Lancaster county was Martin Meylin, a Switzer, who erected what he calls a boring-mill in 1719. Other early gunsmiths in this neighborhood were Philip Le Fevre, Henry Albright, and John Vondersmith, but no other maker of arms in colonial times became so well known as William Henry. In 1744, when Henry was fifteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a German rifle-maker of Lancaster named Matthew Roeser, with whom he continued to the end of his term, and in 1750 commenced business on his own account. Upon the breaking out of the French and Indian war he was appointed armorer to Braddock's expedition and ordered to Virginia. After the defeat of the expedition he returned to Lancaster and continued to supply the frontier and Indian trade with weapons. His son William Henry, Jr., followed the same calling, and executed contracts with the government for many thousand stands of arms. In 1809 the younger Henry erected a gun factory near Nazareth, Pennsylvania, in which the business is still continued by his great-grandson. Thus the manufacture of firearms has been carried on by William Henry and his lineal descendants for a hundred and fifty years.

It would naturally be expected that the Indians, learning quickly the superiority of rifled arms, would be as quick to acquire them. In 1750, when Zeisberger went on an embassy to Onondaga, he found the Iroquois supplied with rifles, and about this time other narratives of border life mention the use of rifles by neighboring tribes as though quite customary. In 1764 Sir William Johnson, writing to the lords of trade about their plan for managing Indian affairs, makes this recommendation: "Rifled barreled guns should certainly be prohibited; the Shawanese and Delawares, with many of their neighbors, are become very fond of them, and use them with such dexterity that they are capable of doing infinite damage, and as they are made in some of the frontier towns, where the Indians will procure them at any price, I am of opinion all white persons should be restricted on a very severe penalty from selling them to any Indian or for their use." Two months later another experienced officer, Colonel John Bradstreet, complained that the government of Pennsylvania was furnishing

an excellent kind of rifles to the Delawares and Shawanese, and that the upper nations were "getting into them fast." He pointed out that the new gun, requiring less powder than the old, made the red men much less dependent upon the colonists, and suggested that it would be a public benefit to prohibit the making, vending, or importing of such weapons.

It is true that when the Indians obtained rifles they were able to hold out longer without visiting the traders for ammunition, but in another way they became more than ever dependent upon the arts of civilization, for now their guns required more frequent and skillful repairing. The quick-witted Moravians saw herein their opportunity and lost no time in following it up. Old Shikellimy, an Oneida chief, having besought the government of Pennsylvania to put up a smithy at Shamokin, the Moravians volunteered to furnish shop and smith provided they were allowed to establish a mission at the same place. Even at this price the offer was accepted, and soon two missionaries began the work of evangelization among such Indians as waited while their rifles were being straightened or re-cut by a stout lay brother bearing the appropriate name of Schmidt. The Jesuits, by the way, had succeeded in winning audience with the Iroquois a century earlier by this same expedient. Yet in an emergency the red man could be his own smith. James Adair wrote in 1775 that his Indian acquaintances would re-stock their guns with no tools but a hatchet and knife, straighten a gun-barrel, or mend the lock with old springs, though this latter job cost the red artist about two months' work. Loskiel tells a surprising story of their industry and mechanical skill when pressed by circumstances. He says that "many of the Delawares and Iroquois have learnt to make very good rifle-barrels of common fowling-pieces, and keep them likewise in good repair, by which the use of these weapons has become pretty general among them and the Shawanose." This part of Loskiel was based upon a manuscript history of the Indians written by Zeisberger in 1778. That the narrative is strictly accurate admits of no doubt, for the great missionary was a rifleman himself and knew what he was talking about. As to the savages making rifles out of shot-guns, it was an art they could learn of any frontier blacksmith. A machine that turned out many of our great-grandfathers' rifles was so simple in construction that it could be made anywhere. An old rifle-barrel was secured in movable bearings on a piece of timber about twice its length. A wheel or disk was attached to its breech, with divisions marked on the rim, and engaging a catch which held the barrel firmly in place. An iron rod was inserted in the barrel, around which lead or some alloy was cast. To this rod a handle was fastened by which it could be pushed backward and forward, when the

soft metal would follow the grooves and give the rod a rotary motion. The barrel to be rifled was fixed immovably in front of this apparatus, so as to be entered by a rifling rod attached to the iron rod already mentioned. In the front end of this rifling rod was a narrow slot in which was fastened a suitable cutter. When the cutter was entered in the new barrel it was only necessary to push the handle gradually forward to cut a faint spiral duplicating the twist of the old barrel. This spiral was deepened with each successive journey of the rod by taking out the cutter and inserting a slip of paper or thin fabric in the bottom of the slot. When one groove was finished the wheel on the breech of the old barrel was turned one division and a new furrow started.

Those colonists who lived far from large settlements were taught by necessity to practice such expedients as we moderns can scarcely believe. Dr. John Doddridge, in that book of reminiscences which is our most valuable record of pioneer life, says that his father was given the task of mending the neighbors' rifles, in lieu of active service in scouts and campaigns, for which ill-health unfitted him. There was not even a blacksmith in their little community, and the old man worked with tools of a rude kind, straightening gun-barrels over a stump with a wooden mallet, or fashioning a rifling cutter out of any odd bit of steel.

We learn too from Doddridge how shooting matches were conducted on the frontier. They were a common diversion when the store of powder would allow such practice. Off-hand shooting was not in vogue, as the object of the match was rather to test the accuracy of a man's gun and of his judgment than the steadiness of his nerve. Doubtless people were not troubled much with nervousness in those days. Aim was taken from a stump or fallen log, and the rifle was cushioned on a bit of moss, that the barrel might not spring and throw its bullet wide of the mark. Rifles at that time were of larger calibre than most of the "Kentucky" pattern that came into use later on, few of them carrying more than forty-five bullets to the pound. That the shooting at these tournaments was uniformly good may be judged from the training of the contestants. Every well-grown boy in the settlement became a fort soldier at the age of twelve or thirteen and helped to support the family by hunting game.

What was their standard of accuracy and range in the olden time? Uncommonly definite answers to this question are given by an Englishman who spent most of the sixteen years from 1770 to 1786 on the coast of Labrador engaged in the fur-trade. This was George Cartwright, who learned to use the rifle from German sharpshooters while serving as aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Granby during the Seven Years' war. The

journal of his residence in Labrador is one of the most entertaining records of sport with the rifle that has come down to us from the last century. We can judge from it what were considered hunting ranges at that time, as Cartwright was in the habit of pacing off his longer shots and recording them. He registers seven shots at deer or caribou at from 300 to 400 yards, all of them misses. His longest successful shot was 200 yards at a hind, which was pierced through the heart but ran sixty yards before she dropped. One of his companions, firing random shots at a herd of deer more than 300 yards away, wounded one of them slightly. The same man shot a pair of hinds through with one bullet at 200 yards, but both got away. Cartwright fired at a deer 185 yards distant, and the ball "grounded a foot short." He records a number of successful shots at deer or bears at from 120 to 160 yards, a loon killed at 100 and a raven at above 100 yards, but it is evident that the lack of elevating rear sights made greater ranges uncertain. The hunter speaks lovingly of his favorite weapon, a short-barreled Hanoverian rifle, and preferred it even for feathered game, of which seldom a day passed without his securing a bag. In shooting grouse or other birds he generally knocked their heads off cleanly with a bullet. One day he makes this entry: "I knocked off the heads of a brace of spruce-game at one shot, and of a pair of ducks at another, with my rifle." On another occasion he speaks of taking two grouse in a line with each other and cutting both their heads off at fifty yards' distance. No doubt Cartwright could have done better with an American rifle at the longer ranges, for the arms turned out by backwoods artisans were superior to those imported. It is doubtful if even the best modern workmanship has produced a weapon so well adapted to the service required of it as was the homely border rifle at that time. He did not secure one, for unfortunately war was brewing, and the trader soon found himself at the mercy of Yankee privateers.

We have reached a significant date. On the 14th of June, 1775, the continental congress passed a resolution for raising six companies of riflemen in Pennsylvania, two in Maryland, and two in Virginia, which were to join the main army at Cambridge and be scattered about to remove the enemy's officers. Most of the couriers bearing these orders had to ride three or four hundred miles to deliver them. Instead of the eight hundred men asked for by congress, fourteen hundred and sixty responded to the call. They were completely armed and accoutred, marched on foot from four to seven hundred miles, or more, and reported for duty to Washington within less than sixty days from the date when authority was given for their enlistment, all without a penny being advanced by the continental treasury.

In the Philadelphia newspapers for August, 1775, are two distinct accounts by eye-witnesses of exhibitions given by the Maryland riflemen while marching to the seat of war. The detachment numbered one hundred and thirty men, under the leadership of Michael Cresap. They came from the mountains and backwoods, and were bred from infancy to endure hardships and court danger. Many of them had served in Dunmore's war and bore the scars of wounds received from their savage enemies. Some had traveled near eight hundred miles, from the banks of the Ohio, but stepped as lightly as if the march had just begun. At Fredericktown, Maryland, they were supplied from the magazine with powder which needed airing and was not in good condition for rifles. Yet in the evening they astonished all beholders by their precision in off-hand practice, as well as in shooting when lying on their backs, breasts, or sides, and after running briskly as in a skirmish. Again at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, they repeated these exercises with variations. Two brothers took a piece of board five inches broad and seven inches long, with a bit of white paper about the size of a silver dollar nailed in the centre. While one of them supported this board perpendicularly between his knees, the other walked to a place upward of sixty yards away, and turning fired eight bullets consecutively through the board, shooting off-hand. Another of the company held a barrel-stave perpendicularly in his hand, with one edge close to his side, while a comrade shot several bullets through it from the same distance. The spectators were surprised, but some of the marksmen told them that there were upward of fifty persons in that company who could do the same thing, while there were none but could "plug nineteen bullets out of twenty within an inch of the head of a ten-penny nail." To show their confidence in their own skill, some offered to stand with apples on their heads while others would shoot them off at sixty yards, but the sensible people of Lancaster declined to witness such a performance.

The brothers mentioned in this narrative may have been the Shains, members of Cresap's company, who seldom missed a mark the size of a cent at twenty or twenty-five yards, off-hand shooting. John Jacob tells of seeing three of Cresap's men fire simultaneously at a buzzard that was flying over them at a considerable height. The bird fell, and each man declared he had killed it. On examination it was found that all three bullets had hit their mark.

There was much rejoicing everywhere along the line of march, and Bradford the Philadelphia printer wrote to his British cousins: "This province has raised 1,000 riflemen, the worst of whom will put a ball into a man's head at the distance of 150 or 200 yards; therefore advise your

officers who shall hereafter come out to America to settle their affairs in England before their departure." The first body of riflemen to arrive in the American camp was Captain Nagle's company of Berks county Germans. The others soon followed and attracted much attention. They are described as tall and hardy fellows, many over six feet in height, dressed in white or brown hunting-shirts with double capes, round caps, Indian leggins and moccasins. On their breasts in capital letters they wore the motto LIBERTY OR DEATH! Each man carried his own rifle, tomahawk, and hunting-knife. Their deportment was modest, their discipline a model for all the camp. We have the testimony of several different records that a party of them while advancing quickly at a review fired their bullets into poles only seven inches in diameter from a distance of two hundred and fifty yards with few misses. They were employed at once as sharpshooters and began to pick off British officers at more than twice the range of common muskets. In one day the riflemen killed ten of a reconnoitring party, of whom three were field officers, and shot a sentry at the distance of two hundred and fifty yards when only half his head was visible. It was also reported that they killed three men on board a ship at Charlestown ferry at a range of fully half a mile. Their fire was directed mostly at the handsome uniforms, which gave point to one of Burke's angriest invectives in parliament. "These men," he exclaimed, "know much more of your army than your return can give them. They coop it up, besiege it, destroy it, crush it. Your officers are swept off by the rifles if they show their noses."

Such was the nucleus which has since grown into the army of the United States; for these were the first troops levied in America by authority of a central representative government. Among the motley ranks of Puritans and cavaliers, Dutch, Germans, Irish, and all the other sharply contrasted elements of the continental army, this handful of men was all that typified a common nationality. They were Americans, different from all other peoples in dialect, in dress, in habits, and in aspirations. All that was theirs, even of sentiment and tradition, they owed to the great wild country that they came to defend. Freedom had in their minds no association with escape from bondage. It was not an idea that had come to them by laborious study or hazardous speculation. They held those truths to be self-evident which became a basis for the declaration of independence, and the certainty of their trust was witnessed grandly when colonial times had passed away.

ITHACA, NEW YORK.

Horace Kephart.

THE DEACON'S WOOING

A CONNECTICUT LEGEND

In seventeen hundred thirty-four—
So ran the tale in the days of yore—
In Old Lyme town in the nutmeg state
Dwelt Reynolds Marvin. Early and late
He tilled his fields and improved his kine,
Than which were none in the town more fine,
And all his acres were fair to view,
While, close and thrifty, his riches grew.
Eccentric he and a dreamy man,
He lacked the vim of the Puritan,
And after filling the captain's place
In home militia he served with grace,
With acts devout and a mien austere,
In deacon's orders a single year;
Then shunned Ambition's exacting ways
And sought no more for civic bays,
Content a countryman's life to lead,
To reap the harvest and plant the seed;
And yet with ample supplies at hand,
While able helpers improved the land,
He passed his time, or at least a part,
In writing rhymes, as he felt the art
O'er him its mantle had fairly thrown,
And Poesy marked him for her own.

Of course, such acts in the staid old town
Were viewed adversely with doubt and frown
By neighbors cast in a sterner mold,
Who mourned the practice within the fold,
And often said that such idle ways
Were ill-becoming to earnest days,
The worse in him because there was known
No one more pious throughout the town.

Although the old people held aloof
And thought his rhyming was only proof
Of talents wasted and time misspent,
A goodly nature improvident,
The quiet maidens for miles around
Were all delighted to hear the sound
Of his clear voice in its rhythmic tone
Repeat his rhymes, as could he alone;
And no one else in the country near
Was voted quite such a "catch" and "dear."

Despite it all he was fancy free
For time unnamed, until Betsy Lee,
A maiden fair as the summer skies,
With dimpled cheeks and bewitching eyes,
Enthralled him fast with her loving glance,
As each the other one eyed askance
On Sabbath days in the droning noons,
When parson deaconed the sacred tunes,
Or failed to hold their attention quite
Throughout the sermons so recondite.
Miss Betsy's dwelling was far away,
But still they met on the Sabbath day,
And as they met their affection grew—
The old, old story, yet ever new.
And while no murmurs of love had passed,
In Cupid's bonds they were tangled fast,
Despite entreaties and scoldings stern
By parents uttered, her thoughts to turn.

The flying days brought the early fall,
September golden, the month of all,
When Marvin mounted his horse one day,
One Monday morning, the records say,
Well clothed in suit of the day before,
When eye to eye had twinkled the more,
And left his harvesters in the field
To house securely the golden yield,
While he permitted his horse to roam
With easy amble toward Betsy's home,

His mind in blissful communings bent,
On matrimonial joys intent,
Combined with efforts in jingling rhyme
That should with amorous feelings chime.

His horse had traveled the road before,
And brought him soon to his loved one's door.

Miss Betsy answered herself the call,
In homespun kirtle, her bright cheeks all
Aglow from work in the wash-room near,
Her plump arms bared to the shoulder clear,
Her hands all soft from the recent rub
Of clothes in the unpoetic tub ;
And though behind the near lattice stood
Her watchful mother in irate mood,
She showed no touch of embarrassment
At sight of Marvin. Her color went
In rosy waves like the blush of dawn,
But sweet she stood, like a gentle fawn,
And met the deacon's salute polite
With modest air and a courtesy slight.
He still in his saddle sat erect,
And doffed his hat with sincere respect,
And thus delivered without delay
This message there on that autumn day :

“ Miss Betsy Lee,
The Lord reveals to me
That you my wife should be.”

Her arms were slowly uplifted there
Above her head with its golden hair,
With eyes upraised and submissive mien,
And palms turned outward so plump and clean,
She promptly said, for her heart was won :

“ Deacon Marvin, the Lord's will be done ! ”

Such consummation of loving bliss
Deserved reward of a loving kiss,

But just then dawned at the entry door
Miss Betsy's mother. He said no more,
But soon the deacon rode slowly down
The shady lane and returned to town.

Before they sounded the wedding chimes
The custom was in those good old times,
By law come down from the Puritans,
That full three weeks should the marriage banns
In church be published, or other place
As public full as that fount of grace.

The deacon's parents opposed the match,
And Betsy's also decried her "catch,"
And all united their arts to tear
Apart forever this loving pair.
But all in vain. Though sore assailed,
The banns by him, as town clerk, were nailed
Upon the door of the village church;
And if the records you go and search,
You'll find, in language both plain and terse,
He posted high the following verse:

" Notice.
Reynolds Marvin and Betsy Lee
Do both intend to marry,
And though our dads op-posed be,
We can no longer tarry."

And so they married, and happy too
They lived contented, and, well-to-do,
Served well for many a year their day
And generation in ev'ry way,
Made others glad, and well belied
The ill's wiseacres had prophesied.

The deacon clung to his rhyming muse,
And managed amusement to infuse
Where evenings else would have dragged along
In sombre sayings or psalmist song.

When aged grown and the end drew nigh,
The ruling passion for minstrelsy
Continued strong, and he timely wrote
His epitaph, which below I quote,
And which engraved on a granite stone
In Lyme churchyard, with the moss o'ergrown,
Can yet with care be deciphered well,
And this is what the old letters tell :

“Close behind this stone
There lies alone
Capt. Reynolds Marvin:
Expecting his wife,
When ends her life,
And we both are freed from sarvin’.”

The good old lady in time was laid
Beside the husband she loved, obeyed,
But yet the tale of her wooing queer,
Romantic, still is to lovers dear ;
And gossip says that the timid swain
Has taken courage a wife to gain,
When he this story has chanced to see
Of Reynolds Marvin and Betsy Lee.

Henry F. King.

WEST NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

JUDGE AMASA J. PARKER

For half a century no prominent figure has been more familiar to the eyes of Albany than that of the late Judge Amasa J. Parker. His life began in the first decade of the present century, June 2, 1807, and closed May 13, 1890. His professional career extended over a period of sixty years. He was one of the handsomest men of his day, of courtly presence, erect carriage, gallant old-school manners, and great force and symmetry of character. Highly cultivated by classical study, literary pursuits and general reading, and familiar with all public questions, he was esteemed one of the wisest of counselors, and through his exceptional legal ability a power before a court and jury, while the philanthropic and social side of his exemplary life brought him into intimate connection with all manner of important enterprises for the public welfare.

The excellent portrait of Judge Parker which forms the frontispiece to this number of the magazine is from a photograph executed in Albany no longer since than in April, 1890. It represents an earnest, scholarly man of eighty-three, ripe in years and honors, and in the full enjoyment of esteem and reverence richly earned. His beautiful head and expressive face in the picture are subjects for study. They strikingly reveal the characteristics which have given him distinction. There is a fine oil portrait of him by Huntington, taken a few years ago, which is highly prized, but the photograph of recent date will ever hold the first place in the hearts of those near and dear to the eminent subject of it. The history of Judge Parker's career is full of incident and instruction. He was descended from notable New England families on both sides—through his mother from Thomas Fenn of Connecticut, who for more than thirty sessions was an active member of the state legislature, and through his father, Rev. Daniel Parker, from a long line of Puritan clergymen. Great pains was taken with his education, and before the age of sixteen he had completed with much thoroughness a full collegiate course of study. It was his father's wish that he should prepare for the pulpit, to which he objected and finally confessed his taste for geological researches, which shocked the Puritan mind and was sternly forbidden. A compromise was subsequently effected in favor of the law, and the youth was sent to Delhi, in Delaware county, New York, to study with his uncle Colonel Amasa Parker, a lawyer of high repute, whose partner the young man shortly became, and acquired

a professional standing that secured to him a large practice as counsel in the highest courts of the state.

In the autumn of 1833 he was elected to the assembly, and in 1835 was appointed by the legislature a regent of the university of the state, which trust he held for ten years until he resigned upon his election to the bench. He was but twenty-seven years of age when made a regent, the youngest man ever thus honored. In the succeeding election in 1836 he was sent to congress and served through three sessions. His appointment as circuit judge and vice-chancellor in 1844 by Governor Bouck was followed by his elevation to the supreme court bench. In 1854 he was one of the justices of the supreme court sitting in court of appeals, and he was a few years later appointed one of the commissioners to revise, simplify, arrange, and consolidate the statutes of the state. In 1856 and 1858 he was the Democratic candidate for governor of New York, and on each occasion he polled a very heavy vote. In the first contest John A. King was the Republican and successful candidate. In addressing a Democratic meeting during the excitement prior to the election, Judge Parker paid a beautiful tribute to the worth, high character, and excellence in every respect of Mr. King, with whom he had no personal acquaintance at the time. Governor King frequently alluded to it afterward, telling how grateful he was and with what pleasure he looked forward to meeting with his political adversary. The incident is only one example of Judge Parker's conscientious and unflinching courtesy toward all—the more noticeable in seasons of political heats and before the courts of law. He never spoke ill of any one; if he disapproved he invariably declined to discuss the faults brought to his notice.

President Buchanan offered him the position of United States minister to Russia, the post of collector of the port of New York, also the United States district attorneyship for the northern district of New York; but he declined for various reasons all of these.

On his retirement from the bench Judge Parker resumed the practice of his profession at Albany and he continued in it. He was repeatedly offered nominations for the bench of the supreme court and for the court of appeals when the Democratic party to which he belonged was in the majority in his district and in the state, but he always declined, saying he had done his share of judicial service and preferred thereafter the independent practice of his profession. In February, 1861, he was chosen president of the famous convention which assembled in Albany, composed of the best men of all parties, anxious to arbitrate and establish peace between the North and South. It was a great occasion, but no good

came of it. The firing on Fort Sumter soon followed, notwithstanding this brave meeting of patriots. He always believed that with temperate counsel on the part of the Republican leaders, then about entering upon the control of the government, civil war could have been avoided; but when the first blow was struck at Fort Sumter and hostilities were thus inaugurated, he did not hesitate to regard the die as cast, and became at once an earnest advocate of a vigorous prosecution of the war on the part of the government, and freely contributed his own money and time to the raising of men and means for that purpose. But while he did that he protested earnestly against what he deemed the gross abuse of power practiced for merely partisan purposes by high officials, in the making of unnecessary arbitrary arrests of Northern men, whose only offense was an honest and independent difference of opinion and a free expression of it on subjects of mere party differences, in no way involved in the prosecution of the war to put down the rebellion. This tyrannical exercise of power and gross violation of the right of personal liberty he stoutly resisted, and not only denounced it in public speeches at the hazard of his own personal liberty, but he freely gave his professional services to obtain redress for such wrongs.

Judge Parker traveled extensively, making several delightful journeys to Europe. The first visit was when he was on the bench in 1853. While in England he was greatly interested in meeting Lord Lyndhurst the lord chancellor, and Lord Brougham, then at the height of his fame; and at the request of Lord Brougham he addressed the Law Reform club of England at its annual meeting, and explained to its members the results of his experience on the bench in regard to the changes that had been made in the state of New York, and especially as to the administering of law and equity in the court. His last trip to Europe was in 1878, when he went to Frankfort as a delegate to the Association for the Codification of the Laws of Nations, in which he felt a great interest. He continued his journey on that occasion into Russia, and chanced to be in St. Petersburg and Moscow when General Grant's party was there, so that he had opportunity to observe many things not generally seen by travelers in that great country.

In his profession Judge Parker's labors were boundless, and the imprints of his industry and achievements in that direction are lasting. He was one of those rare advocates never disturbed by an unlooked-for crisis, but met it with as much coolness and skill as if it had been confidently anticipated. The following extract from Matthew Hale's remarks at a meeting of the Albany bar is to the point: "The professional career of Judge

Parker extends over a period of sixty years. It has been one of constant activity, continued almost to the hour of death, and of early and constantly increasing eminence and success. . . . During the twenty years that I have been engaged in practice at this bar, it has been my lot frequently to be pitted against him in the trial and argument of causes. The first trial in which I took part in this city was one in which he was my opponent, and the very day of his sudden death had by mutual consent been fixed for the trial at circuit of another case in which we also were adversaries ; and in the meantime no year elapsed in which there were not more or less trials and arguments in which we were opposed to each other. I have had, therefore, unusual opportunities to observe his methods and his ability as a lawyer, both in the trial of causes at *nisi prius* and the argument of appeals in the general term and court of appeals, and can truly and feelingly say that he was a most remarkable lawyer. Unlike many eminent lawyers he was equally at home and equally strong before a jury and before an appellate court. Indeed, I think I may truly say that he was the most completely equipped 'all around' lawyer that I have ever met. Before a jury, adroit, quick to meet every emergency, readily seeing and taking best advantages of every weakness in his adversary's case, seizing hold of and making the most of every circumstance that could advance his client's interest ; in argument on appeal, presenting strongly the strong points of his case, and letting the minor points go. He seldom *overtried* his case. In argument, he did not accumulate useless authorities or undertake to display any wonderful knowledge of books or cases. As well as any lawyer I ever knew he tried and argued the *case in hand*, his object being *success* for his client and not a pedantic display of learning or of irrelevant eloquence. I do not mean by any means that he disdained the graces of speech or the power of words and phrases. But the eloquence in which he indulged—and sometimes his words were stirring and might well be called eloquent—was that which tended to gain the case. If at the same time it enhanced his reputation and gained him praise, these were not the objects which he was seeking, but were incidental to the great end he had in view—the advancement of his client's cause.

At the same time he was a model of courtesy in forensic debate. In the heat of the battle, while he gave sturdy blows and gave them zealously, he never forgot to be a gentleman. And when the contest was over, whatever was the result, there was rarely the remembrance left of any words spoken by him which caused any sting, the only exceptions to this rule being where the provocation had been such as to justify a severe retort. In the many forensic battles—some contested on both sides with great heat and zeal—

in which it has happened to me to have been engaged with him, I think I may safely say that no personal ill-will or animosity was ever engendered.

Some traits were peculiar to Judge Parker as a lawyer. He was always prompt in preparation for a trial. *Semper paratus* was his motto not in theory only but in practice. He believed that the habit of postponing and procrastinating trials and arguments was a great mistake; that it was bad for the lawyers and bad for the clients. 'Let us finish the case,' he used to say; 'let us have done with it, and then we will be ready for something else.' I believe his theory and practice in this respect were commendable, and that his example should be followed.

He was always ready to promote a reasonable settlement of a case in the least doubtful. Often have I had occasion to know of this trait and to appreciate its excellence. But words would fail me to enumerate all his excellencies as a lawyer. His reputation as a judge is established. It was never my fortune to practice before him in a judicial capacity, but all whom I have heard speak from experience have testified to his most admirable administration of justice when on the bench. As a man, in his personal habits and domestic character he was a model for the imitation of young men."

At the age of twenty-seven he married the accomplished Miss Harriet Langdon Roberts of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, daughter of Edmund Roberts, first American diplomatist in Asia, and the granddaughter of Woodbury Langdon. Their home in Albany, where they went to reside about 1845, was at that time one of the finest in the city, a large, square, imposing looking mansion in Washington street, with extensive grounds filled with fruits and flowers in the rear; and their domestic life was one of perfect happiness. Our readers will recollect the sketch of Mrs. Parker which appeared in this magazine in September, 1889 [vol. xxii. 250], just a year ago. Her death occurred on the 27th of June of that year. She will be remembered as one of the brightest, loveliest, and most intellectual women of her time, and prominent in all social and benevolent affairs. Both the Judge and Mrs. Parker were fond of entertaining, and extended charming hospitalities, their guests including all who were distinguished in the world of letters, education, politics, society, and philanthropy. They lived to see their four children settled in their four respective homes within a few blocks of their own—Mrs. John V. L. Pruyn, General Amasa J. Parker, Mrs. Erastus Corning, and Mrs. Selden E. Marvin—and sixteen grandchildren were born to them.

Bishop Doane writes: "My knowledge of Judge Parker lies outside his political and professional life. I have known him in his daily walk and

conversation as a man, not only constantly occupied with his duties as a lawyer, but closely concerned with all that could advance the interests of the city in which he had lived for nearly half a century. I knew him also in his home, where his old-time dignity lent itself with very gracious kindness to its delightful hospitality; where he realized and illustrated Jeremy Taylor's exquisite description of married life, 'as doubling joy and halving care,' and where with patriarchal pride he gathered children and grandchildren who love and reverence his memory as a heritage in honor in the blood and in the name. His early interest in education gave him the foundation of an elegant scholarship, and in spite of the constant pressure of his professional life he was a man of literary accomplishments and large information. He was permitted, in the completion of Harmanus Bleecker Hall, to fulfill that sacred and honorable trust which links in the name of Mrs. Bleecker and Chancellor John V. L. Pruyn, with his own to illustrate in a degenerate age how honor, integrity, and faithfulness are jewels in the crown of character. And he died, like the old leader of Israel, with unabated natural force and with his undimmed eye looking back upon a record of distinguished public service, of success achieved by devotion to his calling, of an unblemished reputation in private life; and looking forward to 'the morn' in which 'the angel faces smile' of those 'whom he had loved long since and lost awhile.' Most pleasant to his host of friends is the recollection of his life in Albany. Young in his old age, because of the freshness of good sympathies and kindly interests in life, keeping pace with progress in all best ways, he had been, I fancy, old in his youth, in the habits of thoroughness and thoughtfulness which marked his mind. And he was what we call old-fashioned, always since I knew him, in his courteousness and dignity of speech and bearing."

Judge Parker had always a kindly word of encouragement for the young men in his profession, and he was himself a shining exemplar of what every young lawyer should seek to attain. He was concerned in the prosperity of many of the educational institutions of the state, and among other important duties was a trustee of Cornell university, one of the governors of Union, for many years a trustee of the state Hospital for the Insane at Poughkeepsie, and president of the trustees of the Albany medical college, also of the trustees of the Albany female academy. He carried into every line of work his trained instinct for the highest achievement.

Martha F. Lamb

THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

OCTOBER 13, 1812

The battle of Queenston heights and the name of General Brock are Canadian household words associated with the war of 1812 which will ever live and be held sacred to the latest generation of Canadians. The village of Queenston is on the bank of the Niagara river, at the foot of the heights, 'about seven miles above where stood Fort George of 1812, and is distant some four or five miles from the falls of Niagara. The battle-field of Lundy's Lane, fought on the 25th of July, 1814, is close by the falls, bordering on the old village of Drummondville.

General Brock was at Fort George on the morning of October 13, and mounted his horse on the first alarm and rode at full speed to the threatened point. On his arrival he found the Americans on the heights above the village. Brock was killed at the very opening of the fight, while heading a company of the forty-ninth to retake the battery of *one gun* on the slope, which the Americans had captured; but in the afternoon of the same day, as will be hereafter shown, the scattered bodies of the little British force were mustered from Fort George, Chippewa, and the other outlying posts and attacked the Americans. After one volley, then a bayonet charge, they forced nearly one-half of them over the heights into the Niagara, capturing some five hundred prisoners on the verge of the precipice—thus avenging the death of their almost idolized leader by a glorious victory.

Let us now go back in retrospect nearly fifty years, to a Sunday morning in the month of June, 1845, when the writer took a seat on the summit of Queenston heights, close to where Brock's monument stands, to observe the magnificent view of hill, mountain, river, and lake from this historic point. Lewiston heights on the American side, to the right, are separated from the Canadian or Queenston heights by the deep, narrow gorge of some six hundred feet of the channel of the Niagara river, cut out at some far-off day by the force of that mighty mass of water from the falls, over which the whole waters of Lake Erie and the other upper lakes find their outlet into Lake Ontario. Just below, at the foot of the heights, is the quaint old village or town of Queenston. This mountain range or high tableland on which we are sitting is the same that passes

along the head of Lake Ontario, and in rear and above the city of Hamilton. Between the lake shore and the foot of this range of heights the finest fruit in America is cultivated. The peaches here equal those raised on the most favored spots in the United States. Seven miles distant we have a full view of the deep, blue Ontario, stretching about two hundred miles eastward to Kingston; it is from forty to sixty miles broad in some parts. Between our standpoint and the lake shore, on our left, is the rich, fertile plain of the Niagara, studded with orchards and gardens—the “garden of Canada”—and the old homesteads of the Loyalists, surrounded by smiling wheat fields and rich meadow lands, extending as far as Stony creek. This view is rendered doubly interesting from the fact that it embraces the war-path of both armies during the war of 1812. On the American side of the Niagara, to our right, the old town of Lewiston nestles beneath the shades of its own heights; and about seven miles below stands old Fort Niagara, overlooking Lake Ontario, directly opposite to where Fort George stood.

Truly this is historic ground. On and around these heights and along the whole river-bank of the Niagara, from Fort George to the ruins of Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, a distance of over thirty miles, every footstep recalls bygone stories of early Canadian life. Long before a British drum was heard, or a union jack of England floated in those remote wilds, the daring explorers of old France had visited the falls and were familiar with the locality. La Salle nearly two and a half centuries ago established a fur trading post on the very spot where Fort Niagara now stands; and a few miles above the falls, near Navy island, he built his little schooner the *Griffin*, the rude pioneer of those magnificent floating castles which have since that day passed over the rough waters of Lake Erie.

During the three years of the war of 1812 the Canadian bank of the Niagara river, from Fort George to Fort Erie, was one continuous battlefield. There was a constant march and counter-march of armed men up and down its banks.

War was declared by the United States against Great Britain on the 18th day of June, 1812. General Brock was then in command of the British force in Upper Canada; General Hull was governor of Michigan with headquarters at Detroit, from which place he issued proclamations to the people of Canada to induce them to join the American cause or remain neutral. Brock decided to surprise Hull by a rapid movement westward, and for that end gathered what regulars and volunteers he could, with whom he started for Detroit and reached Malden, opposite Detroit, on the 15th of August, 1812. The next day General Hull surrendered

Detroit and the whole state of Michigan, with all his army, guns, stores, shipping, etc., without firing a shot, as recorded in the history of that date. Brock lost no time after the taking of Detroit, but sailed immediately for Fort Erie with the prisoners, guns, etc., captured at Detroit. His intention was to attack Buffalo and Fort Niagara and to destroy all the American posts on the Niagara frontier; but to his disappointment and disgust, when he reached Fort Erie on the 22d of August, 1812, he found that an armistice had been concluded the week before his arrival. The Americans took advantage of the armistice to concentrate large bodies of troops, guns, stores, etc., at various posts on the Niagara, so that by the middle of September they had fully eight thousand men concentrated between Buffalo and Fort Niagara. There were between four and five thousand men collected at Fort Niagara and on the Lewiston heights, opposite Queenston, while over four hundred bateaux laden with guns, stores, etc., from Sacket's Harbor and other places had reached the mouth of the Niagara and were safely moored under the guns of Fort Niagara.

During the first week of October the Americans were prepared to attack, having a force four times as large as the British, and having provided themselves with a large number of boats of every description—bateaux, scows, etc.—not only at Fort Niagara, but at Buffalo, Black Rock, and at other places above the falls of Niagara, ready to transport troops across the river at any point they chose. General Brock had his headquarters at Fort George, seven miles below Queenston, and he had to garrison a line of outlying posts for over thirty miles to Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo. Brock's scattered forces stationed above the falls at Chippewa and Fort Erie, and the other outposts between these two places, required fully six hundred men to guard them, and weakened his main point of defense. The Americans were acting on the offensive, and they might invade Canada by way of Buffalo or Black Rock or at the mouth of the Niagara at Fort Niagara. Brock thought the main attack would be on Fort George, his headquarters. Even on the 9th of October, four days before the battle of Queenston, early in the morning of that day a large body of marines from Buffalo crossed the Niagara and captured two armed vessels, the *Caledonia* and *Detroit*, richly laden with furs, etc., moored under the guns of Fort Erie. The *Caledonia* remained a prize in the hands of the Americans, but the *Detroit* was burned in an attempt to recapture her. This called Brock to Fort Erie, where he arrived before sunset that day; but having satisfied himself that this was merely a surprise, and that the Americans would not attempt to cross the river there, he returned to headquarters at Fort George the next day. This hurried visit of Brock's to

Fort Erie, thirty miles distant, caused the American General Van Rensselaer, to take advantage of his absence to prepare to cross the Niagara at Queenston early on the morning of the 10th ; but a furious storm of wind and rain passed over their camp while the troops were drawn up in readiness to embark, by which the attack was delayed three days.

During the whole day and evening of the 12th the Americans could be distinctly seen from the Queenston heights—battalion after battalion concentrating in and around Lewiston and on the heights above, to the number of fully five thousand men ; and it was believed on the Canadian shore the crossing would be made during that night, but whether the landing would be made at Queenston or at Fort George was uncertain. Brock himself was of the opinion it would be at Fort George. Their boats were all ready, some to carry thirty, others eighty men, and they could as easily float down the current of the river and land above Fort George, when the guns of Fort Niagara could open upon Fort George and at the same time cover the landing of an attacking party from Fort Niagara. This was Brock's opinion even after he had mounted his horse to leave Fort George for the last time to reach the threatened but real landing at Queenston.

On that eventful morning, the 13th of October, 1812, a day never to be forgotten by Canadians, long before break of day the first of the American boats reached the Canadian shore. They were met by Captain Dennis's company, who poured several volleys into them with fatal effect. The flash of their muskets in the dark pointed out their position to the American gunners on Lewiston heights, who were standing by their guns with lighted matches, and who opened fire, causing Dennis to withdraw his men under shelter. The gunners at the *one gun battery* on the slope of Queenston heights and those at the *one gun battery* at Brooman's point opened fire on the Lewiston landing with the hope of disabling the boats. It was a random fire, being quite dark. These two guns continued all the morning to throw shot and shell through darkness and distance, and if doing little execution created a panic in the ranks of the Americans and deterred hundreds of the boldest of them from crossing the river.

The British force at Queenston, being an outpost of Fort George, did not much exceed two hundred men, composed of Dennis's and Cameron's companies of the York militia, with the light and grenadier companies of the forty-ninth regiment, stationed in the village, with two other companies of the York militia some three miles distant, besides a few of the local militia and the gunners to man the *gun* on the slope and the one at Brooman's point. This was the whole force at Queenston that morning to dis-

pute the landing, while on the American side opposite stood four thousand to five thousand men prepared to cross to support their advance body. But their courage failed them on beholding the warm reception their vanguard met with; and in the afternoon of the same day fully three thousand of them stood, panic-stricken, on their own Lewiston heights, as they beheld opposite them on Queenston heights the wreck and ruin of their brave companions of the morning who had crossed the river, now being driven over the heights into the Niagara or surrendering themselves as prisoners-of-war. Those three thousand stood on their own ground, not a mile distant from the scene of conflict, having plenty of boats to convey them across, with folded arms and gaping mouths—silent spectators of the defeat, capture, and destruction of their brave vanguard.

Brock reached Queenston before break of day, splashed with mud from his hard ride, and at once galloped to the *one gun battery* on the slope; but shortly after reaching it a loud shout or cheer came from the hillside above, followed by a volley of random bullets whistling overhead, while a body of the Americans charged down the heights upon the battery. Brock and the gunners had to make an immediate retreat, spiking their gun, but on reaching the lower end of the village Brock found the light company of the forty-ninth drawn up in line awaiting orders; then, wheeling his horse in the direction of the heights, he exclaimed: "Follow me, my boys," and led them at a run to the foot of the heights, supported by the grenadiers of the forty-ninth and a company of the York militia, who were detached to the right to attack the left and rear of the Americans. Brock halted at the foot of the heights, behind a stone wall, and dismounted, saying to his men: "Take breath, boys; you will need it in a few moments." Shortly after, observing that his skirmishes on the right had reached the left and rear of the Americans, causing confusion in their ranks around the battery, he sprang over the stone wall, waving his sword, and calling on the grenadiers to follow him. He then led the way up the steep toward the battery. The ascent was difficult; the late rains had caused the fallen leaves to be treacherous foot-holes; the men slipped at nearly every step, some falling to the ground, causing the ranks to be much broken, so much so that Brock angrily exclaimed: "This is the first time I have ever seen the forty-ninth turn their backs." Colonel McDonnell then came up with two companies of the York militia, increasing the attacking party in front and on the right to nearly two hundred men. The American force was now increased around and above the battery to about five hundred men. Brock called on Colonel McDonnell to push on the York volunteers. At that moment he was struck by a bullet in the wrist of his sword arm, to which

he paid no attention, continuing to wave his sword. In the dull gray mists of that October morning, half way up the heights, could be seen the tall, portly form of General Brock, standing in front and far in advance of the grenadiers of the forty-ninth, a living target for the bullets of the unerring American rifle, waving his sword and calling on his men, and encouraging them, both by word and gesture, to hasten their steps. He did not long stand there. The fatal bullet sped its way—striking him near the heart—causing almost instantaneous death.

Colonel McDonnell immediately spurred his horse to the front and assumed command. Everything was in disorder. The men became dispirited at the death of their almost idolized leader. After repeated attempts to rally and to keep his force together, McDonnell also was killed. The British force then gave way and retreated to the foot of the heights, carrying the bodies of their general and McDonnell and most of the wounded with them. This closed the morning fight on the slope of the heights, leaving the Americans in possession of the *one gun battery*.

By this time fully fifteen hundred of the Americans had landed, and several hundred of them made their way to the top of the heights, increasing their force there to about nine hundred men. The arrival of Captain Derenzy from Fort George with four companies of the forty-first regiment, Holcroft's battery of royal artillery of two six-pounders, and a few Indians and militia, forming a junction with the retreating force from the heights, held the Americans in check, and with well-directed shots from Holcroft's guns, placed at first below the village and afterward within the walls surrounding the "Hamilton homestead," played havoc among the boats and silenced the American guns at the Lewiston landing, so that from that time few boats attempted to cross the river. The British force around and below Queenston held possession of the roads leading to St. David's and in rear and on the left of the heights, thus keeping open their communication with Chippewa above the falls, and also with Fort George; the Americans holding possession of the heights above Queenston, while hundreds of them remained below at the landing, under protection of the river-bank, ready to find their way back to their own shore when opportunity offered.

The Americans took up a position having the precipice of the Niagara on their right and rear, without providing for a line of retreat or escape in case of disaster. The first duty of an experienced general, after getting possession of the heights, would seem to have been to have detached one hundred and fifty to two hundred riflemen to his left through the woods (afterward taken possession of by the British Indians) and to have

secured the roads leading from Queenston to Chippewa, thus cutting off all communication between Queenston and Chippewa; but their general did not see it. They appear to have stood inactive for over six hours. The British general at once detached his Indians, about one hundred, to hold the woods on the American left, and secure the roads leading to Chippewa. This, and this alone, was the cause of the American defeat on Queenston heights.

By noon all the men that could be spared from Fort George had assembled around Queenston; General Roger Sheaffe arrived and assumed command. The force consisted of Holcroft's two guns, six-pounders, of the royal artillery; Swayze's two guns, three-pounders, of the provincial artillery; four companies of the forty-first regiment; James Crooke's and McEwen's companies of the first Lincoln militia; William Crooke's and Nelles's companies of the fourth Lincoln; Applegarth's, Hatt's, and Durand's companies of the fifth Lincoln; a few of Merritt's provincial dragoons, and the remnants of the two companies of the forty-ninth and the three companies of the York militia engaged in the morning—in all about eight hundred men. The Indians in the woods on the heights on the left of the Americans, under John Norton and John Brant, made up about one hundred more. The Canadian reader will see and be proud to learn that fully one-half of the British force that day on Queenston heights was "Canadian militia," composed chiefly of the brave fighting boys of Lincoln and York.

General Sheaffe left Holcroft's battery with a small body of militia in support to guard the village of Queenston and to prevent the Americans landing more men, and then ascended the heights on the left flank of the Americans, in rear of the woods held by the Indians. The Americans had expected the attack straight up the slope of the heights, and were now obliged to change their front by throwing back their left and advancing their right, so as to face the British line advancing on the rear of their left. The British force from Chippewa, consisting of the light company of the forty-first regiment under Lieutenant McIntyre, and Hamilton's and Rowe's companies of the second Lincoln, with a few volunteers, formed a junction with the main body from Queenston at about two o'clock in the afternoon, increasing their numbers to about nine hundred and fifty men. The line of attack was formed, having the light company of the forty-first and the two companies of the forty-ninth under Captain Dennis on the left of the line next to the Indians, supported by a battalion of militia under Colonel Butler. The centre and right were composed of the other four companies of the forty-first, supported by the rest of the

militia under Colonel Thomas Clarke. Swayze's two three-pounders, drawn by men with ropes, preceded the advance of the line. The actual number of the Americans facing General Sheaffe's advancing column was between nine hundred and one thousand, the rest of them being around the battery on the slope, while hundreds remained below at the landing, under cover of the river-bank. Therefore the actual number on both sides engaged on the heights was about equal. The battle was opened by the light company of the forty-first, on the left, firing one volley, then charging with fixed bayonets upon the riflemen on the right of the American line, who gave way in great confusion, having no bayonets to their rifles, leaving that flank exposed. General Sheaffe then gave the signal for a general advance of his whole line.

The gun in front of the American position was carried almost without resistance, and the whole body of the Americans was forced steadily back upon the river to the very crest of the precipice in their rear. The fight was short, rapid, and decisive. The advance of the British line, having assumed the form of a crescent, overlapped the Americans on both flanks. General Wadsworth and Colonel Christie with over five hundred men surrendered on the very verge of the cliff. Many of the fugitives scrambled down the sides of the heights toward the landing, with the hope of escaping to their own shore; but Holcroft's battery below, in rear of the village of Queenston, had rendered the passage of the river so dangerous that the boatmen refused to cross. Many plunged into the river and attempted to swim across. Half of them were drowned, while the remainder secreted themselves among the rocks and bushes along the shore. During this time our Indians lined the cliff or perched themselves high in the trees above, firing at the fugitives whenever opportunity offered. The American General Scott, to preserve the rest of his command from utter destruction, raised a white flag and surrendered his whole remaining force of about three hundred men; some evaded by secreting themselves, but surrendered the next day, making the whole number of prisoners over nine hundred and fifty officers and men—thus closing a GLORIOUS CANADIAN VICTORY, and avenging the death of General Brock.

The American loss in killed, wounded, drowned, and missing has never been correctly ascertained, owing partly to the immediate dispersal of a large portion of their militia. Some accounts give their killed and drowned at one hundred, and their wounded at two hundred; others place their drowned alone at one hundred, and three hundred killed and wounded. Another American account stated that sixteen hundred Americans were engaged, of whom nine hundred were regulars, and the number

of killed and drowned was estimated at from one hundred and fifty to four hundred. Take it all in all, it was a great victory ; the Americans losing nearly one thousand prisoners and from two to three hundred in killed, drowned, and missing. The British loss was small—sixteen killed and sixty-nine wounded. The returns are missing, and this may not include the Indians. The total casualties, however, on the British side may be set down as under one hundred.

The writer's stand-point view on Queenston heights, in 1845, is still there. The monument erected to the memory of General Brock by a grateful people still stands. The waters of Niagara roll silently but swiftly by, as of old. All is now quiet and peaceful around those heights, and the conflict is almost forgotten by the people of Canada, except when aroused by some uncalled-for statements of the "American press" as to how they could "gobble up Canada." Then Canadians proudly point to the glorious victory won by their little army of 1812, on Queenston heights, and so long as breathes a patriotic Canadian, or Canada remains a portion of the British empire, that battle and the name of General Brock will ever be held sacred as "Canadian household words."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Fraser". The signature is written in dark ink and features a prominent, sweeping flourish that extends from the end of the name.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

DEAD MAN'S ISLAND AND THE GHOST SHIP

Magdalen Islands is a group of little islets near the centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in the track of the vessels bound to Quebec, fifty-four miles northwest from Cape Breton and about one hundred miles southwest from the nearest point of Newfoundland. Far in the distance in a northerly direction are the bleak and rocky shores of Labrador, where thousands of mariners and fishermen have been wrecked and destroyed. One of the Magdalen group is called the "Dead Man's Island," and what is still more strange it is the property of a family by the name of Coffin. The two names combined present a cheerless picture. Many years ago this group of islands was granted to Sir Isaac Coffin by the British government for distinguished services rendered, and by him bequeathed to Captain John Townsend Coffin and his heirs forever.

From this singular circumstance that the Dead Man's Island was owned by a Coffin, no doubt originated the superstition, common among the sailors, that a "ghost-ship," manned by a "ghastly crew" and piloted by a "shadowy steersman," made nightly trips from the wrecks strewed on the rocky shores of Labrador, conveying the souls of the defunct mariners to the Dead Man's Island. The voyage to and fro was said to have always been made from and after midnight—

"The very witching time of night
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the world."

In 1804 Thomas Moore, the famous Irish poet, visited Quebec, and from there he sailed down the St. Lawrence for Halifax. While passing this group of islands he was told the story of the ghost-ship, which furnished an excellent subject for his poetical genius, and he penned the following ballad on the spot:

"See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy bark?
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill.

Oh! what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of the cold and pitiless Labrador ;
Where under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost.

Yon shadowy bark has been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire that lights her deck
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank of the churchyard dew.

To Dead Man's isle in the eye of the blast,
To Dead Man's isle she speeds her fast ;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furled,
And the hand that steers is not of this world.

Oh, hurry thee on ! oh, hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone !
Nor let the morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch forever her rosy light."

B. Turner.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A SUNDAY IN THE OLDEN TIME

MANCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

The first rude cabins of the men of the Dorchester company and others, who had landed at Jeffrey's creek or come overland from Naumkeag and Cape Ann, and had "set up a fishing stage" and broken the forest here and there, had given place to somewhat more commodious and permanent dwellings. The meeting-house of the humble size of "eighteen feet in length with two gables," which the piety of the early settlers had erected near the landing, and whose plain appearance and simple worship aptly symbolized the severe and rigid faith of the Puritans, had been succeeded by one of somewhat larger proportions, but of the same unadorned style, where the people gathered on the Sabbath to listen to argumentative discourses and to feed their devotion on long prayers and the Psalms of David "done into metre."

The aspect of the little village was still rude and unpretending. The situation was unfavorable for commerce, the soil mostly too sterile and rock-bound for farming, and the population too scanty and too much scattered for the rapid growth of the town in physical or intellectual culture. There were the germs, however, in this hardy and independent community of a strong and vigorous life, only they were more tardy in germinating than in some more favored localities. Questions concerning the authority of king and parliament, and concerning proprietors' rights, often stirred the heart of the community and furnished many a topic of animated and sometimes heated discussion at the mill, at the blacksmith's forge, around the great fireplace in the light of the pine-knot, or in the intermission between services on the Sabbath.

It is a Sunday in May, 17—. The corn has been planted, the shad bush and wild plum are in flower; the waters of Saw Mill brook, swollen by the late rains, rush and foam through the woods to the sea; the expanse of ocean as seen from Image hill sparkles in the morning sun; water-fowl wheel their flight slowly through the air; the only sounds are the distant lowing of cattle, the songs of innumerable birds, the gentle sighing in the tree-tops, and the lap of waves on the shingly shore. All signs of human activity are wanting; with the going down of the sun on the previous day, the labors of the farm and the household ceased, the fishing-boat was

drawn up on the beach, the clatter of the mill-wheel was hushed, and after an early supper each quiet Puritan household "prepared to keep the Sabbath."

It is now nine o'clock, Sunday morning; the simple breakfast of corn mush or potatoes and milk, with the addition perhaps of fish or bacon, has long since been disposed of; the Sunday clothes taken from the press, carefully brushed and donned, and the serious business of the day commenced. The house-dog wears a sedate look, and plainly thinks that a Puritan Sabbath is no time for frisking and frolic. What is more strange, even the youngsters have an air of gravity, the modern "small boy" not yet being evolved in the process of New England development. There is no bell to sound over the hills to call the little community to Sabbath worship. Few houses can boast of any other timepiece than a "noon-mark" on some southern window sill. But the blowing of a conch shell or horn announces the hour of service, and along woodland ways, across pastures and over hills, the forefathers and foremothers with a goodly number of children, some in arms, some walking demurely by their parents' side, gather to the Sunday rendezvous, the village meeting-house.

There is no laughter or loud talk, only subdued greetings and quiet interchange of rural intelligence, as acquaintances meet each other after a week's isolation. The news that Captain Hooper or Captain Leach has got in with a good fare from the banks; or that Samuel Morgan, just returned from the eastward, has brought tidings from Pemaquid of the murder by the Indians of the Hiltons, father and son; or that Goodman Bennett's heifer has been found by the hog reeves; or that a son and heir has gladdened the hearts of the worthy household of Samuel Allen, and has been named Onesiphorus, for as the father said, "Peradventure he will be a true help-bringer"—these and similar harmless bits of gossip have just time for expression as the groups gathered on the green observe Parson Tappin slowing marching from the parsonage house on the hill toward the meeting-house. With stately and measured step the village pastor enters the house, gravely bowing right and left, stopping to inquire of Mistress Lee for the welfare of her aged mother, and perchance to pat the head of some trembling and awe-struck urchin, or to cast a reproving glance at some young men of rather light behavior, and to look around inquiringly for Goodman Babcock the tithing-man. The people follow and take their places as they have been "seated" by the selectmen. A few of the more distinguished inhabitants, those who bear the title of colonel, or captain, or squire, or mister—and they are very few in this essentially democratic community—have been permitted to "set up pews;" others must be

content with plain benches. The congregation does not present so picturesque a scene as in Ipswich or Newbury meeting-houses, in communities of greater wealth and more aristocratic pretensions:

"Where in order due and fit,
As by public vote directed, ranked and classed the people sit;
Mistress first and goodwife after, clerkly squire before the clown.
From the brave coat lace embroidered, to the gray frock shading down."

But all ages are here, from the patriarch of ninety to the babe of a single winter; quavering voices join in the psalm, and young hearts under kerchief and doublet beat quicker at the thought of the "banns" that are to be published next Sabbath. A few Indians and negroes, and two or three "Frenchmen" from Acadia, complete the congregation, made up for the most part of "freemen" and their families. Only the sick and infirm, the very aged and the very young, are missing, for there is a fine of two shillings for absence from public worship. The congregation soon settles itself, there is a faint aroma of lavender and southern wood in the air, the rustling of leaves and the songs of birds float in through the open door, mingling with a breeze from the pines and from the sea; and the worship is begun. From the lofty singing seats sounds the pitch-pipe, and at once tenors and basses, contraltos and trebles, join in Mears or St. Martin's, Dundee or Old Hundred, making such harmony as they can in voicing one of the paraphrases of Tate and Brady or of Watts' *Psalms and Hymns*. Before the "long prayer" a note is read, "put up" by the family of Captain Leach, giving "thanks for his safe return," and another by Nathaniel Marsters, constable, "asking the prayers of this congregation that the Lord will prosper him in his journey to Boston the coming week." Without the reading of Scripture—something which is supposed to squint at least toward Rome—the parson turns the hour-glass, names his text from the book of Judges, "And Israel was greatly impoverished because of the Midianites," and proceeds with his discourse. With formal divisions and scholastic phraseology, adjusting Hebrew history to the exigencies of New England life, it comes at last, with another turn of the glass, to "nineteenthly" and the close. Good, solid Puritan theology, with no suspicion of clap-trap or sensationalism. The pulpit found no need of resorting to such "popular" subjects as the latest arrival of the *Speedwell* or the *Hind and Panther*, or "the recent shipwreck at Sandy Bay," or "the truth concerning Captain Underhill and the Cocheco scandal." There was little demand for syllabub or whipped cream in the Sunday diet. In the course of the sermon a disturbance is caused by one Pomp, a negro, making strange contortions of countenance, whereupon he is called forth and

reproved with great awfulness and solemnity ; some children and a mulatto woman, too, are reprimanded for laughing at Pomp's scandalous demeanor.

The noon intermission is gladly welcomed, and parties gather here and there, some to listen to Lieutenant Samuel May's story of the siege of Louisburg, others to discuss the sermon and the tides, Solomon Driver's black steers, the sailing of the shallop *Watch and Wait*, the meeting of the Great and General Court, the ghost seen on the Gloucester road last week, the "greate black oke" struck by lightning in the swamp near Wolf Trap brook, and the mysterious disappearance of Goodwife Parsons's molasses, which all agreed was bewitched. Luncheon is eaten, the horizon is scanned, prognostications are sagely made on the weather, notes compared on planting and building a weir at Kettle Cove, the young men and maidens return from their short and discreet Sunday noon ramble to the brook, in which they have talked of other things besides the morning sermon, and all gather quietly and reverently for the afternoon service. This is similar to that of the forenoon, except that the preacher aims to come a little nearer to his hearers' "business and bosoms," according to Lord Bacon's famous aphorism. His text is from the words of Paul respecting those "who having itching ears heap to themselves teachers." He takes occasion gravely to warn his flock against certain irregularities of which he is pained to hear in the parish of Chebacco, where Rev. John Cleaveland, one of the "new lights," is stirring up the people, and where a good deal is heard of "new measures," "experimental religion," and the like.* The plain words of the parson produce a decided effect upon the congregation, with whom any historical facts more modern than Shamgar's ox-goad, or the return from the captivity, or Paul's shipwreck, are a novelty, and make many an ear to tingle; for is it not known in all the parish that Edward Lee and some others have for some time been going over to Chebacco every Sunday to meeting, declaring that their souls are not fed by Parson Tappin? There has been talk, too, of a council; it is even whispered under breath that letters have passed between Parson Cleaveland and Parson Tappin; and many wise ones are of the opinion that something must be done to stay such scandalous proceedings, to put a stop to the erratic goings-on of breachy parishioners, and to preserve the order and peace of the churches.

Such monitory discourses have multiplied of late. The shepherd has seen the wolf coming. The times are full of excitement and peril. The French war has left the country demoralized. Ominous signs have appeared of late over seas. Faint mutterings of the coming storm of the Revolution have been borne fitfully on the breeze, even to this out-of-the-

* *Vide* an article by author, "A Patriotic Parson," in this magazine [xviii. 237].

way hamlet. But, worse than all, rumors were abroad the previous winter that certain persons called "Dippers," or "Anabaptists," had come secretly into town, and had even held some meetings in a small house in the outskirts. It is true, these rogues had been closely watched, and on one occasion it was said were so hotly pursued that they were glad to get out of the precinct without being set in the pillory and having their ears cropped; whereat sundry "antient, grave, and sober" persons were greatly aggrieved. All these things had of late kept the usually sedate community in an uncommon state of perturbation.

But at last the service ends, as services do, and the congregation pursue their homeward way with matter enough to think about and talk about till the next Sabbath. The hearty supper of baked beans, brown bread, and Indian pudding drawn from the brick oven, flanked with mugs of cider, is eaten with honest appetites and thankful hearts. The catechism is recited, family prayer is attended to, the cows are brought to the barnyard, the milking is done, and sunset ends the sweet, peaceful, healthful, uplifting Puritan Sabbath. As the stars come out in the still skies, the young people join each other in the free-masonry of hearts as old as the race, tales are told, songs are sung, or thoughts are breathed too deep for words, until nine o'clock finds the last suitor departed, the last "good-nights" said, the doors closed but not barred, and the full moon, which had now risen high in the eastern heavens, looking down on the sleeping town.

D. P. Lumsden.

MANCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

LINKED WITH SHAKESPEARE

In the June number of *St. Nicholas* is printed a list of names of persons constituting "a living chain from Adam to Abraham Lincoln." This list, "prepared some years ago by a certain learned bishop," is very interesting and suggestive, and more so in its later portions. It is evident, however, that the chain contains many more "links" than are necessary. From Adam to Lincoln there are one hundred and sixty-one of these, from Shakespeare to Lincoln *twelve*. This list being made up entirely on hypothetical grounds, it may be of interest that there should be also placed upon record a similar list extending back to the time of Shakespeare, founded upon actual dates of births and deaths of the persons mentioned.

My own grandmother, whom I well remember, died in 1855. She was born in Raleigh parish, Amelia county, Virginia, in 1771. She remembered the raid of Tarleton's green-coated partisans in 1780, and the manner in which the British soldiers appropriated the horses, cattle, and bacon they found on her father's plantation. She had seen, after her marriage in 1793 to my grandfather Philip Goode, her husband's grandfather Samuel Goode, who was born 1706-10, near the spot where the city of Richmond now stands, and who died in Prince Edward county, Virginia, 1796.

Samuel Goode when a small boy saw his own grandfather John Goode of "Whitby," who died in 1711, and who was one of the earliest settlers at the falls of James river, where he lived on a plantation called "Whitby" for over half a century, from 1659 until his death. He was a soldier under Bacon in the Virginia rebellion of 1676, and had lived at Barbadoes during the protectorate of Cromwell, prior to which he was, according to family tradition, a soldier under Charles I. He was born in Cornwall, 1610-25.

The interval between the present time and the early colonial days seems wonderfully short when it can be spanned by two human lives. Reflected by only two mirrors, I have seen the light of the eyes of a man who was a boy in England in the reign of James I., when the settlements of Jamestown and Plymouth were the only strongholds of the English in America—the contemporary of Milton, Bunyan, and Newton—a man whose father might have seen Shakespeare on the stage in his own theatre in London.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Lyman Brown Goode". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, stylized initial 'L' and a long, sweeping underline.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MINOR TOPICS

GEORGE W. CHILDS ON GENERAL GRANT

THE GREAT SOLDIER ALSO AN ARTIST

No man has ever had better opportunities for critical observation in his intercourse with public characters than George W. Childs of Philadelphia. His little brochure of *Recollections of General Grant* is particularly acceptable at this time. The following extracts will be read with unusual interest:

"General Grant was one of the truest and most congenial friends I ever had. We first met in 1863, after the victory of Vicksburg. The general and Mrs. Grant had come to Philadelphia to make arrangements to put their children at school in Burlington, New Jersey. From that time until his death our intimacy grew. In his life three qualities were conspicuously revealed—justice, kindness, and firmness.

Seeing General Grant frequently for more than twenty years, I had abundant opportunities to notice these qualities. We lived at Long Branch on adjoining properties on the same land, without any division, and I may say there never was a day when we were together there on which either I was not in his house or he in mine. He would often come over and breakfast or dine with me. I never saw him in the field, though I corresponded with him during the war, and whenever an opportunity presented itself he would come to Philadelphia for the purpose of seeing his family at Burlington, and would often stay with me, and in that way he made a great many friends. That was as early as 1863. He always seemed to enjoy his visits here, as they gave him rest during the time he was in the army. These visits to Philadelphia were continued after he became President, and he always found recreation and pleasure in them.

Much has been published about General Grant, but there are many things I have not seen stated, and one is that he had considerable artistic taste and talent. He painted very well. One of his paintings, twelve by eighteen inches, he gave to his friend the late Hon. A. E. Borie of Philadelphia, who was the Secretary of the Navy in his first cabinet. That picture is, I believe, one of the two he is known to have painted. On the death of Mr. Borie it was presented by his family to Mrs. Grant, and the engraving of it was made from the original sent to me for the purpose by Colonel Fred D. Grant. Of the other painting there is no trace. General Grant stood very high with his professor of drawing at West Point, and if he had persevered in that line might, it has always seemed to me, have made a good artist. He was throughout his cadetship apt in mathematics and drawing. The picture alluded to is that of an Indian chief; at a trading-post in the Northwest, exchanging skins and furs with a group of traders and trappers. The Indian stands in the

foreground and is the central object—a noble figure, well painted, and in full and characteristic costume. I have often seen the painting, which has been very much admired. The general took a good deal of pride in it himself.

General Grant was not an ardent student. Early in life he was somewhat of a novel-reader, but latterly he read history, biography, and travels. He was a careful reader, and remembered everything he read. He was a great reader of newspapers. I recall an incident which happened while we were at Long Branch, just after General Sherman's *Memoirs* had been published. Referring to the work, I asked him if he had read it. He said he had not had time to do so. One of the persons present observed: 'Why, general, you won't find much in it about yourself. Sherman doesn't seem to think you were in the war.' The general said, 'I don't know; I have seen some adverse criticisms, but I am going to read it and judge the book for myself.' After he had perused it carefully and attentively I asked him what he thought of it. 'Well,' he said, 'it has done me full justice. It has given me more credit than I deserve. Any criticism I might make would be that I think Sherman has not done justice to Logan, Blair, and other volunteer generals, whom he calls political generals. These men did their duty faithfully, and I never believe in imputing motives to people.'

General Sherman had sent me the proof-sheets of that portion of the *Memoirs* relating to General Grant before the book was published, and asked if I had any suggestions to make, and if I thought he had been just to the general. I informed General Grant that I had read these proof-sheets, and that I thought as he did—that General Sherman had done him full justice. General Grant had the highest opinion of General Sherman as a military man, and always entertained a great personal regard for him. He was always magnanimous, particularly to his army associates. He was a man who rarely used the pronoun *I* in conversation when speaking of his battles.

There is an amusing little incident I recall, *à propos* of a large painting of General Sherman on his 'March to the Sea,' which hangs in the hall of my Long Branch house, and which was painted by Kauffman. Sherman sits in front of his tent, in a white shirt, without coat or vest. The picture shows a camp-fire in front, and the moonlight in the rear of the tents. The criticism of General Grant when he first saw it was, 'That is all very fine: it looks like Sherman, but he never wore a boiled shirt there, I am sure.'

While living at Long Branch few Confederate officers who visited the place failed to call upon General Grant. He was always glad to see them, and he invariably talked over with them the incidents and results of the war. The general held in high estimation General Joseph E. Johnston, and always spoke of him as one of the very best of Southern generals. At one of my dinners I had the pleasure of getting Johnston, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan together.

I remember that in 1884 I was notified that a number of scientists would meet in Montreal, from all parts of the world, to attend a convention. Sir

William Thomson, Lord Rayleigh, and others, who were to be my guests, asked whether I would present them to General Grant. Some of them had met him. Of course I was very glad to introduce them. I said to him in the morning, 'General, the scientists from Canada are coming down here, and they are very anxious to pay their respects to you.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'I have met some of these people abroad: I will be very glad to see them.' They came to my house and we walked across the lawn to the general's. He sat on the piazza, not being able to stand alone without the use of crutches, and was presented to every one of them, shaking hands with each. He would say to one gentleman, 'How are you, professor? I met you in Liverpool;' and to another, 'Why, how are you? I met you in London;' and 'I am glad to see you, I met you in Manchester.' So he recognized each of his visitors as soon as he laid eyes on them. Many of them said to me afterward, 'Why, I only met him casually with a party of people.'

This power of recognition was remarkable. I subsequently asked him whether he had lost the power; he answered, 'No, I have not lost the power. If I fix my mind on a person, I never forget him; but I see so many that I don't always do it.' I can give a remarkable instance of his memory of persons. During one of the times that he was staying with me in Philadelphia, we were walking down Chestnut street together, and just as we arrived in front of a large jeweler's establishment a lady came out of the store and was about to enter her carriage. General Grant walked up to her, shook hands with her, and put her in the carriage. 'General, did you know that lady?' I asked. 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'I know her.' 'Where did you meet her?' 'Well, I saw her a good many years ago in Ohio, at a boarding-school. She was one of the girls there.' 'Did you never see her before or since?' 'No,' he said. The lady was the daughter of a very prominent Ohio man, Judge Jewett, and the next time we met she said, 'I suppose you told General Grant who I was?' I replied that I did not. 'Why, that is very remarkable,' she answered, in a tone of surprise. 'I was one of two or three hundred girls, and only saw him at school. I have never seen him since.'

I remember an amusing incident which occurred when the English banker Mr. Hope, with his wife and three children, was visiting me at Long Branch. The children wanted to see the general, so one day they were taken over and presented to him. When they came back and were asked whether they had seen him, one of them replied, in rather a disappointed tone, 'Yes, but he had no *crown*.'

CORRECTIONS OF HISTORICAL ERRORS

About a month ago a dispatch was wired over from the North Pacific coast, in which First Assistant-Postmaster-General J. S. Clarkson was made to say that William M. Stone was the "War Governor" of Iowa. This dispatch set forth in substance, if not in words, that ex-Governor Stone organized our forty regiments

of infantry, nine regiments of cavalry, and sundry batteries of artillery. This statement is utterly untrue. I do not believe that Mr. Clarkson ever wrote or authorized it. He certainly knows better, and he is a man who always tells the truth. But I have nowhere seen any correction of this wild, unjust assertion. The facts of the case are as follows: Samuel J. Kirkwood was elected governor of Iowa in 1859. His term began in January, 1860, and expired in January, 1864. At this last-named date the formation of regiments in Iowa had ceased. The only enlistments subsequent to that date were of men to fill up depleted regiments or batteries. Our "War Governor" was *most unmistakably* Samuel J. Kirkwood, afterward United States senator and secretary of the interior. He still lives at Iowa city, hale and hearty, a grand old man, "well-to-do," contented, and happy, where I saw him one day last week.

Reading an article in *Belford's Magazine* for August, entitled "Editors that I have known," by Dr. Alexander Wilder, I find this statement in reference to Horace Greeley: "He was . . . twice a candidate . . . for congress, and always defeated." The fact was very fresh in my memory that he once occupied a seat in congress, and turning to p. 738, vol. ii., of the Messrs. Appletons' most excellent *Cyclopædia of American Biography*, I find that my recollection is correct. I do not think he was ever nominated for the house of representatives excepting on this one occasion, and that was to fill a vacancy in 1848. Readers who are "up in the sixties" will readily recall the fact that Rust, an Arkansas congressman, committed a most ruffianly personal assault upon Mr. Greeley for something he had said on the floor or written to the *Tribune*. Mr. Greeley declined to prosecute him, leaving him to the scorn of public opinion.

But reading down to the end of the paragraph referred to in the cyclopædia, I see it stated that when Colonel Charles G. Halpine ("Miles O'Reilly") died, Mr. Greeley accepted an appointment to the city office held by him, discharged its duties gratuitously, and handed over the salary to Colonel Halpine's widow. I believe this statement to be an error, though I have no other data than that which memory supplies. I am quite certain that the man who performed this act of blessed charity was Brigadier-General Patrick H. Jones, a young Irishman, originally from Cattaraugus county, New York, who made a proud record as a soldier, and rose to considerable distinction in the city of New York. I knew "Pat. Jones" when he was a ragged, tow-headed, bright little boy, "some forty years ago," at home with his parents in the old log house on a lone hill-side in Cattaraugus county; and I saw him when he lay disabled in New York city during the war, with shreds of his coat oozing from an ugly wound into which they had been carried by a minie bullet. Horace Greeley would have been the last man in the world to accept for a single instant credit for magnanimity, or anything else, due another, and I know I only do justice to his memory in making this correction.

CHARLES ALDRICH

WEBSTER CITY, IOWA.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM JOHN HANCOCK TO GENERAL KNOX

[Contributed by Hon. W. Hudson Stephens, Lowville, New York]

Boston April 14th 1787.

Dear Sir

I had the honor of your Letter in reply to mine, & am much obliged by your attention in procuring Lodgings for M^r Hancock & Myself; since which I have Altered my mode of Travelling; M^r Jeffery discovering a wish to see New York with us, I have adopted my Coach, & we propose setting off early on Monday morning, and I am to request of you, Dear Sir, to engage further Accommodations for M^r Jeffery, her head servant, & her head maid. I am sorry to give you this trouble, but I know you will excuse me. Mr Jeffery waits for advices from England before he can leave Town—

I Din'd this Day with our friend Jackson at Jeffery's, his Troops are not cloath'd, & a paragraph has made its appearance in the papers, that the Federal Troops are to be disbanded, which he does not relish—

I hope soon to see you, our best wishes attend you & yours, & am

Yours affectionately

John Hancock

Hon^l General Knox

HISTORICAL CORRESPONDENCE

[Contributed by Hon. E. C. Dawes, Cincinnati, Ohio]

[In 1841 the Marietta Historical Association was formed. It held few meetings and made no publications, but it collected a large amount of valuable material, most of which fell into the hands of Dr. S. P. Hildreth, and is preserved with his other papers in the library of Marietta college. The following letter is among them.—E. C. D.]

Fletcher, Miami County, Ohio, August 17th, 1842.

To Ephraim Cutler, Esqr., President of Marietta Historical Society.

Sir.

I received your circular a few weeks ago. I should have answered it sooner, but my health has been such I did not think I could undertake the task.

I am well pleased that you have formed your Association. I shall be glad if I can give you any information that you are not already in possession of. I will state the time and circumstances of my coming into this country, as well as I can remember, and if you find anything that deserves notice in your historical association you will select what part you please.

In the spring of 1785 congress ordered seven hundred men to be enlisted for three years, for the protection of the western country, from the states of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. I enlisted the first of June. In the course of the summer and fall there were seven companies of men on the Ohio. Two companies erected a fort just above the falls of Ohio on the western bank, two companies erected a fort at the mouth of the Muskingum, and three other companies wintered at Fort McIntosh just below Big Beaver. There was not any settlement on the western bank of the Ohio from Pittsburg to Mississippi; only a few hunters just below the falls on what is called Clark's grant, and a few squatters in the neighborhood where Steubenville is now.

They were ordered to move immediately off the public land: they did not, and still refused to quit; they were determined to hold the lands by what is called tomahawk improvements, as many had in Pennsylvania and Virginia.

In the spring of 1786 about one hundred men were sent to burn them out. Their thirty hunters with their rifles paraded on the bank of the river, with every appearance of an intention to defend themselves; our troops landed and marched up to them and told them if they wanted to save anything that was in their cabins they might have so many minutes to do it in. They moved what little plunder they had out of them, and the cabins were filled with rails and other combustibles, then set fire to and burned. There were some few that were not discovered at this time, that lay a little back from the river, which attempted to raise some corn that year, but it was all destroyed and their cabins burned.

On the east side of the river (Ohio) there was nobody living upon its banks from Pittsburg to Wheeling. At Wheeling there was a small stockade fort with a few families. The next place was at the mouth of the Big Kanawha, where was a small stockade fort containing a few families. The next place was Limestone, which contained a few families in a small fort. The next place was Louisville, opposite to the falls of Ohio; I think there were about thirty families lived there. This year 1786 we were employed in enlarging our fort. There some few Indians came in and appeared to be friendly at that time; they would frequently cross the river in bark canoes and visit the settlements back of Wheeling and the Monongahela, and commit murder and steal horses.

This spring and summer there were a great many boats descended the river, to land at Limestone or Louisville, principally from Maryland and Virginia, loaded with white and black people, wagons, horses, and all kinds of farming tools. There was a barge, and an officer and boat's crew to board every boat by night or day (that did not land), to take the number both of white and black people;

likewise, the number of boats, wagons, horses, cattle, etc. This spring (1786) Mr. Williams and a few hundred came down the river and formed a settlement opposite to Fort Harmar, and Mr. Kerr settled the island above Marietta. About the 1st of April, 1787, Cyril Handa was that day twenty-one years old, he obtained leave to go up to Kerr's island to buy some butter and eggs; he had got but a few rods above the point by a bunch of willows, when three or four Indians who lay in ambush seized the canoe and took him. The sentinel that stood before the garrison gate saw it, but the Indians could not be overtaken, and we never heard from him again.

About the first of June we all left Fort Harmar, except a few to keep garrison, and descended the river to the foot of the falls, now called Shippings-Port, and there stayed until about the first of July, waiting for boats and stores from Pittsburg, and for horses and beef cattle from the cane-brakes in Kentucky. We then took the beef and horses on board the boat, with other munitions of war, and descended the river about two hundred miles and landed at a creek called Pigeon, and there took out our horses and cattle; and those boats that had contained the horses and cattle we sent adrift. We had about twelve or fifteen keel-boats and a number of flat-boats, loaded with provisions and munitions of war, which proceeded to the mouth of the Wabash, with men to work and guard them. We left the river about 6th of July and took a straight course to Post Vincent (Vincennes). There was not the least trace; we had a pilot come and a number of spies. The weeds and grass were high; the cattle and horses being all inclosed by our front, and rear, and flank guards. Our spies came in several times and informed us that they had discovered traces of Indians that appeared in larger numbers than all our force. We expected to be attacked every day. When we came to White river it was so high that we had to carry our cartridge-boxes on the top of our heads; some short men were carried over on the pack-horses. We arrived at Vincennes about the 7th day from the river, all well.

General Harmar held a treaty here with about five or six nations of Indians. We found Vincennes contained about two hundred buildings that people lived in; there were but few that were better than a poor stable. Those of a few French families were tolerably decent. There were six families from the old states, who, I believe, went there on the same principles that most go now to Texas—to save their necks from the halter. We stayed here until about the 5th of October; the keel-boats were sent down the Wabash to the Ohio to meet us at the falls; General Harmar left two companies of men at the garrison, and marched the rest down to the falls, where we arrived safely. The boats arrived about the 20th. We started within a few days after for Fort Harmar, leaving two companies to keep the garrison. As we were ascending the river, not far from the mouth of the Big Sandy, going around a point, we discovered a large gang of buffalo that had just left the Kentucky shore for the western bank. The commanding officer ordered four or five of the smallest boats to cross the river, to cut off their landing. We rowed

out into the river and attacked them. I believe we wounded the most of them ; we got two or three which was excellent beef. We arrived at Fort Harmar about the 15th of November ; it was with much difficulty that we got up on account of ice ; the last two days were remarkably cold for the season. The river was not boatable any more until March, and we were badly supplied with provisions ; contractors' boats could not descend the river. We got our meat from the hunters ; we had some bread-stuff packed on the ice from Wheeling. For several weeks we had corn and potatoes instead of bread.

Nothing happened worthy of notice until the 7th of April, when the Ohio company landed at that place.

I presume there are some gentlemen that are living there, who know what events took place after the landing of the company.

I remain, gentlemen, with much respect,

Your humble servant,

Levi Munsell.

Note by Dr. S. P. Hildreth : " Mr. Munsell was stationed at Fort Harmar in the same company as Jos. Buell. After the arrival of the Ohio company, he with Jos. Buell settled in Marietta and opened a tavern at the point on the corner of 1st and Green street. He married a daughter of Colonel [Alex] Oliver and kept a tavern and boarding-house till 1808 or 9, when he moved to the western part of the state of Ohio. His sons Hartshorn and Philander (?) became men of distinction, one a physician and one a Methodist preacher. On my arrival in October, 1806, I boarded at this house a few days. He was a lively, cheerful man, but stammered in his speech.—S. P. H."

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM MARY AND MARTHA WASHINGTON

[From the Collection of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet]

MARY WASHINGTON TO JOSEPH BALL, ESQ.

July the 2. 1760

Dear Brother

this coms by Cap^t Nickelson you Seem to blam me for not writing to you butt I doe a shour you it is Note for wante of a very great Regard for you & the family, butt as I dont Ship tobacco the Captains Never calls one me Soe that I Never Know when tha Come or when tha goe I believe you have got a very good over-seer at this quarter now Cap^t Newton has taken a Large peace of ground from you which I dear say if you had been hear your Self it had not been Don M^r

Danial & his wife & family is well, Cozen Hannah has been married & Lost her husband she has one Child a boy pray give my Love to Sister Ball & M^r Downman & his Lady & am Dear Brother

Your Loving Sister

Mary Washington

To

M^r Joseph Ball Esquir

at Stratford by Bow Nigh

London. England

MARTHA WASHINGTON TO MISS DANDRIDGE

Mount Vernon Febuary 12th 1801

My dear Patty

I send this letter for you to your Brother Julian by M^r David Randolph as a safe convenience I wished it to get to your hands soon—in it I send three Hundred dollars, one hundred dollars to your sister Polly one hundred dollars to Fanny and one hundred dollars for your self—in six fifty dollars bills—it is the interst of M^r Q Lewis Bond that I gave to you and them

I thank you my dear Patty for your affectionate letter. I have been and am at this time very much indisposed. Nelly has been very unwell and Washington ill, thank god he is getting better. Fanny went to the city with M^{rs} Low soon after christmas and has not returned yet—It will always give me pleasure to see you or either of your sister hear I have often lamented the great distance I am from you.

My love and good wishes to your mother sister & Bro and believe me your ever affectionate

M. Washington

To Miss. M. W. Dandrige

UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM ROBERT MORRIS

[Contributed by Ferguson Haines]

ROBERT MORRIS TO JAMES LOVELL, ESQR.

Philad^a 5th of March 1791

Dear Sir.

You must not blame me for so late an acknowledgement of the receipt of your favour of the 22^d of Jany which was delivered by Genl Lincoln with whom I had some conversation upon the subject of your complaints. He told me that you

had written more particularly to Mr Gerry who would confer with me on the subject, accordingly I expected to hear from Mr Gerry, it is true He & I did not meet so often as I wished, but when we did, He said nothing to me. I must own that his attention as well as mine, was very constantly during this last Session of Congress, called into action by the current business: for this was the case with every member that took an active part in the *doings* of the day.

You must therefore exert your patience for some months longer and if against the next Session of Congress you will point out to Mr Gerry or any of your Representatives or Senators, or to myself, the Points that you feel greivous, I will most cheerfully give my assistance to procure relief provided it can be done with that consistancy that you yourself would in every case wish me to preserve. And you may always rely upon Commanding my Services when you can find use for them upon those terms, on no other would you wish them I Know.

Our Friend Gouverneur was in Paris last Christmas, but I suppose He is now in England and will probably think of returning this year to his native Country where he might be most usefully employed for I know no man more capable or more strongly attached to its interests. My Family are all alive and well. My sons are become men (some of them) and my Eldest Daughter just entering into the Society of the Polite Circles of the times, so that you will conclude that I am verging towards the Grave. However I find myself in Health & Vigour with Spirits almost as playfull as when I was a boy. This in answer to your kind queries. I hope your Family are in equal possession of the Enjoyments of Life, and with the best wishes for your happiness,

I remain

Your most

obedient Servant

Robt Morris.

James Lovell. Esq.

Boston.

NOTES

ROGER GRISWOLD IN THE LOUISIANA DEBATE, 1803—After the subject had been treated (in congress) by speakers of less weight, Roger Griswold of Connecticut took the floor. So long as his party had been in office, the vigor of the Constitution had found no warmer friend than he; but believing New England to have fallen at the mercy of Virginia, he was earnest to save her from the complete extinction which he thought near at hand. Griswold could not deny that the Constitution gave the power to acquire territory; his federalist principles were too fresh to dispute such an inherent right; and Gouverneur Morris, as extreme a federalist as himself, whose words had been used in the Constitution, averred that he knew in 1788 as well as he knew in 1783, that all North America must at length be annexed, and that it would have been Utopian to restrain the movement. This was the old federalist doctrine, resting on "inherent rights," on nationality and broad construction—the federalism of President Washington, which the Republican party from the beginning denounced as monarchical. Griswold would not turn his back on it; he still took a liberal view of the power, and even stretched it beyond reasonable shape to accord with Morris's idea. "A new territory and new subjects," said he, "may undoubtedly be obtained by conquest and by purchase; but neither the conquest nor the purchase can incorporate them into the Union. They must remain in the condition of colonies, and be governed accordingly."

This claim gave the central government despotic power over its new purchase; but it declared that a treaty which pledged the nation to admit the people of Louisiana into the Union must be invalid, because it assumed that "the President and senate may admit at will any foreign nation into this copartnership without the consent of the states," a power directly repugnant to the principles of the compact. In substance, Griswold maintained that either under the war power or under the treaty-making power the government could acquire territory, and as a matter of course could hold and govern that territory as it pleased—despotically if necessary, or for selfish objects; but that the President and senate could not admit a foreign people into the Union as a state. —*Henry Adams's History of United States.*

ALEXANDER T. STEWART—A well-known writer has left the following pen-picture of the great merchant a few years before his death. "I walked down Broadway not long ago, and coming to the corner where Stewart's white quadrangle of iron rises, I saw the merchant himself standing in the middle of the street, directing some stone-pavers. Here was a man whose income is said to have exceeded that of the Marquis of Westminster or the Duke of Bedford. Every day he accumulated the yearly salary of the secretaryship of the treasury he was obliged to decline. This retail store alone is said to involve him in a daily expenditure of \$10,000.

Since the beginning of commerce there was probably never so great a merchant, neither in Tyre nor Alexandria, Venice nor London. And there he stood, a facile-faced, bargaining-eyed man, of light complexion, up to or above the good average height of slender men, concerned with the laying of a block of stone, and speaking about it to laborers and passers-by. While he stood there in plain business clothes, with a silk hat on his head, I saw a clothing-store man of lower Broadway pass by, who returned an income of above \$300,000. Only \$300,000! The poor fellow looked at Stewart with such shrinking yet worshipping envy that I felt for him out of the depths of my soul. The possessor of certain nickels, I ran my hand into my pocket and held them securely, for fear this desperately poor man with only \$300,000 a year would rush upon me and rob me. From this I was again recalled to the study of Mr. Stewart and his \$3,000,000, as much as the whole United States could save out of its vast revenue every month. I stepped into his store, and all its vast lower surface moved and glistened with color and invitation. I passed to the open area at the middle of the store, where looking up through six floors of costly goods, through ships, villas, villages of upholstery, through armies of shirt muslin and miles of silk stockings, and every floor moving, rustling, chattering, bargaining, I began to realize, like General Grant, that the mind which could direct all this, like the instinct which propelled the million-legged spider, might be able to get to the heart of the government finances, and distribute us back

to specie payment. Down the store directly the owner walked, as plain as the plainest customer who wanted a yard of mosquito netting; and I saw him stop to speak with an Irish woman who was underrating the cost of a yard of ribbon."

SAYINGS OF MR. BEECHER—When a physician has a little practice, he goes on foot; when he has a little more, he buys two horses; but when he has a large practice, he must have three horses; and when he has an excessively large practice, he gets four, five, six, or eight horses. And the larger the number of horses that he has in his stable, the less he is obliged to ride each one. And so it is with ideas. If a man has but very few ideas, he rides one; if he has more, he rides two. And the larger his stable is, the more ideas he has. And the consequence is, he rides each one only a proportional part of the time.

It used to be a matter of pride in school for us boys to take punishment bravely. When I had thrown paper balls, and missed the master (to my great regret), and I was called up, and holding out my hand I took the strokes of the rattan, twenty, twenty-five, thirty of them, and took them without flinching, like an Indian, did I not know that all the boys behind me were watching, and saying, "Bravo! there's a hero for you"? And did I not go back to my seat triumphing in my iniquity?

I have been taught a good deal that meditation is a Christian excellence—and so it is; but meditation is largely a running of the mind-mill, and certainly it does not do any good to run the mill

when there is no grist in it. And yet thousands "meditate" when they have nothing to meditate on. Indeed, the great majority of men are unable to supply themselves with food for continuous reflection.

The Bible is like a telescope. If a man looks *through* his telescope, then he sees worlds beyond; but if he looks *at* his telescope, then he does not see anything but that.

Beecher as a Humorist.

QUERIES

TENT ON THE BEACH—Who were the "three friends" mentioned by Whittier in his poem, *Tent on the Beach*, written about 1867? An answer will very greatly oblige
L. B. MONTFORD
St. Louis, Mo.

THE BATTLE OF NATIONS—Will some of the readers of the magazine kindly inform me what battle was called the "Battle of Nations"?
HENRY MORTON
Weymouth, Mass.

NEWDIGATE AND LOUDON' DESCENDANTS—Mr. Nathaniel and Sarah (Lynde) Newdigate of Newport, R. I., had a daughter Isabella who married Thomas Mumford of Rhode Island, also sons

Lewis and John. Did any son of theirs grow to manhood? If so, did he leave children? Did Mrs. Isabella (Newdigate) Mumford leave children? If so, are any of her descendants now living?

Samuel Loudon married Lydia, daughter of Judge John Griswold of Lyme, sister of Governor Matthew Griswold. In a letter from New York in 1775 to Samuel Backus, Esq., who married another sister, quoted in *The Backus Family* by Rev. W. W. Backus, Mr. Loudon speaks of "Mrs. Loudon and the children." What became of the Loudon children? Are any of their descendants still living? Address in reply, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Salisbury, New Haven, Connecticut.

REPLIES

DISASTERS ON LONG ISLAND SOUND [xxiv. 150]—Relative to the inquiry of W. R. Bliss about the *Confederacy*, I would state that she was a thirty-two gun frigate, and was launched in 1778 at Norwich, Connecticut, the command given to Captain Seth Harding. In 1779, congress having ordered the *Confederacy* to carry Mr. Gerard the French minister home, it was agreed that Mr. Jay, our minister to Spain,

should proceed on his mission in the same vessel. Accordingly, having received his instructions October 16, 1779, he left the shores of the Delaware four days afterward. As it was late in the season, no time was lost, and Mr. Bliss can safely place the date of his Boudinot letter about October 1, 1779.

It may not prove uninteresting to state that the *Confederacy* was a most unlucky vessel. When she had reached

the neighborhood of Bermuda she was suddenly dismasted, losing her fore, main, and mizzen masts and her bowsprit. After several anxious weeks she got into Martinique, from whence Mr. Jay took passage in the French frigate *L'Aurore* for Cadiz. The *Confederacy* was finally captured off the Capes of Virginia in June, 1781, by a British seventy-four, having on board a large quantity of clothing and other supplies.

I should have stated that the voyage she made carrying Mr. Jay was her first cruise.

DAVID FITZGERALD

WASHINGTON, D. C.

UNIVERSITIES OF THE WORLD [xxiii. 345, 418, 507; xxiv. 152]—Further additions to my former lists.

ASIA.—Siberia. University of Tomsk. It is a remarkable fact that Tomsk, the location of one of the greatest Nihilist prisons, is also the seat of the only university in Siberia.

Turkey. There are no native colleges. There are three American missionary colleges: Aintab college at Aintab, Euphrates college at Harpoat, and Anatolia college at Marsavan; the last named had 5 professors and 135 students in 1886-7.

The native schools teach little besides reading and writing, and the memorizing of large portions of the Koran; much attention is paid to the last. There is a growing aspiration among the people for the advantages and dignity of western civilization—a desire, especially among the Armenians, for liberal edu-

cation and a struggle for institutions affording it.

The aid indispensably necessary to education has been given by Americans.

India. Bethune college for girls was added to Calcutta university in 1886-7.

AUSTRALASIA.—New South Wales. Sydney university has affiliated with it the Anglican college of St. Paul, the Roman Catholic college of St. John, and the Presbyterian college of St. Andrew.

By a royal charter graduates are entitled "To the same rank, title, and precedence as graduates of universities within the United Kingdom."

NORTH AMERICA.—West Indies: Cuba. University of Havana is very liberal with its degrees, or rather they do not amount to as much as the corresponding degrees in other countries; the degree of doctor of laws (LL.D.) being often conferred where we would confer only the degree of bachelor of arts (A.B.).

SOUTH AMERICA.—Argentine Republic. University of Cordoba is, excepting that of San Marcos at Lima, the most ancient seat of learning in either North or South America.

Its origin dates back to the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Society of Jesus having established it as "Collegio Maximo" in 1610.

In 1622 it was raised to the rank of university by both royal and pontifical sanction.

The first degree conferred was that of bachelor of arts in 1623. 1884: 26 professors, 167 students.

University of Buenos Ayres is of more recent origin. It is claimed to have been founded about the beginning of the

seventeenth century under the name of San Carlos college of the Society of Jesus.

In 1776 the name was changed to that of the college of the Southern Union.

The king of Spain issued a royal decree in the same year for the establishment of a university, but it was not carried out till 1821, when the college was absorbed by the new university. 1884: 40 professors, 737 students.

National Colleges: Buenos Ayres, Catamarca, Concepcion, Corrientes, Cordoba, Jujuy, Mendoza, Rosario, Rioja, San Luis, San Juan, Santiago, Salta, Tucuman. 282 professors, 106 assistant professors, 1,436 students.

National Military college at Buenos Ayres. 22 professors, 121 students.

National Naval college at Buenos Ayres. 16 professors.

National School of Mines at San Juan. 3 professors.

National Agricultural college at Mendoza. Several professors.

Colombia. National University, Military College, College of Architecture, Painting, and Music, at Bogota. Naval College at Carthagena. School of Mines at Antioquia.

Paraguay. National College. 1890. 15 professors, 150 students.

AFRICA.—Algeria. 4 colleges and 1 lyceum: Algiers, Bona, Constantine, Phillipeville, and Oran. The Mohammedans have several French Arabic colleges.

Egypt. University of Cairo, called *El-Ashor* (the blossom) from the mosque with which it is connected, attracts students from Arabia, India, Turkey, Asia Minor, Sunda Islands, and

different parts of Africa. 1872: 40 professors, 9,668 students. Mehemet Ali established a college at Paris for Egyptians at the commencement of the present century, but only a few of the young men educated there by the government afterward devoted themselves to education.

Polytechnic school, whose graduates attend either the school of administration for entrance into the service of the state, or the military college of the Abassieh at Cairo for the army. 1871: the first had 80 students, the second 75, the last 750.

Law school. Mohammedan and Roman law, and that of the Christian nations in general, is taught.

Philological and arithmetical college. School of arts and industry founded by Mehemet Ali, in Balak, and improved by Ismail Pasha. 1871: 100 students. Medical college, 75 students. Naval college at Alexandria, 85 students.

Morocco. The fame of its ancient universities during the middle ages attracted Arabs from all over Africa. The university of Dar-el-ibu is the only one remaining, and it continues to confer academic degrees. The Mufti, its head, is one of the most important persons in the empire. Young men preparing for law, religion, or letters are taught grammar, Arabic poetry, and Mohammedan law and religion.

ASIA.—Arabia. There are colleges in some of the cities and larger towns. The Arabian schools of the caliphate, and later those founded by the Moors in Spain, attained world-wide fame and eclipsed all other literary institutions. Students attended from all parts of

Europe to learn Greek and Arabic literature and the philosophy of Aristotle. These students brought Arabic numbers with them from the Arabian schools.

They began to decline in the tenth century, and the fall of the caliphate of Bagdad in 1258 saw the Arabian schools in Spain extinguished.

China. University of Peking founded by Prince Kung in 1868; instruction on the European plan; a great observatory is connected with it.

The mandarins had procured a law that none but themselves should study astronomy, except under heavy penalties.

The prince complained to the people about this unjust law, and thus justified to the jealous Chinamen his introduction of foreign instructors and inventions.

Polytechnic school at Fu-tschieu, founded 1867.

Mechanical school at Shanghai, founded 1866.

Corea. Royal college, founded 1886, has American professors, and western sciences and literature are taught.

India. 1888. 5 universities, 13,189 students, of whom 17 were girls. No attention heretofore has been given to the education of women.

Japan. Imperial university, *Kaiseigakko*, at Tokio. 1879: 39 professors, of whom 18 were foreign and 21 native; 284 students. The lectures in polytechnics and mining are delivered in English. In 1875 11 students were sent to foreign countries, and 10 in 1876, distributed as follows: 2, Boston university law school; 1, Harvard law school; 3, Columbia school of mines; 3, Rensselaer polytechnic institute; 3, Middle Tem-

ple; 1, Owen's college; 2, London university college; 2, Glasgow university; 3, Central school of arts and manufactures at Paris; 1, school of mines at Freiburg, Saxony.

Some of them attain high rank in scholarship. Many of the young men sent abroad have taken high positions in the government service and as professors.

Foo college at Hirosaki is more than one hundred years old.

Military college at Tokio on the plan of West Point academy.

Naval training school on board the ship *Tsukuba Kan*.

There are also law, engineering, medical, and agricultural colleges, well equipped with foreign instructors and apparatus.

NORTH AMERICA.—Central America: Costa Rica. University of San José, 6 professors, 100 students.

Guatemala. Trinidad college and Trident college in New Guatemala, and one college in Old Guatemala. Trident college is the most famous in Central America, and attracts students from all over Central America.

Honduras. 2 universities in name only.

Nicaragua. 2 universities, 1 in Leon and 1 in Granada, in name only. There have been so many civil wars, and filibustering expeditions from outside, that education is greatly neglected.

Salvador. University of Salvador, reorganized in 1886, is the second in importance in Central America. 1888: 180 students.

Mexico. University of Mexico only confers degrees, studies being pursued

in the colleges. 1874 : 54 national and state colleges, 9,337 students.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Argentine Republic. University of Cordova, established 1605 by Jesuits, after their expulsion in 1767, came under the control of the Franciscans and declined. Not until after the constitution of 1860 did educational interests grow. There was such indifference among the people that the government was compelled not only to furnish instruction, books, and all other necessities free, but also to *pay* the pupils for the trouble of attending school and studying—the only case ever known to the history of any age or nation.

Scholarships called *becas* were established, giving students a monthly allowance of from ten to fifteen dollars in gold. The people of the cities and large towns desire an education, but the *Gauchos* of the plains do not care for any. 1872 : 162 professors, 3,697 students.

Bolivia. University of Chuquisca, founded by Jesuits, and named after St. Francis Xavier. Universities of La Paz and Cochabamba are almost exclusively for the education of lawyers. Medical college at La Paz, colleges of science and arts at La Paz and Cochabamba. College *de Jeunin* at Chuquisca. 1887 : 24 colleges, of which 8 are for sciences, with 1,070 students, and 16 for arts.

Brazil. College of Pedro II. at Rio Janeiro, established 1854. 1887 : 351 students. Law schools at Sao Paulo and Recife (Pernambuco), 542 students. Medical colleges at Bahia and Rio Janeiro, 868 students. Military and naval

colleges and polytechnic school at Rio Janeiro.

Chili. University of Chili has a faculty composed of some of the best scholars of Germany and France. Military and agricultural colleges and national colleges of arts and industry at Santiago.

Ecuador. 1873 : 6 colleges, 59 professors, 757 students. 1 ladies' college, 4 professors, 153 students. University of Quito comprises four colleges : college of St. Gregory, founded by Jesuits 1586, and invested with the privileges of Salamanca 1621 ; college of St. Thomas of Aquino, which is Dominican ; *collegio Mayor* ; and college of San Fernando. Polytechnic school : 13 professors, 59 students. Military college, 5 professors, 23 students.

Paraguay. College at Asuncion, founded in 1783. The wars between 1860 and 1870 caused the suspension of educational affairs. A number of young men have been sent in recent years to France to be educated as professors.

Peru. University of San Marcos at Lima is the oldest on the American continent, having been founded in 1551, and its faculties fully organized twenty years later. In 1650 it had more than 20 professors of the Spanish and Quichua languages, law, medicine, philosophy, and theology. The five universities only confer degrees, the studies being pursued in the colleges. 1887 : 30 colleges, of which 3 were for girls ; 38 private colleges, of which 14 are for girls. Military and naval colleges at Lima.

MURRAY EDWARD POOLE

ITHACA, NEW YORK.

HISTORIC AND SOCIAL JOTTINGS

One of the interesting original letters to be found in the Charles Aldrich collection of the Iowa state library is from Lord Macaulay to his sister, Lady Hannah Trevelyan, on the eve of the publication of his great work the *History of England*. It will be observed that he had quite serious misgivings as to the ultimate success of his undertaking. "Baba," to whom the distinguished historian refers in his letter, was subsequently the widely known Lady Holland of Holland House. It was Lady Holland herself who presented the precious letter to Mr. Aldrich, with two pages of the original manuscript of Macaulay's *History of England*.

The letter of Lord Macaulay reads as follows: "Oct. 24, 1848.—Dearest Hannah: I inclose a letter which I have just received from Charles, and a copy of one [of] his first performances as a journalist. I think his sentiments highly creditable to him. Bring the paper back with you that Trevelyan may see it. Our uncle John has just been here. Poor man, he looks a mere ruin. He came up to consult Brodie. I fear that he has very little life in him, and that his remaining days will be days of suffering. I was quite shocked to see him.

I do not know whether you have heard how pleasant a day Baba passed with me. We had a long, long walk, a great deal of pleasant chat, a very nice dinner, and a quiet happy evening. She is really the very best girl in the world.

That was my only holiday last week, and indeed the only fine day that we had last week. I work, with scarcely an intermission, from seven in the morning to seven in the afternoon, and shall probably continue to do so during the next ten days. Then my labours will become lighter, and, in about three weeks, will completely cease. There will still be a fortnight before the publication. I have armed myself with all my philosophy for the event of a failure, though Jeffrey, Ellis, Marion, Longman and Mrs. Longman seem to think that there is no chance of such a catastrophe. I might add Macleod, who has read the third chapter, and, though he makes some objection, professes to be, on the whole, better pleased than with any other history that he has read. The state of my own mind is this: when I compare my book with what I imagine that history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed; but when I compare it with some histories which have a high repute, I feel re-assured. But Alice will say that this is boasting. Love to her and to Mrs. Charles, and to Charles's bairns.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY."

The Aldrich collection contains portraits and examples of the penmanship of Lady Holland and her distinguished brother the Right Honorable George Otto Trevelyan. There are also two fine engravings of his lordship. The library of the British museum also possesses similar—but no better—specimens of Macaulay's writing. Money would not buy them, but Lady Holland wrote that she could not better discharge her trust as the custodian of these manuscripts than by responding to such a request as that of the Iowa collector.

BOOK NOTICES

LITERARY PAPERS OF WILLIAM AUSTIN. With a biographical sketch by his son, JAMES WALKER AUSTIN. 8vo, pp. 394. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1890.

The author of the papers included in this volume was born in Massachusetts in 1778, and died in 1841. He was graduated from Harvard college in 1798, a class which numbered among its members such men as William Ellery Channing, Joseph Story, Richard Sullivan, and Stephen Longfellow. He was the following year appointed chaplain in the navy, and sailed in the frigate *Constitution*. He afterward went to England, and gives an account of a visit to George III. "I walked," he says, "with White, Allston, Dana, and Walter to Windsor to see the royal family parade on the terrace. We all had canes, as was the fashion of the time, and to our surprise, upon entering the grounds, these were taken away by the usher. I said, 'I hope you do not think we came to cane his Majesty.' I had seen the king before and knew his person. The others spoke almost in one breath: 'Austin, which is the king?' I said, 'Do you see that man there?' pointing to the king. 'Yes.' 'Well, that is the rascal who burned my father's barn.'" The Austin family lived in Charlestown at the time of the battle of Bunker Hill, and both house and barn were burned in the conflagration.

Mr. Austin studied law and was a successful practitioner. But he is best known through his literary work. "The tale which will, perhaps, keep him in lasting memory," says T. W. Higginson, "is 'Peter Rugg, the Missing Man.' It was first printed in Buckingham's *New England Galaxy* for September 10, 1824, and that editor says of it: 'This article was reprinted in other papers and books, and read more than any newspaper communication that has fallen within my knowledge.' It is the narrative in the soberest language of a series of glimpses of a man who spends his life in driving a horse and chaise in the direction of Boston, but never getting there. He is accompanied by a child; and it subsequently turns out that he really left Boston about the time of the Boston massacre (1770) and has been traveling ever since." This story is included in the volume and will be read with varying interest. Among the other papers which have been here preserved are: "The Sufferings of a Country Schoolmaster," "The Man with the Cloaks: a Vermont Legend," and "The Late Joseph Natterson." Austin's racy "Letters from London," in 1803-1804, occupy some two hundred pages of the volume, and are very pleasant reading. They are filled with comments on public affairs and characters, as, for exam-

ple: "Pitt you are willing to hear until he is exhausted. But Fox lays down an interesting position, fixes your earnest regard, and attaches you wholly to himself; then by the rapidity of his utterances hurries you on, not to immediate conviction, for he is sure the minds of all are pressing forward. Pitt's eloquence is the eloquence of the head, and not the eloquence of the heart. He is as cold as the polar regions, and as dry as the deserts of Arabia. He is afraid to tempt his feelings lest his heart should betray his head. He stands self-supported, and seems to plant himself in a narrow defile, prepared to oppose all who come in his way. Although he sees his adversaries from afar—some, like Fox, approaching directly, others scouring along the declivities, and a few subaltern partisans who retreat the moment their heads are discovered above the hills—he maintains his ground, notwithstanding his accustomed armor renders him incapable of varying his weapons, while his mechanical movements forbid him to pursue the enemy. Though Fox is slovenly in appearance, unwieldy in person, and ungracious in manners, though his voice is disagreeably shrill, his words frequently indistinct, and his action generally embarrassed, yet he has scarcely begun before you are solicitous to approach nearer to the man. So much pure principle, natural sagacity, strong argument, noble feeling, adorned with the choicest festoons of ancient and modern literature, and all these issuing from a source hitherto inexhaustible, never before so distinguished a man."

THE CIVIL WAR ON THE BORDER.

By WILEY BRITTON, War Department, 1861-62. 8vo, pp. 465. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.

In the admirably written volume before us we have furnished an account of the most important military operations and events in Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, and the Indian Territory during the memorable years 1861 and 1862. The author served with the Union army in that section during the entire war, and having participated in the operations and witnessed most of the events described he has been able to write of the stirring scenes in a realistic fashion. To secure as much accuracy as possible, he has compared his data with the official reports published by the government. Events followed each other with startling rapidity in that part of the country. The protracted struggle over the territorial extension of slavery, which had up to the actual outbreak of civil war been chiefly a war of words, was turned into a physical conflict, and nowhere

were the perils and trials and sufferings of the people more severe than in the border region, of which the volume before us treats. After the battle of Carthage, which created intense excitement throughout western Missouri, the situation was indescribably terrible. Mr. Britton gives a glimpse of it in the following graphic paragraph: "Now that the rebel forces occupied southwest Missouri, the Union men deemed it safest to fly to the woods and hills for concealment. Instead of respecting the rights of property of all classes, as Colonel Sigel's troops had done, the rebel troops took all the serviceable horses they could find belonging to Union citizens. In many cases the secessionists accompanied the rebel soldiers to point out their Union neighbors whose property was to be taken. Here and there a wife or mother, in the absence of husband or sons, stood at the gate to plead with armed and hostile men to spare the property of which the family had become possessed after many years of toil, hardships, and sacrifices. There was introduced a phase of war of which few if any had ever dreamed. But now that its desolating effects were beginning to be felt, the property of Union citizens was seized and appropriated for the use of the rebel army, in spite of the tears of women and children. Men who a few days before were pursuing their peaceful occupations on the farm, at the carpenter's bench, or in the blacksmith's shop, fled from their fields and shops and concealed themselves as well as they could in the woods and hills, and were fed clandestinely by their families. The bloody threats of the secessionists and their acting as informers against Unionists produced a feeling of insecurity among Union men, so that in seeking their safety they left their scythes in half-cut swaths, their plows in mid-furrow, and their work in unfinished condition."

Fine portraits of General Nathaniel Lyon and General John M. Schofield grace the book, and there are numerous maps of battlefields which are exceedingly helpful to the reader who is not acquainted with the geography of the interior of our great country. Aside from the larger battles there was an almost incessant series of what is termed "affairs," where a comparatively small number of men were engaged, but which were occasions for the exhibition of the finest qualities of strength, tact, and daring. This work will be read with thrilling interest, and Mr. Britton is to be congratulated for having executed his difficult task with such satisfactory results.

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE. By WALTER BESANT. 12mo, pp. 396. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1890.

This extremely interesting novel abounds with

the picturesque, and its heroine is a novelty even in fiction. Armorel is a beautiful girl of fifteen who knows nothing of the world, living almost alone on one of the Scilly isles. She is suddenly awakened to a sense of her marvelous ignorance through the visit of an artist to the island, whom she with the aid of her man servant has rescued from a watery grave. A year or two afterward, she comes into possession of a large fortune which her ancestors have amassed by wrecking and other enterprises, and proceeds to go away for five years and educate herself. She then takes apartments in London, where she meets "the cleverest man in England," who has won a great reputation by advancing money to promising young artists, poets, story-writers, dramatists, etc., and using their productions as his own. Alec Fielding is really the principal male character in the book, and although there may be many like him, we shall not be apt to find such an one shown up by a charming young girl of twenty-one, unmasked as it were, and then see him go on with his base performances in other directions, passably successful, and quite unmolested. Armorel is a delightful character, and wherever she appears the story is clever, bewitching, and warm with color. Mr. Besant has rarely produced a more entertaining novel.

THE OHIO VALLEY IN COLONIAL DAYS. By BERTHOLD FERNOW. 8vo, square, pp. 299. Albany, New York: Joel Munsell's Sons. 1890.

Mr. Fernow has in this volume made an exhaustive study of the Ohio valley in colonial days, precisely what is expressed in the title to the volume. He has commenced with the discovery of the region, and the earliest geographical knowledge recorded on European maps. He then traces the Indian tribes, and describes their intercourse with the pioneers in the wilderness. He says it is proper "that a citizen of New York should write of the Ohio valley, because by the treaties of 1701, 1726, and 1768, made in New York territory and by New York influences, the former owners of the Ohio territory, the aboriginal rulers of the eastern half of this continent, placed the largest share of their country under the protection of New York, and because the latter state made a union of the colonies possible by ceding to New England claimants—claimants under royal paper titles—so much of the territory derived from the original owners." The well-known facts, scattered through a library of books on this theme, have been collected and freshly arranged, and made more useful for reference through the addition of some hitherto unpublished and unknown material. Mr. Fernow says, "The first white man to erect a dwelling in Ohio was the Moravian missionary Christian Frederic

Post, known to be a sagacious and able man, who had great influence among the Indians: he was sent in 1751 and 1758 by the governor of Pennsylvania on a mission to the Delawares, Shawanoes, and Mingoes, living then on the Ohio and its northern tributaries, a territory which, after its acquisition by the treaty of Paris, was declared Crown land by King George's proclamation of October 7, 1763. This proclamation forbade the king's 'loving subjects' to make purchases of land from the Indians, or to form settlements 'westward of the sources of the rivers which fall into the sea from the west and northwest.' The reason given for this policy was the necessity of convincing the Indians of English justice by preventing irregularities.

An interesting extract is made from the journal of Galinée, a missionary of the order of St. Sulpitius, who became one of La Salle's companions. He was well acquainted with the Algonquin dialect, and had some reputation as surveyor and astronomer. The volume also contains a journal by Thomas Batts, Thomas Woods, and Robert Fallam, "From Virginia beyond the Appalachian Mountains in September, 1671," sent to the Royal Society by Mr. Clayton, which is an interesting feature of the work. In Mr. Clayton's letter, read to the Society October 24, 1688, appears the following: "I know Col. Byr'd that is mentioned (in the journal) to have been about that time as far as the Toterias. He is one of the intelligentest gentlemen in all Virginia, and knows more of Indian affairs than any man in the country."

MIDNIGHT TALKS AT THE CLUB. Reported by AMOS K. FISKE. 16mo, pp. 298. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1890.

The greater part of the papers which form this little volume originally appeared as a series in the Sunday issues of the *New York Times*, where they excited so much interest and were so much called for months after they appeared, that the author thought it wise to preserve them in substantial form. The topics considered are various. Temperance, Sunday Observances, Political Immorality, the Usefulness of Delusion, Ancient Scripture, and Irish-Americans are among the many. The papers as a rule are full of clear thought and generous feeling, expressed in attractive guise. They will lead many to think for themselves who have not seriously attempted that interesting exercise; and on the other hand they will bring restored comfort to many who, dazed by the light of scientific and critical research so widely popularized in our day, have feared that they were losing their way altogether because the old paths seem to be destroyed while undergoing reconstruction.

JOHN JAY [American Statesman Series]. By GEORGE PELLEW. 16mo, pp. 374. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1890.

The author of this book is the nephew of the present Hon. John Jay, and the great-grandson of the illustrious subject, of whom he has written with intelligent discretion. He has had every opportunity for authentic information, and has reanimated the conventional portrait, without in any sense disturbing the beauty and symmetry of Mr. Jay's well-known and well-rounded character. It would have been a grave mistake to have omitted such a statesman from the "American Statesman Series," but aside from that, new material has come to light in relation to the secret designs of France, and the real attitude of her government toward the colonies and their proposed independence, showing that our sagacious ambassador was absolutely correct in his suspicions and convictions, and proving the necessity of the bold course of action he adopted. These facts have been incorporated in the present volume, and with skillful and commendable brevity. It is pleasant to find the human side of Mr. Jay brought into agreeable juxtaposition with his public career. Mr. Pellew allows us to see him at school in New Rochelle, where to keep the snow off his bed in winter he used to stuff the broken panes of his window with bits of wood; at college, where he was rusticated a short time before he was to graduate, because he refused to give information against a fellow student; in his law studies, when the eminent Kissam complained that he had brought up a bird to peck out his own eyes responding, "Oh, no, not to peck out but to open your eyes;" and with his beautiful young wife, in somewhat of the living charm which distinguished their lives. He was still young in years when he put his hand on Franklin's diplomatic machinery and opened the way for this country to be received among the recognized nations of the world.

We see him afterward as the commissioner of the second treaty with Great Britain, when, as Lord Sheffield subsequently complained, his powerful fascination drew from Grenville the great concessions of the treaty of 1794. The little book is full of telling pictures. In one we see Jay and Gouverneur Morris sitting together, when Morris breaks out: "Jay, what a set of scoundrels we had in that second congress;" and Jay, knocking the ashes from his pipe and quietly recounting to himself the long list of French pensioners we now know to have been in it, replied: "Yes, that we had." Mr. Pellew has executed his task with admirable results, and his book will be welcomed everywhere.

MISCELLANEOUS

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Surplus,	9,657,248 44
Increase in Surplus,	1,717,184 81
Receipts,	31,119,019 62
Increase during year,	4,903,087 10
Paid Policy Holders,	15,200,608 38
Increase during year,	473,058 16
Risks Assumed,	151,602,483 37
Increase during year,	48,388,222 05
Risks in force,	565,949,933 92
Increase during year,	83,824,749 56
Policies in force,	182,310
Increase during year,	23,941
Policies written in 1889,	44,577
Increase over 1888,	11,971

THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Real Estate and Bond and Mortgage Loans,	\$69,361,913 13
United States Bonds and other Securities,	50,323,469 81
Loans on Collateral Securities,	9,845,500 00
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest,	2,988,632 79
Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit, etc.,	3,881,812 29
	\$136,401,328 02

Liabilities (including Reserve at 4%), \$126,744,079 58.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

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From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Assets.	Surplus.
1884.....	\$34,681,420.....	\$351,789,285.....	\$103,876,178 51.....	\$4,743,771
1885.....	46,507,139.....	368,981,441.....	108,908,967 51.....	5,012,634
1886.....	59,832,719.....	393,809,203.....	114,181,963 24.....	5,643,568
1887.....	69,457,468.....	427,628,933.....	118,806,851 88.....	6,294,442
1888.....	103,214,261.....	482,125,184.....	126,082,153 56.....	7,940,063
1889.....	151,602,483.....	565,949,934.....	136,401,328 02.....	9,657,248

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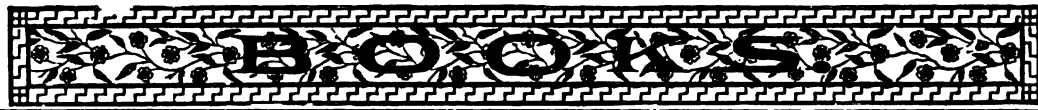
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SOURCES AND GUARANTEES OF NATIONAL PROGRESS

IT is a happy and wholesome impulse which prompts us to look back from principal anniversaries to the character and the work of those from whose life our own has sprung, and of the fruit of whose labor we gratefully partake. No effects which are not morally beneficent can follow celebrations like that of to-day; and I gladly respond to the courtesy which invites me—though a stranger to most of you, not a descendant of the settlers of Southold, only incidentally connected with its history through the fact that an ancestor of mine, one hundred and twenty-seven years ago, became pastor of its church, with the smaller fact that I have a pleasant summer home within its old bounds—to take part with you in this commemoration.* The special line of thought presenting itself to me in connection with the occasion will want, of course, the sparkling lights and shifting colors of local reminiscence, but I hope that it may not seem unsuited to the day, or wholly unworthy of that kind attention on which I am sure that you will suffer me to rely.

The two and a half centuries of years which have silently joined the past since the settlement by Englishmen of this typical American town have witnessed, as we know, a wide, various, in the aggregate effect an astonishing change in the conditions and relations of peoples, especially of those peoples whose place in modern history is most distinguished, and with which our public connection has been closest. We get, perhaps, our clearest impression of the length of the period which presents itself for review as we recall some particulars of the change; and it is a fact of encouraging significance that almost uniformly the lines of change have been in the direction of better things—toward the limitation of despotic authority, the wider extension and firmer establishment of popular freedom; toward a more general education, with a freer and more animating Christian faith; toward improved mechanisms, widened commerce, the multiplication within each nation of the institutes and minis-

* This oration was delivered by Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, LL.D., at Southold's celebration of her two hundred and fiftieth birthday, August 27, 1890.

tries of a benign charity, the association of nations in happier relations. This prevailing trend in the general movement of civilized society can hardly be mistaken. A rapid glance at some prominent facts of the earlier time, with our general remembrance of the courses on which Christendom has advanced, will make it apparent.

It is a circumstance which at once attracts an interested attention that in the same year in which Pastor Youngs and his associated disciples here organized their church, and within a fortnight of the same date, the memorable Long Parliament was assembled at Westminster, the convening of which had been made inevitable by darkening years of royal imposition and popular discontent, the public spirit and political ability combined in which had probably been equaled in no previous parliament, and which was destined in the more than twelve years of its stormy life to see and to assist prodigious changes in the civil and religious system of England. It was more than eight years after the settlement which we celebrate that the scaffold at Whitehall received the stately and tragic figure of Charles I. and sharply cut short his ambitions and his life. It was more than eighteen years after the Indian title had here been purchased that the death of the great Lord Protector opened the way for the return of Charles II. and his dissolute reign of revel and jest. It was almost half a century before the reign of William and Mary introduced the new and nobler era into the kingdom which had staggered so long under sorrows and shames. We go back to the day of Strafford and Laud, of Hampden and Pym, of the Star Chamber and the High Commission, as we think of those who reared the first houses upon this plain. The contrast of what was with what now is is not less striking, in some respects it is more impressive, if we cross the channel, and recall what was going on at the time in the states of the continent. It was more than two years after the date of this settlement when the death of the crafty and daring Cardinal Richelieu delivered France, amid unusual popular rejoicings, from his imperious and unscrupulous rule. It was nearly three years before the commencement, under the regency of Anne of Austria, of the long, splendid, detestable reign of Louis XIV. It was twelve years before the close of the war of the Fronde, and forty-five years before that revocation of the Edict of Nantes which pushed hundreds of thousands of her noblest children out of France, the cost of which to the kingdom, in character and power even more than in riches, could never be computed, the disastrous effects of which are evident to-day in its social, religious, and political life.

When the early colonists came to these distant plains the Thirty Years' war was raging in Germany, with a fury exasperated by the unparalleled

strife and ravage of the preceding twenty-two years. Gustavus Adolphus had fallen in death in the fog at Lutzen, and his capricious and eccentric daughter Christina, though formally enthroned, was a petulant girl of fourteen years, only held in check by the masterful intelligence and the dominating will of the great Chancellor Oxenstiern. The eighty years' war of the Netherlands against Spain was not yet diplomatically ended, though even Spanish arrogance and prelatical fury could hardly hope longer for final success. Barneveldt had been twenty-one years in his grave; but Grotius, though an exile from the country to which he had given loyal service and a beautiful renown, was at the height of his fame in Europe, and the future illustrious grand pensionary of Holland, John De Witt, was an aspiring lad of fifteen years. Interior Germany had been wasted beyond precedent, almost one might say beyond belief, by the tremendous struggle through which it was still painfully passing on the way to the era of religious toleration; the peace of Westphalia was only to be reached eight years later, October 24, 1648; and the interval was to be measured not so much by years, or even by decades, as by successions of generations, before the vast elements of strength, political, military, educational, religious, which have since belonged, and which now belong, to the most commanding empire in Europe, were to come to their free historic exhibition. Forty-three years after Southold was settled, the Turkish armies, with barbaric ferocity and fatalistic fanaticism, were beleaguering Vienna, and the famous capital was only saved from capture and sack by the consummate daring and military skill of John Sobieski, king of the Poland which in less than ninety years was to be brutally dismembered. Prussia, which now is supreme in Germany, did not become a kingdom, the Elector of Brandenburg was not strong enough to assume a crown, till more than sixty years after these fields and forest-spaces had felt the thrust of the plow and rung with the stroke of the English ax. In the same year in which the first houses were raised here Portugal was successful in wrenching itself from that Spanish clutch which sixty years before had been fastened upon it by Philip II., and the power of Spain, already diminished more than it knew by the recent insensate expulsion of the Moors, was further reduced through this resumption by Portugal of its proper autonomy. Urban VIII., who led the way in condemning the Jansenists, was the head at the time of the Roman Catholic world, and the fierce zeal which seventy years earlier had instigated and celebrated the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew's was still a vicious prevailing force in Southern Europe. In the north of the continent Peter the Great, with whom the modern history of Russia begins, was not born till

after the first pastor of this church had fulfilled his useful ministry here of thirty-two years, and had been laid in his honored grave.

Even a fragmentary outline like this, indicating a few prominent points in the half chaotic condition of Europe two and a half centuries ago, will serve to remind us what astonishing changes have there occurred since this modest but beautiful town was started on its prosperous course. The swift review brings prophecy with it. A general progress unmistakably appears, amid whatever clash of ambitions or whirls of change. Events seem hurrying, as if the history of mankind were drawing nearer a destined consummation. One cannot well resist the impression of a forecasting and governing purpose, which cannot be wearied, and which on the large scale never is baffled ; which has ages for its days, which makes nations its ministers, and the perfect fulfillment of whose august plans is to transform the earth into a paradise of wider extent than the primeval, in a lovelier beauty, through universal righteousness and peace.

But these changes in other lands, remarkable as they are, are hardly as full of animating promise as are those occurring in the same period in the nation which has sprung to sudden greatness out of distributed towns like this. The change has come here chiefly in the way of development, with rapid simultaneous accretions from abroad, rather than in the way of convulsive and fracturing organic change ; but how amazing in the aggregate it has been ! It is hard to recognize the fact that at the time of the settlement of this village, Hartford and New Haven were insignificant hamlets, including each a church and a graveyard, with a few poor houses ; that only the obscure and winding Bay Path anticipated in New England that comprehensive railway system which now overlays it with meshes of iron ; that only an unimportant huddle of houses around a small fort marked the site of the present magnificent commercial metropolis, one of the financial centres of the world ; that the Swedes and Finns were just beginning their short-lived colony on the Delaware ; and that more than forty years were still to elapse before the peace-loving Quakers were to take advantage of that royal grant to William Penn which was not made till 1681. Over all the now resounding continental expanses the Indians were lords paramount, where in general to-day they are scarcely recalled save by legend or history, as starting trains of ethnological inquiry or inspiring efforts of Christian charity—sometimes, perhaps, with an evil twist of what was fierce or childish in them, as hideously caricatured in the Ku-Klux disguise, or supplying a title for the chief members of the Tammany society. The few thousands of English, Dutch, and Swedish immigrants then clustering lonesomely along the narrow Atlantic edge are now multiplied, as we

know, into a vast cosmopolitan people, numbering nearly sixty-five millions, and increasing in an accelerating ratio. The imperfect and frail early alliance between the colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven, whose brief life did not begin till three years after this town was settled, has been succeeded by the immense organized union of forty-four powerful states, exuberant with vigor, proudly independent in local affairs, but for national concerns compacted in a unity which nothing but the splitting of the continent can disturb; and the pinching poverty of the time to which we reverently look back has been followed by that extraordinary wealth which makes the nation one of the richest in the world, and to which mine, meadow, and sea, the factory and the prairie, the cotton field, the sugar field, oil wells and fisheries, even quarry and forest, under the skilled enterprise of man, are adding prodigiously all the time.

Whatever special lines of comparison we follow, the same amazing contrast appears. The only institution for any education higher than that of the common-school was then the recent and small one at Cambridge, to which, only two years before this village began, had come Harvard's bequest of money and books. What multitudes of colleges, seminaries, professional schools, institutes of learning and of training, of every grade, for both the sexes, now fill the land, I need not remind you. The country is almost too crowded with them, while every department of human knowledge is fairly or richly represented among them. A newspaper was, of course, not imagined on these shores when the Indian wigwams began to retreat before the habitations of civilized man. None was known in England till this town had been settled twenty-three years. The first in America was still more than sixty years in the distance. Yet a small printing-press had been brought from England to Cambridge, and an almanac was soon issued from it. In the year of the commencement of this village the *Bay Psalm Book* appeared, from the same press, to quicken with rude versification of Hebrew lyrics the praises of those who were laboring and enduring for God on these unsubdued coasts. It is never to be forgotten that the early office of the press in this country was to give an expression, however unskilled, to the reverent and grateful adoration of those who felt themselves nearer to God because exiles from home, and to whom, in the midst of penury, cold, hardship, of wasting sickness and savage assault, he had given songs in the night. The *New England Primer* was in spirit a natural companion of this, though later in appearance, the date of the first edition being uncertain, the second following in 1691. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* had been reprinted

earlier, in 1681. The poems of Anne Bradstreet had preceded this, in 1678. Morton's *New England's Memorial* had come from the same press in 1669. Books like these were designed, of course, for English readers, while a fervent missionary temper prompted others for the Indians. Eliot was not able in 1640 to address those near him in their own tongue, but no long time passed before he had mastered the Massachusetts dialect of the Algonquin language, and had begun to convey into it the entire Bible. A catechism for the Indians was published by him in 1654. His translation of the Scriptures appeared in 1661 and 1663, from the press to which it gave renewed consecration. An Indian primer followed, in 1669. His translation of Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*, in 1664, was followed by others till 1689; and the work of the Cambridge press for the Indians was continued into the following century. These *incunabula*, or "cradle books" of New England, with the others, principally sermons and theological essays, for which collectors now make indefatigable search, were not imposing in size or style, were commonly rude in typographical execution. Their relative antiquity alone commends them to modern attention. But there was certainly a large prophecy in them.

To what practically immeasurable proportions the literature of the country has since expanded we all are aware, how many distinguished native authors have conspired for its enrichment, how familiarly at home in it are choice translations from other tongues, how copiously the eloquence and song of other centuries address through it attentive minds, what abundance and brilliance it adds all the time to American life! Either one of several of our current magazines is a better exponent of the modern civilization than the Parthenon was of the Hellenic, or the Forum Romanum of that which ruled from the Tiber; and the yearly issues of these alone are counted in the millions.

Of necessity these changes, and the others which they suggest, have not come without vast endurance and endeavor, the record of which occupies volumes, the report of which gives distinction to the continent. The steady advance of a civilized population from the seaboard to the fertile interior; the training of the ever-multiplying people to public administration, in local congregations, in town meetings, in provincial assemblies; the repeated French and Indian wars, exhausting but educating, scarring with fire the lengthening frontier but making homes always more dear; the multiform movements, political, commercial, military, religious, ultimating in what we call the Revolution, which was, in fact, a predestined Evolution, in special circumstances and on a vast scale, of the inherent life of the people; the closing severance from Great Britain, and the speedy establishment of our

government, with its coördinate departments of authority, its careful limitations, and its sovereign functions; the following periods of political discussion, and of free and confident legislative action; the ever inflowing immigration from abroad of those attracted by virgin fields, by the absence of oppressive restrictions, and by the stir of an eager and fruitful popular enterprise; the introduction of more powerful forces and more elaborate mechanisms into diversified fields of labor; the sudden transportation of a courageous and well-equipped empire over alkali plains and rocky crests to the sunny and golden slopes of the Pacific; the final climactic civil war, in whose bloody crash it seemed at times that the nation must sink, but from which it came with a nobler and an enduring power; the crowning glory of that emancipating edict which had been purchased by inestimable sacrifice of treasure and of life, which exiled slavery from our shores and lifted to freedom the millions of a race—all these events, with others which have followed, have marked the stages of the astonishing progress in which we rejoice, at which the world wonders, by the narrative of which human history is enriched. It is through these that the feeble communities of two and a half centuries ago have been steadily, at length victoriously changed, into the magnificent national organism which now faces mankind upon these shores. The process has at times seemed slow, has sometimes been stormy, sometimes bloody; but the final result is evident and secure. The little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation; the Lord hath hastened it in his time; and imagination fails to prefigure what hereafter is to follow. We need no sign in the sky to assure us that a power greater and a plan more far-reaching than any of man have been concerned in the progress; and it does not seem presumptuous to expect that consummations are still to be reached yet more delightful and more stupendous.

Standing, then, for a little at this point, after the general survey which the hour has seemed irresistibly to prompt, the question almost imperiously meets us: What are the essential sources and guarantees, under God, of that national progress the desire for which is common to peoples? How comes it to pass that, occasionally at least, out of weakness and obscurity emerges immense political strength? that scattered hamlets multiply and consolidate into an empire? that settlements as feeble to human eyes, at the beginning as wanting in promise, as ever were planted, come to take a place as prominent as any, so far as we can foresee as permanent as any, in the history of the world? The question is one of vast interest and importance. It is apt to the occasion. It is emphasized by the fact that not a few peoples, in recent as in earlier times, if not sinking in definite decay,

have failed to achieve the progress which they sought. It meets us at a time when, in regions separated by continents and oceans, the nascent beginnings are appearing of what it is hoped may some time or other become civilized states. It has at the same time vital relation to the strong hope which we entertain for the future security and advancing development of the nation to which our hearts are bound. Let us think of it, then, in this morning hour, and rise if we may from the local to the general, from facts which we gladly recall to the vital principles which they infold.

It is idle to imagine that there is any impersonal vitality belonging to assemblages of persons or of households out of which social progress comes as by unconscious evolution, the rude tribe becoming the instructed and aspiring community almost as the plant is unfolded from the seed, the stately tree from the growing shoot, or the perfect form of manly strength or feminine grace from the infant or the embryo. A fancy of this sort may entertain speculative minds, whose theories in the air are to them more significant than suggestions of facts, and who are ready at a half hour's notice to reconstruct society, and to forecast its progress, according to some imaginative scheme. But the obstinacy of facts does not yield to dexterity of theory, and communities do not stand upon paper plans. The social instinct is of course at the base of civilization. But this instinct may be only disturbed or displaced by the effect of local proximity, feuds becoming intensified thereby, suspicious animosity overruling the tendency to moral affiliation; while, always, the primitive instinct for society requires many things external to itself for the promotion of general progress. If this were otherwise, none of the early peoples of the world, long associated, would be now in a state of inert barbarism, as they obviously are in Africa, Australia, in the islands of the Pacific, or in Patagonia. If this were otherwise, it is difficult to see why a progress commenced, and carried to points of considerable success, should be afterwards fatally interrupted, as it certainly has been in many countries, as it was, for example, among the mound builders on this continent. It is a notion unsupported by history, that the inherent life of a people, associated in vicinity of residence, or even allied by ties of blood, will of itself assure the final magnificent effect of a prosperous, strong, and advancing society.

Nor can this be assured by any pleasantness of environment, with rich and various physical opportunities thus set before peoples. Doubtless the natural circumstances of climate, soil, vicinity to the sea, the frequency and breadth of rivers, the reach of forests or of arable lands, the proximity of mountains and hill-ranges, the accessible metallic and

mineral resources—these have large effects on communities when the force which works for civilization is established among them. But the influence is secondary, not primary, of auxiliary rather than of cardinal importance; and regions beautiful, healthful, fertile, have continued for centuries the home of barbarians, while comparatively rugged and sterile lands have only braced to new vigor the will of peoples, and pushed their inventive and conquering force to a supream activity. In comparison with many others Scotland is a poor and unpromising country, but the strenuous and disciplined energy of its sons has made it the seat of as noble a civilization as the pages of history have to show; while districts under temperate skies, with navigable rivers, inexhaustible riches beneath the soil, with fields only waiting the baptism of industry to make them bloom in abounding harvests, remain the homes of the nomad or the savage. We may not forget that our own country, with all the immeasurable natural advantages which the European mind has discovered and used in it, was possessed and used in their rude way, for ages which no one is able to reckon, by the cliff dwellers, the mound builders, and by the tribes which our fathers here met, which not only had not attained civilization, which have shown themselves unready to accept under subsequent pressure its limitations and its privilege. These smiling heavens beamed as brightly over them as over us. The waters were as near, the open fields were as inviting, to them as to us; and no intervening commerce has brought to any part of our country one element of wealth, in mine or quarry, in rippling stream or opulent hillside, which was not as present to them as to us. It is something behind all natural environment which gives to a people the promise of progress. We have not found the secret of this when we have measured the mountains in scales, and have counted the hills, when the acreage of tillable land has been reckoned, and the push of streams against mill wheels has been stated in figures. The depth saith, It is not in me! and the sea saith, I cannot declare it! Neither sunshine nor dew, the fattening rains, nor the breath of long summer, can build feeble communities into great commonwealths, or crown the regions which they make attractive with the triumphs and trophies of a noble and happy human society.

Nor can this be done by the occasional extraordinary force of master minds, rising above the general level, and giving teaching and impulse to the ruder peoples among whom they appear. Such minds have their conspicuous office, but we are prone to overestimate their effect, even when the suddenness of their advent makes them impressive. Creative spirits are excessively rare in human history. The most commanding sons of men, like Gautama or Confucius, are apt to be followed by a moral

childishness among the peoples whom they singularly surpass, and who afterward look to them as ultimate models. Aside from such pre-eminent instances, the most distinguished in any time hardly do more than set forth existing tendencies with a fresh, perhaps a multiplying, energy. They are gilded figures on a dial, marking a movement which they did not initiate. Their influence is usually limited, sporadic, and the public temper which it affects is likely to be confirmed by it rather than changed. King Philip was not only an experienced warrior, but a passionate patriot, and in some sense a statesman. There have been others in the Indian tribes, fervent of spirit, eloquent in speech, shrewd in plan, and discerning of needs which they could not supply. But the influence of such men never has brought, in thousands of years it would not bring, a true civilization. That must spring from other sources; must be erected and maintained by influences broader, more pervasive and permanent, and more controlling.

Seeing the evident insufficiency of either of the forces which I have named to account for the progress of different peoples toward the harmony, power, culture and character, which belong to an advanced society, men are sometimes inclined to find an element of fatalism in it; or, if religious in tone, to discover a determining divine purpose in the development of states—a purpose which does not necessarily doom certain peoples to live in degradation, but which elects others to a finer and larger general progress, and assigns to them historic positions for which they had not been self prepared. An example of this is believed to be presented by the Hebrew nation. More or less distinctly it is felt by many that the providential plan appearing in the Roman empire, and framing it to a majestic arena for the victories of Christianity—the plan afterward indicated in the tremendous collisions and comminglings of barbarous tribes in Central and Southern Europe, out of which grew the great states of the continent—the plan suggested in later times by the mighty advance of English and German speaking peoples to commercial, political, educational pre-eminence, one may fairly say to the leadership of the world—that all these show distinct selection on the part of Him who rules mankind, of communities to serve him; on which he bestows endowments and a training suited to his purpose, which others do not share. I certainly do not question, I reverently recognize, the beneficent cosmical plans of him who is on high. The indication of them is as general in the Scriptures as is the sapphire tint on the waters of the bay. Their reality approves itself to highest thought and moral intuition. They give the only supernal dignity to what goes on on this whirling orb, which arithmetic measures in miles and tons. To

trace them is the philosophy of history. But I do not find that God anywhere builds a nation to greatness by sheer exertion of arbitrary power, any more than he covers rocks with wheat-sheaves or makes rivers flow in unprepared courses, without rills behind. He works by means; and, in the development of modern states, by means which involve no element of miracle. In our time, certainly, no people is made strong by him in spite of itself. He opens the opportunity, supplies physical conditions, gives needful faculty and the impulse to use it, and leaves communities to work out for themselves the vast and complex practical problem. Not even the Hebrew nation was made by him the monotheistic herald of the gospel, except by means of the patriarchal training; of the bondage in Egypt, which taught civilization, but associated the alluring heathenism with tyrannic oppression; of the signal deliverance; of long wandering in the wilderness, succeeded by strange fruitfulness in Canaan; of the storm and stress of the time of the Judges; of pious and licentious kings, almost equally testifying to the supreme value of a virtuous rule; of internal division following always decay of worship; of the exile to Babylon; of the final loss of national autonomy, and the raising of hated defiling standards above the hallowed courts of the Temple. The divine plan, even here, clearly contemplated conditions and processes. It does so always, in the education of nations; and while all that we have, or that any people has, is the gift of God, he has given it through means, which for the most part our unassisted human thought can extricate and trace.

So, again, we come back to our question, What are the conditions of that slow but unfailing public progress which requires generations, perhaps centuries, for accomplishment, but examples of which, with equally signal examples of the want of it, we familiarly see? To give a full answer volumes would be needed. Some rapid suggestions of a partial reply will not, I hope, unreasonably detain us.

Undoubtedly we must start with the assumption of a fairly strong stock, not deficient in native vigor, at least not hopelessly drained of life force by previous centuries of hereditary vice. God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, the apostle instructs us. We may not dispute the inspired declaration. But there may be original differences among peoples, in respect of capacity and social aptitude, as there are among children of the same household; and certainly lust, laziness, cruelty, dominating an ancestry through long periods, enthroned and transmitted in hereditary custom, associated with religious observance and impressing the mind and spirit of generations,

may work a depravation of moral and even of physical life which shall make civilization in effect impossible.

There is a fateful Nemesis in history, and here it appears. One cannot by any process build weeds into trees, or give to weak parasites the tough and solid fibre of oaks. We are to work, for peoples as for persons, with hopeful confidence in the instruments which have been elsewhere effective. But for some, of either order, the day of redemption seems to have passed. There are peoples which vanish, as by an evil necessity, before the incoming of new arts and nobler thoughts, of the fresh aspiration and larger obligation which belong to an advanced society; while there are others which stolidly and stubbornly resist these to the end, being apparently no more susceptible to a pure and refining moral instruction than is iron slag to the kiss of the sunshine. Like that they must be reduced, if at all, in the fierce assault of furnace heats. The inhabitants of some of the Pacific islands furnish sufficient examples of the one class. Illustrations of the other appear not infrequently, with sad distinctness, among the coarser savage tribes.

The most promising stock for a rich and progressive civilization is probably always a mingled stock, in which different elements conspire, and the life of various peoples finds a common exhibition. The Egyptian, Assyrian, Roman annals illustrate this, as do those in later times of the nations which now lead the march of mankind. The amalgam of Corinthian brass, though the humbler metals of silver and copper were mixed in it with gold, was a composite material of more renowned and various use than either of the contributing metals. It might well have been used, according to the old tradition, to fashion sacred vessels of the Temple. So a composite national stock, in which concurrent elements combine, from different yet related and assimilated tribes, is usually capable of largest patience and most persistent endeavor, while susceptible also of finest polish. But even such a stock does not necessarily insure the attainment of a noble civilization. In order to this supreme effect particular traits must appear, inherent, constitutional, though constantly reinforced as they ripen into habit.

One of these, a primary one, is readiness for labor, in any needed and useful form, and for faithful continuance in such labor. Inhabitants of regions where nature unassisted supplies food and raiment, shelter from heats, with inviting opportunities for indolent pleasure, are enfeebled and demoralized by their environment. The strongest will grows languid and limp when not challenged to an educating exertion. The general mind intermits effort for which outward occasions do not call. The spirit sinks

easily into contentment with a self-indulgent, care-free existence, vacant of impulse, and equally vacant of well-earned success. If the instinct which craves excitement continues, as doubtless it must, it will find its only wretched satisfaction in feasting and in fights. Even a nomadic pastoral people is almost sure to be satisfied with semi-civilized conditions, and to be intent chiefly on protecting and multiplying the milk and flesh and fleece of its flocks. The tribal government will be enough for it, and moving tents, seeking ever "the pastures of the wilderness," will take the place of established homes and rising cities. Civilization begins with strenuous, patient, purposeful labor; and the more various and persistent this labor, the surer and larger is the progress. Any people which shirks it is predestined to decline. In leveling forests, subduing uncultured lands to tillage, as barbarians do not; in building houses, and combining them in villages; in bridging streams, constructing public roads, finding out and clearing practicable passes, in making nutritive grains replace the wild grasses, and rearing the rude watermill or windmill to turn maize and wheat into bread material; in damming or diverting streams, and rescuing meadows from morasses; after a time, in piercing the earth with drills of mine-shafts, and bringing fuel and wealth from beneath; in forging metals, fabricating utensils, supplying more abundantly the general equipment and furniture of life; in all these ways and in others related, the labor which is a vital condition of public progress challenges peoples: while other larger works will follow; to facilitate interchange of products, intercommunication of thought and purpose between separated communities; to build villages into towns, and towns into statelier cities; to conquer the wider water spaces, after a time the sea itself, through vessels of greater capacity and strength; to furnish, in a word, the advancing society with whatever it needs for comfort, security, augmented wealth, expanded knowledge, a more satisfactory and diversified pleasure.

Intelligence comes thus, with an ever-increasing sense of vigor. Hopefulness and courage are born of work which tasks yet rewards. It teaches economy, patience, forecast. The idea of property, if not thus suggested, is confirmed and reinforced; and the idea of property, against which foolish or frantic sciolists passionately declaim, is a root idea in social progress. Invention is stimulated, and machineries to make labor more easy and fruitful are devised and elaborated. Government tends, with sure advance, to become at once popular and strong, for the conservation of interests and properties. It will not be long before the instructed and stimulated mind of a people so trained will insist on associating beauty of form with fineness of contrivance, and making

æsthetic art an ally of industrial. Intellectual effort, of whatever sort, is profoundly related to labor, finding inspiration in that to which it offers beauty and breadth. Science begins in the tussle with nature. Philosophy has its vital genesis, not in indolent day dreams, but in the serious thought which accompanies work. Literature rises in grace and bloom from cloven rocks and the upturned sod. Libraries and colleges have their roots in the field. There is a sense, and a true one, in which the richest poetry of a people, alive with fine thought and spiritual impulse, was in its inception a Song of Labor. The spiritual thus follows the physical, in preordained sequence; and each generation, under such conditions, will tend to advance on the preceding, the rugged roots to rise to the height and expand to the fullness of a noble human society. Political ideologists are not of much account in a young community. Effective popular industry is the indispensable foundation of real civilization. Whatever limits it—whether slavery, which degrades it, or tyranny, which despoils it of reward, or agrarian theories, which offer luxury to the lazy through plunder of the laborious, or the fatuous indolence which does not care for the goods that labor procures—everything of this sort makes social progress improbable or impossible. The giant was refreshed when he touched the earth. Any people that will grapple the stubborn soil, and make it yield sustenance and riches, is sure to advance. Any people that will not, will only add another skeleton to the multitudes of those strewing the caravan tracks of time. "To labor is to pray" was an ancient maxim, within limits a true one. *Cruce et Aratro*, by Cross and Plow, was a motto of the monks who civilized Europe. Religion itself becomes a more educating power in communities which take hold, with resolute energy, on the forces divine which make the earth fruitful; and the Gospel has a constant part of its civilizing power in the large honor which it puts upon labor: showing hands which held the prerogative of miracles using common instruments; presenting chiefest apostles as in more than one sense "master workmen." The roughest regions become kindly cradles for peoples who will work. The amplest continent, the most smiling skies, convey no promises to the lazy.

But even such readiness for labor, in placid and congenial ways, is not enough to build a people into virile and disciplined national strength. There must be also a readiness for struggle, to defend and preserve what labor acquires. It has been suspected, not without reason, that the early cliff dwellers on this continent gave example of this need, who hollowed for themselves cunning houses in the rocks, and fashioned implements of pleasant industry from horn and bone, sometimes from stone, but who

were apparently timorous in spirit, and whose silent disappearance is a puzzle of history. Certainly no tribe with weak heart and drooping hands has the promise of permanent national life. While nature and man continue what they are, every people must at times do battle for existence. Wrestle as well as work is a condition of progress: wrestle against hostile physical forces; the fierce severities of climate, whose effects may be mitigated where the causes cannot be changed; the powers of pestilence in the air, the damp and deadly breath of swamps, or the destroying overflow of streams; against whirl of storms which only stanchest vessels can withstand, and solidest houses; sometimes, as in Holland, against the inrush of oceans, which rage along the yielding coasts and are only kept from drowning the land by a dauntless spirit, putting forth the last efforts of strength and skill. It is in such struggle that manhood is nurtured, and the heroic element in a people finds keen incitement. The south wind soothes, and clothes with sweet blooms the shores which it caresses. But it is true now as when Kingsley wrote, that

“—the black Northeaster,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world;”

and any community which refuses the struggle against opposing elements in nature, desiring only gentle satisfactions on salubrious plains fenced about with ramparts of hills and responding at once to touch of industry, may seem rapidly to secure an unusual measure of happiness and of culture, but it will inevitably become morally weak, and will be likely to sink, fat-witted and supine, into a silent but sure decay. Struggle is as necessary to men as to man, in order to radical strength of character: and so it is that sterile, harsh, and wind-swept regions have been often the homes of conspicuous valor, energy, achievement. But not against threatening physical forces, alone or chiefly, is such struggle to be made, or, as in our early time, against craft and fierceness of man or beast. It must be made against all inimical social forces, which limit or endanger social welfare. No community not ready for this can reach dignity and power. So laws against wrong-doing, with sharp penalties, speedily and unsparingly inflicted, are a necessary element in public development. They may be sometimes ill considered, as doubtless they were, in prominent instances, in the primitive New England. A mature system of wise legislation is no more to be reached at a single step than a stately temple is to be reared on ground from which stumps are not extracted, or a modern steamship

to be constructed and launched on shores which have known nothing larger than a yawl. But a system of law, designed to be just, certain to be executed, and maintained and enforced with unflinching purpose by an imperative public will—this is a sign and a fruit of the struggle which every people must resolutely make against whatever would vitiate its life. If, with a plethoric ungirt lassitude before difficult moral endeavors, it leaves conduct to be guided by inclination and passion and capricious self-will, the end will be ruin, and it will not be remote. Endicott was utterly right in his conviction that great commonwealths could never be built on Morton's plan at Merry Mount. By peoples, as by persons, life has to be taken seriously, or it will not unfold in richest vigor; and the seriousness of the public temper is expressed and reinforced not so much by industry or commerce as by salutary laws.

So against oppressive governmental exactions every people must be ready to struggle if it would grow to character and power. Rebellion is often a condition of life, and readiness to rebel when tyranny brutally limits and exacts is an element necessary to any noble popular development. Defiance of an established order, when it becomes fettering and insolent, is not destructive in final effect. It is often essential to highest progress; and popular revolutions, even desperate and bloody ones, from which history fain would turn its eyes, have contributed more than theories of philosophers or plans of statesmen to the foundation of beneficent kingdoms. So, equally, of course, against a power from without which assails a people content to grow up upon its own ground, and to seek its welfare in unwarlike ways. A war of aggression is always demoralizing. A war of defense is as legitimate, on occasion as indispensable, as is the local execution of law, or the force which breaks a ruffian clutch on child or wife. Such were the wars which our fathers faced, against Indian ferocity pushed to the onset by civilized craft. Such was, in fact, the war of the Revolution; and such was the terrible civil war, which was needful to establish for coming centuries the indivisible unity of the nation. The national flag which floated then, and which floats to-day, over army and navy and halls of legislation, over the Capitol of the country, and over its furthest mining-camp, was the symbol of continental welfare, which might conceivably be shattered and buried in the terrific shock of arms, but which would not with consent give way before the forces represented in council and in battle by the alien flag of the Stars and Bars.

This was only the culminating conflict in a history rough with opposing policies and moral collisions. It may be hoped that it will be the last in which navies shall be mustered and armies set within our realm. But it

is as evident from our annals as from those of other peoples, during the recent two centuries and a half, that readiness for struggle when occasion demands, as well as for quiet and prosperous labor, is a needful condition of national progress. Until millennium is here the necessity for contest against what threatens society hardly will cease; and if rapacious and brutal forces, within a state or around it, are not to be left to be lords of its destiny, if industry is not to be fatally discouraged, progress arrested, character impoverished, society wrecked, an advancing community must be ready in spirit for any sore struggle whenever the fateful hour has come.

Something beyond even readiness for struggle must go to the building of permanent states out of small communities: a readiness for sacrifice, in free subordination of local or individual aims to public welfare. This is not that effacement of the individual on behalf of the state which was the demand of ancient philosophy. It does not involve that extinction of local aspiration and right, in favor of more general aggrandizement on which modern theory sometimes insists. The surrender which it contemplates is intelligent and free, and the temper which prompts this is no exceptional religious temper, nor one that demands special fineness of nature. It often appears among ruder peoples quite as distinctly as among the more cultured, and is perhaps most effective in the simpler societies. But everywhere it is needed as an element of strength. It implies simply a prevalent sense of the principal value of general welfare as that in which local or personal interests are essentially infolded, which therefore it is duty and privilege to promote, at the cost of whatever may be required. Wherever this spirit appears, the readiness for labor and the readiness for struggle are ethically ennobled, while the latter especially is kept from unfolding into that destructive passion for war which has blinded and blasted so many efforts for civilization, which is to-day the fiery curse of barbarous people, in all parts of the earth. Becoming established among any people, this spirit which seeks with chief enthusiasm the public advancement, and is ready to serve and sacrifice to secure that, will become, as knowledge increases and thought is widened, a constant power of pacification; while within the state it is the force, beyond any other which works for moral organization. A vital unity is its product; completely differenced from the superficial combinations which are all that commercial ties can compass, or that can be secured by military clamps. "Public spirit" is what we properly call this temper, which looks first at the commonwealth and then at the local or personal interest.

Of course the exact opposite of this often is shown, even in states where a large prosperity seems to have been reached. It is shown,

for example, by ruling classes, whether limited to a few or embracing many, who are chiefly intent on confirming or enlarging class privilege, and to whom the proposal seems offensive to suspend or discard this for the general welfare. It is shown, on the other hand, as distinctly, by the anarchist, who insists on unhindered personal freedom for the gratification of every impulse ; to whom law is not a majestic ordinance for the conservation and furtherance of society, but a malicious contrivance of craft, against which it is noble to fight ; who would wreck the state to have his way. All lawlessness, in fact, involves the same element ; while the law-abiding temper is not selfish or abject, but large-minded and chivalric. It is the true and noble loyalty ; which does not imply attachment to a person, or to an officer, but fealty to law, and which deserves the place that it holds in the honor of the wise. It says, in effect, this loyal temper, that reserving the rights of conviction and conscience it will yield to the formulated public will ; will cheerfully subordinate personal interest and forego advantage for the larger well-being ; will serve or suffer, or, if need be, will die, that the state may live, and its noblest welfare be secure. This is a spirit which tends always to confirm yet to regulate the institutes of government ; to make laws benign, that they may be worthy of acceptance and homage. It lifts patriotism from the level of an impetuous sentiment to the height of a generous moral passion, fine in impulse, emulous of good works wherever they are seen. Institutes of learning and of charity will be sure to spring up under its inspiration, to be continually invigorated in life and enriched in resources ; while the ideas and policies which are felt to be essential to public progress will take fresh sovereignty in thoughtful minds, and will easily evoke the martyr temper ; such as was shown by those who fell on English fields in defense of the ancient liberties of the realm, or who lingered uncomplaining amid the darkness and filth of dungeons ; such as was shown by those who went from small hamlets and scattered farms to meet the British and Hessian troops in our Revolution—only regretting, like Nathan Hale, that they had each but a single life to give for the country ; such as was shown by those who went lately from Sunday-school and church, and from beloved Christian homes, to wounds and death, and the long pining in rebel prisons, on behalf of national unity and honor—and by the women who sent them thither.

In its early exhibition this temper will, of course, be crude and imperfect. Among some peoples it may seem wholly wanting. But it is as necessary to public progress as air is to life ; and wherever it exists, in vital germ, it holds the promise of prosperous advance. A people of a strong stock, ready for labor, ready for struggle, and capable of

sacrifice on behalf, not of personal interests, but of general advancement, will rise toward greatness in spite of whatever obstacles of nature or resistance of man. Its progress will be almost as certain as the motion of stars. A people morally incapable of this, and eager to subordinate public welfare to divergent personal aims, cannot be made great by any surroundings, or any fortunate admixture of bloods in its primitive stock. It was power which made the world. It was sacrifice which redeemed it. And this is the diviner element by which its peoples must achieve their chiefest progress. The temper which is ready to make the work of a lifetime a stepping-stone for others, to toil and to die that the nation may prosper, and that other generations may reach a larger and lovelier well-being—this is the temper which honors human nature, which gives an almost perennial fame to the regions where it rules, and which shows to the world illustrious presage. The icy cliffs and chasms of Switzerland hardly offer inviting homes to those whose lives have been passed upon plains; yet labor and struggle have built there rich cities, have made narrow valleys laugh with harvests, have terraced hills for fruitful vineyards, have cut channels in astonishing curves through the rocky heart of mountains, while the temper, common to many, which blazed into historic exhibition in him who swept into welcoming bosom the many deadly spears at Sempach, to break a breach in the serried phalanx ranked behind, has made that beetling crest of Europe an eyrie of liberty.

I have spoken in this cursory and inadequate fashion of the forces required to give coherence, security, growth to small communities, building colonies into states, groups of hamlets into republics or empires. It is important to notice that all these forces—readiness for labor, for just and self-protective struggle, with the temper which prompts to personal sacrifice for commanding common ends—will appear most surely, in fruitful and abiding vigor, wherever a people, however recent or remote, feel itself related responsibly and usefully to other peoples, to the world's history, and to the governing scheme of God's kingdom on earth; where, in other words, it has an apprehension of those supreme facts which the Bible declares, especially concerning nations, as divinely ordained to be co-operating forces in a sublime cosmical progress, and concerning millennial times to come. Where this large conception of things widens, exalts, and reinforces the mind and spirit of a people there is surer stability, with the promise of a progress vital and organic, not artificial. The popular character is ennobled. Expansion of outlook becomes habitual. In leading minds consecration appears to world-effects, and to peoples as to persons consecration is a prime condition of power. Where such subtile and

immense moral impressions are permanently wanting, no advantage of surroundings, no variety and brilliance of force in the people itself, suffice to fill the large place of the element which is missed.

More than anything else it was the want of this superlative force which made the ancient kingdoms weak, in spite of superb endowments of nature. The wealth of the Egyptian valley, or of the ampler Assyrian plains, the stimulating suggestions of sea and sky and purpled hills in the fortunate states of Greece—these were not enough, even as connected with singular intellectual powers, to assure the lasting prosperity of states. The diviner elements needful for this were conspicuously wanting, and whatever shows only a mundane vigor wastes and crumbles in the shock of collisions or under the grinding attrition of time. Probably the most colossal examples given in history of extreme popular weakness beneath glowing skies and in the midst of shining riches—a weakness surely moral in origin rather than physical—were offered on this hemisphere a century and more before this infant settlement began. Men marvel still at the terrifying suddenness with which the Aztec empire went down, or a little later that of the Incas, before the shock of Spanish invasion. One secret of it lies far in the past. It was not merely firearms and horses which enabled the few to conquer millions. It was not merely a pleasure-loving passivity of temper in the vast and luxurious empires assailed which exposed them to the terrific crash. The native spirit in either empire was not despicable. It was apt for contrivance, skillful in workmanship, with a patience and fortitude which rose at times to heroic exhibition. But the empires were childish-puerile in fear before imagined malign divinities, cruel accordingly in religious custom, without general knowledge, strength of character, public aspiration, or disciplined purpose. So the treasures which they amassed became their ruin. Incantations were idle, sacrifices vain. Their pompous ceremonial was as tinder before flame, as tinsel paper before the stroke of steel-head lances, when smitten by a destroying civilized onset; and that onset took part of its terrible force, indirectly and remotely, from the religion on which it put a lasting shame. Personally graceless and godless as they were, unsparingly condemned in the world's tribunal, the invaders showed an energy derived in part from the long dominance over their ancestors of supernal ideas. Their vigor had not come alone from the mixed Iberian blood. It had come in part from that stimulating faith, of whose law and spirit they showed no trace, but which in centuries preceding had subdued and invigorated Vandal and Visigoth, and built Spain to a power which then its representatives, at home and abroad, displayed and disgraced.

It was the same impalpable force of sovereign ideas, however imperfectly apprehended, which pushed into growing moral unity the jealous and fighting German tribes, and prepared them to be the great power which they have been in the world's civilization. Charlemagne had builded better than he knew, and had done the Saxons an inestimable service, if only for this world, when he hammered them relentlessly, in tremendous campaigns, into formal acceptance of these paramount ideas. Once accepted, and working more and more into the inner life of the people, subordinating yet exalting and multiplying its native strength, they have brought the development which now the world sees, and in which is one great promise of its future. Other tribes, of a natural vigor not inferior, continue in a sullen, and so far as their own resource is concerned a hopeless barbarism, because, in spite of generous gifts and of dormant heroic elements, they want the uplift of supernal instruction. They are isolated and enfeebled by local idolatries, degrading fetichism. Only a breath from above can transform them, and turn stagnant decay into prosperous progress. So it is that the Bible becomes the grand civilizing force on the earth; that every fervent and faithful missionary helps forward the simple or savage peoples, or the partially civilized, among whom he labors, not toward the heavens only, but toward a nobler human society. So it is that the Lord's Day, carefully maintained for public religious instruction and worship, remains a vital guarantee of the state; and that whatever discredits the Revelation concerning God, man, the future, the rule which nations are bound to obey, the providence which is over them, the ultimate ends which they are to serve, strikes not only at personal character, but at the essential well-being of society. Any nation losing reverence for that which has come from higher spheres, through prophets and apostles, and by the lips and life of the Son, becomes suicidal in tendency and effect if not in intent. Of the most advanced, it is true now as it was of Israel, that the Law is its life. And any tribe, however obscure—hidden behind coral reefs, buried in the shades of African jungles—if it vitally accept the supreme ideas with which the Bible is eternally instinct will grow in greatness of spirit and of strength. If its vigor has not been hopelessly wasted by previous centuries of lust, animalism, ferocious ignorance, it will come to be a nation, or an important component part of one, and will continue such while it retains the life-giving faith. Obedience to the truth which is opened before us in the Word of the Highest holds the promise of this life, as of that which is to come; and moral forces, which infidels assail, and at which men of the world disdainfully sniff, are immortally supreme in the development of civilization. The first popular

election known in Japan was held there last month. Feudalism has disappeared; a constitution has been established; the old theory of paternal government gives place to the theory of one directly representative of the people: and in November the first parliament ever assembled in those Islands of the Morning is to open its sessions. The best hopes may be entertained for the future of the empire so long secluded from the civilized world, which now seeks eagerly to range itself abreast with advanced states. But these hopes, in thoughtful minds, will not rest wholly or chiefly on the aptitude of the people for industry, economy, the pursuit of information, or for trade, debate, and their peculiar forms of art. They will not rest chiefly on the lines of railway and telegraph there being constructed, or on the annual imports and exports of fifty-odd millions. They will find a surer support in the fact that the Bible is now, and is always to be, a Japanese book; that many thousands of its people have grouped themselves in Christian churches; and that multitudes more are accessible to the truth which comes to men through both the Testaments. The Bible is a lifting force which does not break. A Christianized state is full of vitality, not subject to decay. The future of Japan is in the hands of those who honor God's Word, and whose joy it is to make it known.

At the end of this imperfect discussion two things, I am sure, come distinctly to view. One, an interpretation of that which is past in our national career; the other, a prophecy of that which is to come. We cannot miss the essential secret of the extraordinary progress which has been realized by the American people since its prophetic germs appeared. The progress has been wonderful, but not magical. It has outrun precedent, and implied the guidance of a Providence in the heavens, but has involved no element of miracle.

The settlement here, to which our thoughts to-day go back, fairly represented the others made at about the same time along our coast, with others afterward in the interior. Indeed, recent ones at the West, made in the lifetime of many among us, show generally similar characteristics. Of a strong stock, in which were commingled different strains of kindred blood, trained to labor and self-control, with hereditary instincts claiming freedom as a right and not shrinking before arbitrary force, the early inhabitants of this hamlet were planted on a soil offering scant promise to indolence, but an ample reward for faithful work. They were ready for labor, ready for struggle, accustomed to subordinate personal convenience to public welfare, and thoroughly possessed, through their fathers and by personal conviction, of the vital and magisterial truths which had come by the Bible. It was almost impossible, therefore, that

their public life should not continue and be developed with constant energy. Their primitive property was not large, though for the time it was respectable. There is a touch of unconscious pathos in the brief inventories of their household belongings. They had few of our familiar instruments, fewer of our conveniences, none of our luxuries. They could not manufacture, and they could not import. Tea and coffee they knew nothing of; spices and condiments, of whatever sort, they could not buy; of fruits they at first had none at all, save the wild fruits plucked from bushes or vines. Corn-meal and milk provided chief nourishment; "Rye and Indian" made their bread-stuff; and our finer wheat flour would have seemed to them almost as wonderful as did the manna, the angels' food, to the children of Israel. Clocks, carpets, lamps, stoves, they did not possess. Little glass was in their windows; almost less money was in their purses. Few books were in their homes; no pictures; and probably the only musical instrument was the pitch-pipe. Men to-day cast away on a desert island, if saving anything from the fittings and cargo of the wrecked ship, would doubtless start with a larger apparatus of the furniture of life than the founders of this village possessed. But civilization can be built without a carpeted base. The piano is not necessary, may not always contribute, to social harmony. Glass is a convenience, but rain and snow can be excluded by wooden shutters, and light will pass, not wholly obscured, through oiled paper. Books are good, if of a good sort; but large collections of them are not indispensable to the founders of states, and more of moral manhood can be learned from hardship and toil than from all the volumes on crowded shelves. Some way, no doubt, must be devised for measuring and recording time, in order to the useful regulation of life, in order to any intelligible sequence in general affairs. But this may be done, well enough for the purpose, by the dial or hour-glass; and no English or Swiss watches were needed here when trains did not start on the minute, and horse-races were as wholly in the future as were telephone wires or naphtha launches. No doubt the life had sharp privations, was in many respects a bleak and hard one, which the physically feeble could hardly sustain, from which the morally weak might shrink. But the men had that in them, the women too, which was more important than any aids to a cheerful convenience.

They had the robust strength of soul to which all else is merely auxiliary, which can dispense with all else and still perform distinguished service. Though their lands, unused to civilized handling, required incessant expenditures of labor, they were ready for these. Though surrounded by tribes easily becoming suspicious and hostile, and accustomed

to obey every impulse of greed or anger, they were ready to fight for the lands which they had bought, and for the small homes which they had reared. If their life gave no chance for ease or luxury, was not gay and was not picturesque, it had its opportunities and its general relations. The lands and waters by which they were encompassed supplied a livelihood, with something to lay up. With the Bible open in every household, and schools established to teach children to read it, they felt themselves related to other regions, to other times, to great plans of Providence, and to future effects contemplated by these. The nearly fifty university men who were in Massachusetts before 1640, the nearly one hundred who were in New England within ten years after—most of them ministers, and many from Emanuel College—may not have added notable reinforcement to the physical sinews which, with ax and mattock, spade and plowshare, were striving to subdue the waste, but they brought large thoughts of God and his ways, and they made the religion for which they were exiles an element of unequalled power in the early colonial life. So the church was the central fact in this place, and the minister of religion was a principal citizen. He did not ask such place of leadership; it came to him as naturally as buds break from their sheaths in spring. Men came to worship, summoned probably by conch-shell or horn, with matchlocks ready, which rested during the long service on gun-racks still affectionately preserved. They were guarded at their worship by armed sentinels, but the worship was not intermitted. The eternities touched time, God spoke to their souls, through the austere and solemn discourse. Their prayers were of faith, if in form not liturgic. If their singing was rude, their tunes few, the temper of praise was vocal in the dissonance, and to ears on high the seraph's song may not have borne a higher tribute. The Lord's Day was the day of general communion with the Invisible. The very stilling of all sounds of labor or of laughter was a sermon concerning the things supreme. The meeting-house was at once church, fortress, and town hall, in which secular affairs were discussed and decided, not merely as a matter of present convenience, but because secular things as done for God's service became also sacred, and the Southold hamlet had its part to do for the Divine glory. The Mosaic law was at first its sufficient code; and a man must be in personal covenant with God, and with his people, to have voice and vote in public affairs.

These and other related facts are happily set forth in that excellent history of the town during its first century which has been prepared by him, for forty years the pastor of the church here, in whose presence with us we rejoice, and to whom we look for subsequent volumes, continuing

the narrative to our day. The history which he has carefully investigated and affectionately recited is not romantic in its incidents and drapery, but it infolds the strong forces which I have indicated, and it presents in clearest view the sources and guarantees which here existed, from the beginning, of the virile and fruitful American life. As science finds the oak microscopically exhibited in the living acorn, so here we find the vital germs and sure predictions of vast subsequent progress and power. It is this robust and resolute life, which sea and wilderness could not daunt, and which early privation only trained to new vigor, which has shown itself in the following career of the people whose beginnings we love to remember. It has subdued regions stretching further and further toward the sunset, till they abut on the shores of the Pacific. It has largely assimilated the diverse elements drawn to our coasts with incessant attraction from foreign lands. It has set itself against formidable political problems, and has found or forced fair answers to them. It has uncovered mines, launched a vast shipping on lakes and rivers, supplied to the country, in a measure to the world, an industrial apparatus of unrivalled effectiveness, built cities by hundreds, towns by thousands, and laid down ways of travel and commerce to the furthest borders which pioneers reach. It has made education more universal than in almost any other country, and has sent the institutions and the influence of religion wherever the log hut has been raised, wherever the camp-fire shows its smoke. In a measure, certainly, it has kept alive the early ideal of a nation made by the gospel, as Cotton Mather said that our towns were, and applying its principles to public conduct. Without jealousy or excessive ambition it has sought substantially such prosperity as could be wrought by the hard hand of labor, and defended in emergency by the mailed hand of war, and, therefore, in defiance of whatever obstacle, it has brought the nation out of poverty and through blood to its present place of distinction in the world, and has linked it in relations of amity, correspondence, and mutual respect, with the great states of Christendom.

As long as this life continues unwasted it will be ready for greater tasks, whatsoever they may be, which the future shall present. The shifting of power from one party to another will no more seriously check its operation than the shifting of tides in yonder bay defiles and dries the changing waters. The removal of leaders will no more stay the immense impersonal popular progress than the extinction of lighthouse lamps arrests the morning. Immigration from abroad, though coming in blocks, from lands whose training has been different from ours, will not retard the public progress, or start persistent antagonizing currents. It will steadily

disappear in the expanding American advance, as ice-cakes vanish in flowing streams. Even an increasing corruption in cities has its only real threat in its tendency to impregnate with a malign force the national life. Our future history is as secure as that of the past if only that moral life remains which was in the founders of these commonwealths, when peril did not frighten or hardship discourage them, and when their rude daily experience took from the Bible a consecration and a gleam. If this shall continue, vitally integrating, nobly animating, perennially renewing the nation which started from their seminal work, no bound appears to its possible progress. It will have the continent for its throne, the ages for its inheritance. But if this fails, all fails. Multiplying riches will not then protect, will only indeed more fatally expose us. Democratic institutions will show no power of self-support. Any eloquence of speakers or of the press can only add a glitter to decay. Alienation and collision, confusion and division, will follow swiftly on moral decline; and our history will have to be written, as that of other peoples has been, as signalized at times by great advance, and passing through periods of splendid achievement, but closing at last in disaster and dishonor.

We may confidently hope that this is not to be. I am certainly no pessimist. I would not be rash, but I cannot despond. I have profound faith in God's purposes for the people which he so wonderfully planted and trained, and which he has conducted to such marvelous success. I have a strong faith in the people itself. I do not wonder that political theorists stand aghast before this huge, unmanageable, democratic nation, which defies precedent, traverses disdainfully speculative programmes, and lurches onward with irresistible energy, in spite of whatever philosophical forecasts. But I believe, after all, in the distributed American people. It means to be honest; it is not afraid of what man can do; and it is capable of surpassing enthusiasms. Pessimism may spring from a scholarly temper, which shrinks from rude contacts, and is offended by vulgar boasts; which insists on immediate accomplishment of ideals, and would have the Golden Age sent by express; which is therefore impatient and easily discouraged if a nation cannot be instantly turned, like a school or a parish, to better ways. But, practically, pessimism in this country, so far as I have observed, is a fashion with condescending critics, not commonly born among us, whose residence is too recent, their stake in the general welfare too slight, to allow much weight to their opinions; or else it is the weak cant of a native dudish class, despising the work which was honored by the fathers, shining in club-rooms rather than in warehouses or on the exchange, with no animating sense of the verities of faith, too

sensitive to noise to enter a caucus, too dainty of touch to handle ballots, and wanting everything, from trousers to statutes, to be "very English." The vigorous and governing mind of the nation is not pessimistic; and those who with shrill and piping accents utter prophecies of alarm have as little effect on its courageous confidence and hope as so many sparrows on the housetops. I think, for one, that the nation is right. Party spirit, often violent, sometimes brutal, may start fear in the timid; but party spirit, with whatever of either vulgarity or venom, is not as intense and not as threatening as it was in this country a half-century ago. Political chicanery may frighten some, as if the foundations were out of course, but it cannot work effects as disastrous as have been some which the nation has survived. Our rulers may not always be ideal men, as heroes or prophets, any more than are their censors; but they are fairly capable and faithful, and whether elected by our votes or not we may reasonably expect that the republic will take no detriment from them. The nation is still morally sound at the centres of its life; intelligent, reverent, law-abiding. Its rulers and policies are on the whole as far-sighted as they ever have been. Its readiness to apply the principles of ethics to social usage and to law is as keen as at any time in the century.

But if a time shall ever come when labor has ceased to have honor among us, with the bread earned in the sweat of the brow, when a passion for sudden wealth, no matter how gained, becomes paramount in the land, and luxurious surroundings stir the strongest desire in eager spirits; when high mental exercise fails to attract men, and general education ceases to be held a vital condition of public welfare; when plans of salutary social reform are left to amuse the leisure of the few, but fail to engage the popular heart or to stir with fresh thrills the public pulse; if a day shall come when the nation is content to live for itself, and to leave other peoples without the help of its benign influence, when patriotic aspiration is lowered accordingly to the flat levels of commercial acquisition and party success, when men of the higher capacity and character cease to concern themselves with political duty, and leave it to professional leaders and expert traders in votes, when laws therefore come to be matters of purchase, and ceasing to represent public judgment and conscience, cease to possess moral authority; if a time shall come, in other words, when self-indulgence and moral inertness take the place in the country of the earnest, faithful, strenuous spirit which built this hamlet, and all the others out of which the nation has grown—then we shall do dishonor to the fathers, and the history which began in unflinching toil and a superb sacrifice will close in shame. It is not at all as a minister of religion, but as an independent

observer of society, that I add my conviction that if such a time shall ever come it will be when the Bible shall have lost its power for the general mind, and the day which hallows all the week shall have no more sacredness or prophecy on it for the popular thought ; when the supreme vision of God and his government, and of his designs concerning this nation, shall have failed to move and uplift men's souls as it did beneath the Puritan preaching ; and when the desire to glorify him and to hasten the coming of the kingdom of his Son, which in all the loneliness and the poverty of the fathers was to them an inspiration, shall have failed to instruct and ennoble their children. If this shall be, the physical will not survive the moral. The coal and copper, the silver and wheat, will not assure the national greatness if the illustrious organic ideas shall have vanished from its sky. It will be the old story repeated ; of decaying wood at the centre of the statue beneath casings of ivory, plates of gold.

It is for us, and for each of us in his place, to do what we may, and all that we may, to avert an issue so sad and drear ! We must do it in the spirit which here of old set village and church in charming beauty amid what then were forest shades. If we do not accept all the laws of the fathers, we must, like them, have the armor of righteousness on the right hand and the left. Whether or not we worship according to their precise forms, we must hold as they did to the supreme facts which give glory to the Scriptures. Our fight will not be with enemies like theirs, the gray wolf, the painted savage ; but it must be as unyielding as theirs, against whatever of evil surrounds us. Let us try so to stand in our place in the world as they would have stood if to them had been appointed our present relations to the country, to mankind. Let our highest love, next to that for God and for the household, be for the nation which they baptized in tears and struggle, "with water and with blood." Let us always remember that next in honor, and in importance of work, to those who are called to found commonwealths are those to whom, in milder times, with ampler means, but in the same unshaken spirit, it is given to maintain them ! And may the blessing of Him whom they saw like one of old, an unconsuming splendor in the wilderness bush, be upon us, as it was upon them, till the expanding prosperity of the nation which had its seed-field in their cabins widens and brightens into such consummations as even their majestic faith could not expect ! And unto him, their God and ours, be all the praise !

BROOKLYN, N. Y.



THE AMERICAN FLAG AND JOHN PAUL JONES

The origin of the flag of the United States is a matter of the highest interest to every American citizen, as it indicates the conception which our forefathers had of the sovereignty of the United States as a nation shortly after the Declaration of Independence, and some twelve years before the adoption of the Constitution.

The question of nationality was not at first a pressing one. The colonies were in a struggle simply with the mother country. No third power was involved. It was quite a different matter as soon as ships of war were afloat on the high seas, and likely without a flag to be challenged by any nation as piratical cruisers.

The continental congress, as early as November 25, 1775, felt the necessity of a navy. Merchant vessels had been seized and rifled of their cargoes by British men-of-war. The town of Falmouth had been destroyed and its population dispersed. On that day they resolved to fit out "armed vessels and ships of force" for their protection.* On November 28, the congress adopted "rules for the regulation of the navy of the United Colonies." December 11 they established a "naval committee" to devise means for furnishing the colonies with a naval armament. December 13, thirteen vessels of war were directed to be fitted out, each at a cost of \$66,666. The names of these original vessels of war are interesting. "The *Congress*, *Randolph*, *Hancock*, *Washington*, *Trumbull*, *Raleigh*, *Effingham*, *Montgomery*, *Warren*, *Boston*, *Virginia*, *Providence*, and *Delaware*."† On December 22, naval officers were appointed by congress, with Esek Hopkins as commander-in-chief. Among the lieutenants will be noticed the name of John Paul Jones, in later years so famous.

On September 19, 1776, the naval committee reported that they had fitted out eight armed vessels, at a cost of \$134,333.‡ In November of this year bounties were offered for making prize of British vessels of war, and the rank of officers in the navy assimilated to those in the army, an admiral holding rank equal to that of general, a vice-admiral to that of lieutenant-general, while a rear-admiral was equalized with a major-general, and a commodore with a brigadier.§

* *Journals of Continental Congress*, i., 240, 241.

† *Id.* ii., 193.

‡ *Journals*, ii., 340.

§ *Journals* of November 15, 1776.

The navy was in its early history plainly inefficient. Congress in one of its resolutions declared one of the captains to be a person of doubtful character and suspended him. A little later they cashiered twelve lieutenants for unlawful combinations to extort increase of pay, declaring them to be incapable of holding any commission or authority of the "United States."

All this time congress kept its eye on John Paul Jones. He was made a captain in the navy March 15, 1777, and assigned provisionally to a specified ship, apparently of an inferior grade, "until better provision can be made for him." This "better provision" was found on June 14, when Captain John Roach was suspended from the command of "the ship *Ranger*," and Jones was appointed in his place.

It is on this eventful day, June 14, 1777, that "the flag of the thirteen *United States*" is first heard of. The resolution creating it is brief, simple, and nobly suggestive: "*Resolved*, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, *representing* A NEW CONSTELLATION." The words are the words of heraldry, but the underlying thought is sublime. Three of these arrest and absorb the attention. (1) The congress is ordaining a *flag*, the symbol of sovereignty all over the civilized world. A flag imports a *nation*. It implies a political body entitled to be a member of the family of nations, entitled to the rights and bound by the obligations of international law. It may be objected that these so-called rebels could not by their own unlawful act of rebellion force themselves into the family of nations. But that is not the question. The sole point which at this distance of time engages our attention is, What did these men intend? What was their purpose and ultimate aim? The undoubted answer is, that they designed to assert to the world that they constituted a single and indivisible nation. (2) They call the political organizations which they represent the "United States." They have advanced far since July 4, 1776, a period of time less than one year. Then they were "United Colonies," calling themselves, it is true, also, "United States," but the colonial feeling held sway. Now they are "United States" simply—nothing more, nothing less. They are "United States" not with thirteen standards carried together, but with one indivisible flag. (3) The congressional statesmen construe and interpret the meaning of the flag which they adopt. It represents a "new constellation." They do not intend to form a mere collection of stars having no apparent order or design. A "constellation" exists not in the stars themselves, but in the mind of man, which sees in them a purpose or plan, figuring them perhaps as some

being capable of thought and reflection, and having a never-ending continuity of existence as well as an unchanging unity. The framers of this resolution doubtless had in view the words of the poet Dryden :

" A constellation is but one,
Though 'tis a train of stars."

The present constellation differed from all others of the time in being new. It was hung in the political heavens on the day when the new flag first floated on the breeze. Like a true constellation, it was never to fade out, but to continue forever in the observance of order, in obedience to law, with immortal loveliness. Such was the thought of these ancestors of ours. Is it not well that they were optimists and not pessimists?

Having thus ordained the flag, the next thing was to provide some worthy person to carry it aloft and to exhibit it in every land. Who so worthy as Captain John Paul Jones? In the same hour he was appointed by the congress to command the "continental ship-of-war *Ranger*," Captain John Roach being at the same moment suspended from command.

The unreserved confidence of the congress in Jones was shown by an extraordinary power in substance conferred upon him to select his officers and crew.*

The circumstance that the flag was adopted on the same day with the appointment of Jones, without any intervening act, was not accidental. It was of set, deliberate purpose. It was a practical necessity. Jones was a Scotchman, a natural son it is said of Craig of Arbigland, a gentleman by blood, who repudiated the parentage. The son coming to this country added the name of Jones to that of John Paul, which his unnatural father had caused him to bear at home. On entering the American service he was not merely a rebel in English view, but a traitor, "adhering to the enemies of England, giving them aid and comfort." He needed all the protection that a flag could give him, so that if captured he might have some claim to be treated as a prisoner of war. We may fairly assume that when the flag was prepared and the *Ranger* was about to go forth on her lonely adventure, the "naval committee" made to the commander the first official present of "the flag of the United States" that was ever made, urging that he might be encouraged by it to deeds of daring, linked with honor and humanity, upon the high seas. We may also suppose that as Jones paced the deck of the *Ranger* on the star-lit nights, his eyes were turned toward the northern constellation that was to guide his way toward

* *Journals*, iii., 194.

the enemy, thinking of that "new constellation" and its beautiful emblem which were destined in later years to guide so many of the outcast and poor in their heroic struggles with the adversities of life.

The achievements of the *Ranger* are henceforward a matter of the most stirring events of our history. All the world knows how in 1777 Jones made such gallant use of the *Ranger* as for weeks to keep the shores of England and Scotland in constant terror, and how on the twenty-third of September, 1779, in his poor ship, well called the *Poor Richard*, he grappled with a powerful British man-of-war, the *Serapis*, having a "vast superiority in strength." The tale of this combat is well told by Bancroft in the tenth volume of his history. The *Serapis*, having been taken into the Texel, the British ambassador reclaimed it as having been taken by "the pirate Paul Jones of Scotland," and she was only saved by the protection of the flag of France.

The flag of the "new constellation" made its way but slowly. Thanks to Paul Jones, and others inspired by his heroic and adventurous deeds, at last it conquered recognition. Indirectly it owed much to the alleged vile and despicable acts of that unnatural parent, Craig of Arbigland, who in disowning an innocent son made a gift of him to mankind. It is but a signal instance of the truth of the ancient proverb, that "Out of the eater has come forth meat, and out of the strong one has come forth sweetness."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Theodore W. Dwight". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the main body of text.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE LAW SCHOOL, NEW YORK, September 9, 1890.

SOUTHOLD AND HER HISTORIC HOMES AND MEMORIES

1640-1890

"You Americans have no history, you build up your towns and cities and commonwealths in a night," said a distinguished foreign diplomat on one occasion. "We Europeans never think of assuming the dignity and



THE OLD MOORE HOUSE.

[From a photograph by Henry B. Ingram.]

respectability of mature age until we can count backward at least two hundred years."

Hereafter we may be able to hold our American head erect in the presence of foreign antiquity, for some of us the present season have not only counted backward two full centuries, but have arisen in all the majesty of a higher count and actually celebrated two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthdays. If great age is honorable, as we are taught both by precept and example

to believe, our country is on the rising tide. We have accumulated vast wealth of record and story touching the successive actions and fortunes and experiences of numerous generations of men, and can trace the connection of events—which never spring into being disjoined from antecedents leading to them—far into the past. If this is not history, we trust our old world friend will give us the true name by which it should be known. We fear that if he has the temerity to again assert that America has no history, or that its people are not making history more rapidly than any other nation on the globe, he will be relegated to a back seat in worldly wisdom.

Celebrations, with a long reach of worthy deeds and important events and consequences to bring into the forefront, are healthful and exert an educational influence not easily measured. Take two such towns as Southampton and Southold, at the eastern end of Long Island, the one on the southern, the other on the northern shore, and observe their proceedings and the wide interest awakened as they proudly note the peril and impecuniosity of their beginnings two-hundred-and-fifty years ago. The literature produced through the researches and genius of their scholars and citizens not only arouses and enlightens the present generation, but is destined to live, and prove more and more fruitful as the years roll on. The young will go to it for instruction and the aged for reference. It will creep into families and schools all over the land; for the pioneers of these towns were doing much more than plant their own individual homes, they were unconsciously projecting the prosperity of a continent. It is impossible to over-estimate the effects of each original settlement upon the present character and condition of our country.

Ancient Southampton took the lead in fitting birthday festivities, as was duly chronicled in the July issue of this periodical. Southold selected the month of August simply for convenience and not for any historical reason. Distinguished sons and daughters of the town, from many parts of the Union, graced the occasion with their presence; the most eloquent orators of the age participated in the exercises; and thousands of visitors from Long Island, Connecticut, and other places, united in making the occasion memorable. The doors of the Old First Church, which was gayly festooned with flags and bright with flowers, were thrown open, and Rev. Dr. Whitaker, its pastor for more than forty years, greeted the assembled multitude with words of cordial welcome. The singing of a hymn written for the occasion, by the united choirs of the four churches of the town, a touching prayer by Rev. Bennett T. Abbott, and the reading of an appropriate scripture lesson by Rev. J. H. Ballou, from the veritable Bible

brought by Barnabas Horton into Southold in 1640, were the preliminary exercises; after which was introduced the celebrated speaker of the morning, Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of whom it is said no man living can better interpret the faith, the heroism, the sublime devotion of the Puritan pioneers. For an hour and a half he held the immense assemblage delighted with his charm of word and thought, and grace and power of utterance, as he touched upon the procession of the years and clearly unfolded the sources and guarantees of national progress—an eloquent and masterly discourse, which forms the leading paper in the current number of this *Magazine*.

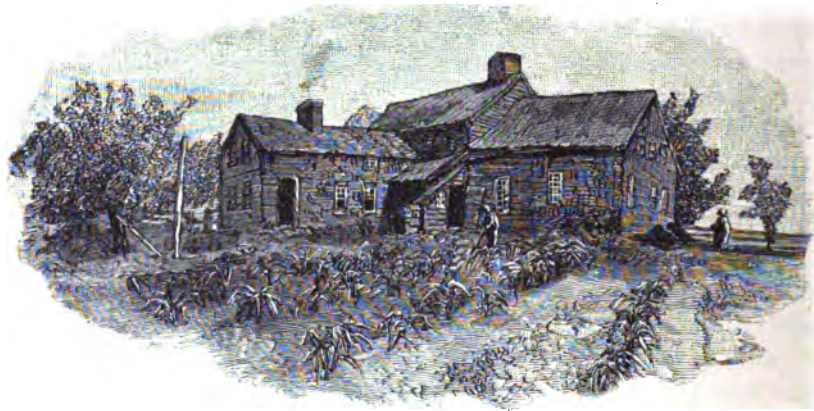
The afternoon entertainment was in a beautiful grove some half a mile from the church, to which the invited guests were conducted by one of the most unique and ingeniously contrived processions ever witnessed on Long Island. It was headed by a veteran drum-corps, followed by an Indian canoe on wheels, said to be as old as the town, manned by two red men in full war costume, paddling; then came the fac-simile of a pioneer moving wagon laden with old-fashioned furniture and antique domestic implements, drawn by four yoke of oxen, the numerous family of the mover costumed in the style of 1640 being seated on the top. The invited guests and officers of the celebration in carriages followed closely; then a cabriolet of ancient date,



THE OLD FIRST CHURCH, SOUTHOLD.

SCENE OF THE CELEBRATION EXERCISES, AUGUST 27, 1890.

driven by a prim negro in livery, and containing a gentleman and lady dressed in continental fashion; all manner of ancient vehicles; a dozen or more wagon-loads of pretty girls dressed in white, carrying flags and flowers; the officials of Southold, the military and fire companies of this and neighboring towns, brass bands, the police force, a company of horsemen and another of bicyclists, hundreds of children on foot, and citizens and visitors driving in not less than six hundred carriages. Circling about the platform in the grove ten thousand or more people formed a compact mass of varying color on every side, while just beyond this crowded amphitheatre was an outer circle of double and triple rows of equipages. The



OLD BARNABAS HORTON HOUSE, BUILT IN 1640.

IN CONTRAST WITH THE STREET SCENE IN 1890.

sun looked blandly through the leafy trees upon the pretty scene, and the breezes were deliciously soft and balmy. Hon. James H. Tuthill, a descendant of Henry Tuthill of 1640, presided felicitously. The speakers were numerous and interesting, including Hon. Henry P. Hedges of Southampton, District-Attorney Smith, and the Rev. William Whitaker, son of the pastor. Music and singing were conspicuous features of the occasion, the greatest applause attending the appearance of four generations of the descendants of Barnabas Horton, who sang an original hymn, standing, in the old-time way. The acres of people returned to the village in time for tea, and crowded the church again in the evening. Hon. Henry A. Reeves presided, and the history of the town by Charles B. Moore, and the reading of letters from President Harrison, and others, closed a great, well-ordered, and worthy celebration.



STREET SCENE IN SOUTHOLD. PRESENT SITE OF THE OLD BARNABAS HORTON HOUSE.

[From a photograph by Henry B. Ingram.]

If the little group of men who occupied the place five semi-centuries ago could have spent the 27th of August, 1890, on the same soil, and seen their names painted on boards in front of their original lots, and heard their praises sounded by every voice, from one end of the town to the other, we think they would have felt amply repaid for all their privations and hardships. It was truly their day. Everything old was glorified. Every man who had an old coat wore it. The aged men and women were the



SOUTHOLD'S SOLDIERS MONUMENT.

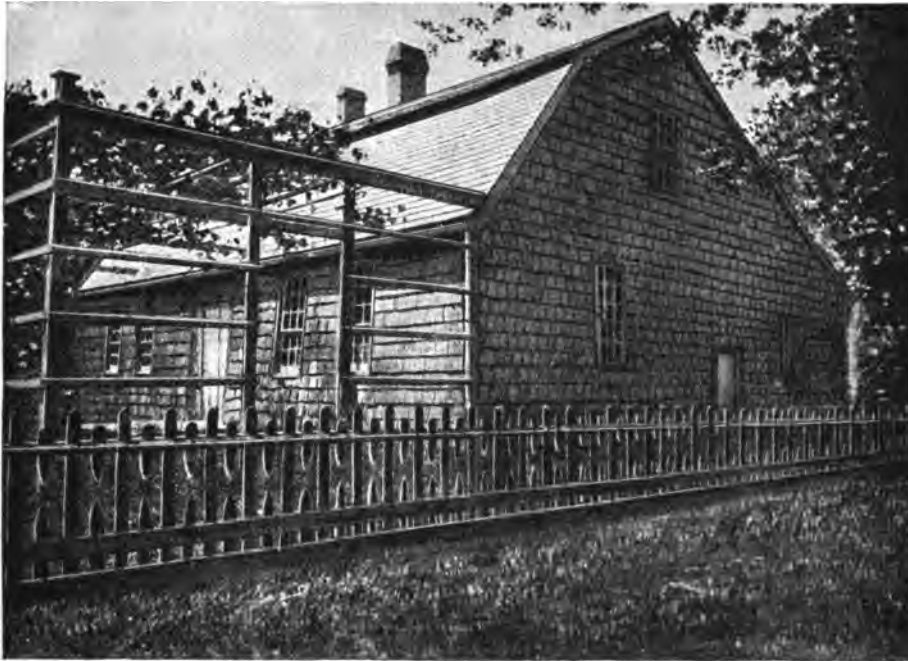
[From a photograph by Henry B. Ingram.]

same time, and is believed to have gone to New Haven in 1638, thence to Southold. It is well known that Davenport was concerned in the famous project of exodus from England to the Saybrook settlement, which for some years occupied the attention of Cromwell, John Hampden, Sir Matthew Boynton, and other English noblemen, who were dissatisfied with the management of civil and religious affairs under Charles I. and wished to remove to America. Lion Gardiner was employed by them in 1635 as a competent engineer to prepare the ground at Saybrook Point for the building of a city. The traces of two great handsome squares may yet be

beaux and belles of the occasion. Modern houses attracted no attention whatever; but those built in former centuries were sought, visited, and studied with the greatest curiosity. The old home of Barnabas Horton, the wealthiest man among the first settlers, has disappeared, but its successor on the same site was scrutinized as if surreptitiously secreting some precious treasure. The old Moore house, which bears the date "1647" in great figures upon its façade, was surrounded by politely inquisitive sight-seers from dawn until sunset. It was the home of Benjamin, son of Thomas Moore, of the early settlement. Rev. Dr. Whitaker, the accomplished historian of Southold, tells us that this house was kept as a tavern in the Revolution by the widow of Dr. Micah Moore, who was Lawyer Robert Hemstead's daughter, then became Mrs. Ledyard and was the mother of John Ledyard the traveler—before she married Dr. Moore.

The first settler of Southold was Rev. John Youngs, an educated clergyman from Southwold, England, a friend of Rev. John Davenport who arrived at Boston in 1637, and sailed the next spring with a party to found New Haven. Parson Youngs landed in Salem about the

seen on the rolling land near where the old Saybrook fort stood, which were laid out as sites for palatial mansions. Colonel George Fenwick was the only one of the original patentees who came to live in Saybrook, succeeding Lion Gardiner in command of the fort in 1639. It is not probable that Gardiner dwelt four years opposite the beautiful locality of Southold, Long Island, without becoming familiar with its peculiarities and its material advantages, particularly as he was prospecting on his own



THE HOUSE BENJAMIN L'HOMMEDIEU BUILT FOR HIS BRIDE.

[From a photograph by Henry B. Ingram.]

account, and in 1639 purchased the whole of Gardiner's island from the Indians. He is known to have been in constant communication with the restless Englishmen who were drifting westward across the Atlantic, and was ever ready to impart to them such information as he had. His advice in the matter of treating with the Indians was esteemed of the utmost importance. It was a remarkable age. The conflict of religious and political parties was not the only cause of the westward drift; there was the ambition for wealth, the fascination of adventure, and the social freedom of a new country.

Energetic men of more than ordinary intelligence and force of character, from the same part of England as Rev. John Youngs, were eager to join him, and the testimony shows that some of them were in Southold as early as the summer of 1638, if not before, although the exact date when the ground was first broken is not known. There seems to be no lack of evidence as to its priority of settlement over Southampton. The church was regularly organized on the 21st of October, 1640, about two months after the title had been obtained from the Indians, which, according to the records, was just a little ahead of its excellent neighbor. Four days later it is recorded that one of the settlers sold his land, with the house upon it and other improvements, for £15, which points to the probability of his having been an inhabitant of the place since 1639, if not longer. The early Southolders were apparently alive to the charms of secular enterprise. They chose a sheltered nook for the centre of their village, protected from winter winds by a high bluff to the north, and open to the soft southern breezes in summer, tempered by a succession of salt water bays and streams. The first lot on the south side of the street became the minister's, and the one opposite was secured by the first lawyer, William Wells, son of Rev. William Wells, rector of the splendid Church of St. Peter Mancroft, in the city of Norwich, England. Familiar names are handed down to us among these pioneers, such as Thomas Benedict, John Sweezy, William Hallock, Thomas Reeve, Henry Whitney, John Conklin, Robert Ackerly, Richard Benjamin, John Booth, Richard Brown, Lieutenant John Budd, Henry Case, John Corey, Matthias Corwin, Philemon Dickerson, Charles Glover, Ralph Goldsmith, John Herbert, Samuel King, Thomas Mapes, George Miller, Peter Payne, William Purrier, William Salmon, Richard and Thomas Terry, John Tucker, Henry Tuthill, Captain John Underhill, Jeremiah Vail, Barnabas Wines, and many others. Their descendants have always been among the intellectual and eminent men of America. The present President of the United States descended from Henry Tuthill; Hon. William H. Seward from John Sweezy; Thomas Corwin, secretary of the treasury, from Matthias Corwin; Mahlon Dickerson, secretary of the navy, from Philemon Dickerson, also Governor Philemon Dickerson of New Jersey; Rev. Dr. Abijah Wines, founder of the Bangor theological seminary, and the Rev. Dr. Enoch C. Wines, distinguished in the matter of prison reformation, from Barnabas Wines; and an army of clergymen, poets, and educators,—several generations of them—including Rev. Moses Hallock of Plainfield, Massachusetts, Gerard Hallock, founder of the *Journal of Commerce*, and Rev. Dr. William A. Hallock, founder of the American Tract Society, from William Hallock of early Southold.

The eldest son of the first pastor, John Youngs, became one of the ablest and most important men on Long Island, a public character for full half a century. He was a sea-captain, a military colonel, the sheriff of Yorkshire, the head of the commission to adjust and determine the boundary between New York and Connecticut, an honorable counselor appointed by the king of England (from being well and favorably known at the English court) to a succession of the governors of New York, including Dongan, Andros, Sloughter, Fletcher, and Bellomont—and he was one of the judges who tried and condemned Jacob Leisler. It is said that he had more to do than any other citizen of the province in obtaining from the Duke of York the power conferred on Governor Dongan to convene, in 1683, the first colonial assembly, by which the people of New York were allowed to participate in legislation.

His old house is still standing in Southold. Governor John Youngs of New York, elected in 1846, and subsequently assistant treasurer of the United States at New York, together with Rev. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, Rev. Dr. Edward D. Prime of the *New York Observer*, and William C. Prime, LL.D., and John Ledyard the traveler, descended from Southold's first pastor, Rev. John Youngs. Thomas Benedict was the ancestor of a long line of scholars, jurists, and clergymen, not least among whom was Hon. Erastus C. Benedict, chancellor of the university of the state of New York. Barnabas Horton's descendants include such notables as Rev. Simon Horton, Rev. Azariah Horton, and Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. And the late Stephen Whitney, one of New York's millionaires, descended from Henry Whitney of Southold's founders. We might prolong the list of Southold's notable children and children's children indefinitely, but space forbids.

As the years rolled on, young Southold increased in population, but its authorities were extremely particular as to whom they allowed to come into and dwell in the little town. Thus the moral, intellectual, and religious character of its people was preserved from generation to generation. The third pastor was Rev. Benjamin Woolsey, whose eminent and scholarly descendants constitute a noble army, too numerous to be mentioned here, including President Woolsey of Yale, President Timothy Dwight, D.D., President Sereno Edwards Dwight, D.D., Professors Theodore W. Dwight, LL.D., and Benjamin W. Dwight, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., Governor George Hoadley of Ohio, and Rear-Admiral Samuel L. Breese. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes gave to Southold the L'Hommedieu and the Bosseau families. The house is still standing that Benjamin L'Hommedieu provided for his bride, the pretty daughter of

Nathaniel Sylvester, proprietor of the manor of Shelter island, with whom he fell in love in the most romantic fashion one Sunday morning soon after his arrival.* Their grandson, Ezra L'Hommedieu, became a man of national renown, one of the great and useful characters of his generation. Dr. Whitaker refers to him in the *History of Southold* as the chief citizen of the town when the contest of the Revolution drew near. "Under his leadership most of the Southold men very early pledged themselves to support congress. Mr. L'Hommedieu represented the town, and far more, in the provincial congress at New York from 1775 to 1777, and then in the state assembly from 1777 to 1782; in the continental congress from 1779 to 1782, and again in 1788. He was the clerk of Suffolk county from 1784 until his death in 1812, except one year. He was a member of the state senate from 1784 to 1792, and as chairman of the judiciary committee many of the early laws of the state of New York were written by his pen. He was repeatedly a member of the council of appointment, and a regent of the university of the state from the time of the organization of the board, in 1788, until his death." Thus we can see, without further details, that, from the very first, Southold possessed elements of national interest, and that from her historic homes influences emanated affecting the destinies of millions of the great human family. Her people have been prosperous at home; their accumulations have required the establishment of a bank, which some one says represents several millions; and her annals, through the pens of her able writers, present to the world a history that is not only picturesque and fascinating, but so extended in its touch that throughout the length and breadth of the continent it will attract scions of the old ancestral stock, who cannot fail to revel in its memories with interest, and study its fresh lessons with profit and pleasure.

Martha J. Lamb

* *Magazine of American History* for November, 1887, vol. xviii., page 361.

THE HISTORIC TEMPLE AT NEW WINDSOR, 1783

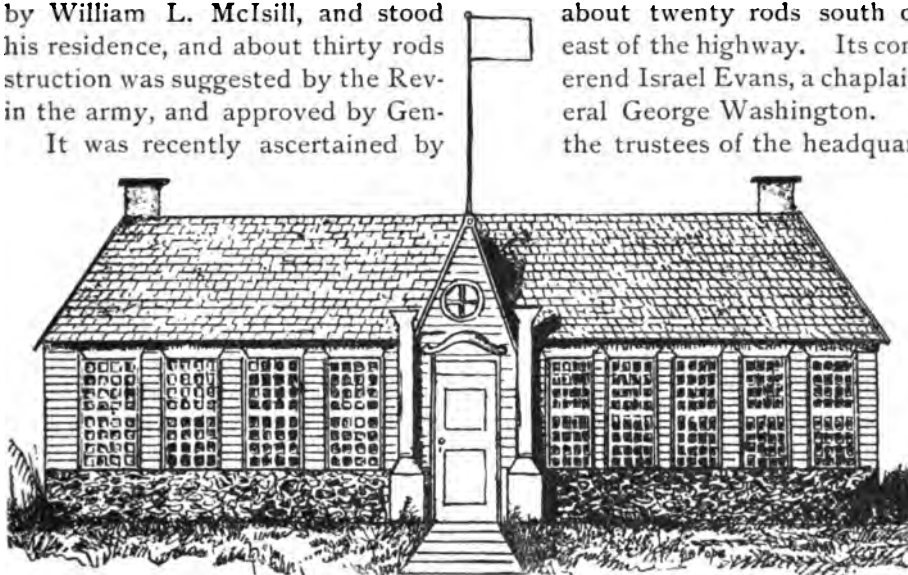
A PICTURE MADE AT THAT TIME AND NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

The picture below of "The Temple of Virtue" represents the structure called alternately "The Temple," "The New Building," and "The Public Building," erected in the fore part of the year 1783, at the winter cantonment of the American army, near New Windsor, New York.

It was a frame edifice built upon land of Jabez Atwood, now owned by William L. McIsill, and stood about thirty rods south of his residence, and about thirty rods east of the highway. Its construction was suggested by the Rev- in the army, and approved by Gen-

It was recently ascertained by

about twenty rods south of east of the highway. Its con- erend Israel Evans, a chaplain eral George Washington. the trustees of the headquar-



THE TEMPLE OF VIRTUE.

ters at Newburgh that a drawing was in existence in Boston representing the Temple, together with the buildings occupied by the officers and soldiers of the Massachusetts line, and other things of great interest. Major E. C. Boynton, the celebrated author of the accurate and delightful history of West Point, visited Boston, and succeeded in procuring the drawing, with permission to make a copy therefrom. The original is about seven feet long and eighteen inches wide, and was executed by William Tarbell, a soldier in the Seventh Massachusetts Regiment, and is now owned by his grandson, Luther A. Tarbell of Boston. The drawing is as common as it is

interesting. It is made on sheets of foolscap paper pasted together on a piece of canvas, and the coloring used was the juice of grass, butternut, and berries.

Until this time no picture of the Temple has been known to exist. Mr. Lossing inserted in his *Field Book of the Revolution*, a drawing made from representations received from Robert Burnett, a revolutionary officer; but it now turns out that Burnett, who was a very old man, had in his mind and described a building at West Point known as "Starkeans Hall," and used for masonic purposes.*

The size of the Temple is not defined, but it was about eighty feet long, by forty feet wide. It was a frame building resting upon a stone foundation, rising above the grade of the ground about four feet to the window sills. The windows were large and about eight feet high, and the building was about fifteen feet high to the eaves, with a steep roof of shingles. The curious part of the Temple was the doorway with a cupola and flag-staff over it and two columns on the sides, as there were two columns at the entrance of the Temple of King Solomon.

General Heath in his *Memoirs* said it was handsomely finished with a spacious hall sufficient to contain a brigade of troops, that the vault of the ceiling was arched, and there were two rooms at each end of the hall. The materials for the building were prepared by the different regiments in obedience to orders which prescribed the quota and kinds to be furnished by each. General Gates had the general charge and issued the orders. A large force of men was employed upon the work from the first of January to the fore part of March, 1783. The building was designed for a place for divine worship, and a soldier from Wyoming named Bidlack, who assisted in the erection of the Temple and the construction of the causeway across the marsh which lay between the two lines of the cantonment, says there was religious worship in the edifice, and the splendid singing in which he took part lingered long in his memory. "I never," he said, "heard such singing in my life. Some of the officers from New England were trained singers and many of the men could sing well, and they made the Temple ring with sweet and powerful melody."

The building was also used for meetings of various kinds. It was there that General Washington called the important assemblage to consider the famous Newburgh address to the army, and there read his celebrated paper which allayed the discontent and raised the fame of Washington. A few extracts from the orders will furnish a good idea of the extent of

* The picture of this old building appeared in the *Magazine of American History* for November, 1883, page 370.

the labor and materials employed in constructing the Temple. The situation and plan of this building was agreed upon at a meeting of officers at the headquarters of General Gates, December 26, 1782, and on the fifth day of January following an order was issued from which the following: "As it is expected that all the materials for the public building requested in the estimate sent to each regiment will be collected on the spot by Wednesday next, Colonel Tupper, of the Massachusetts line, will attend on Thursday morning to superintend the work. The quartermaster-general will, upon demands made and receipts given by Colonel Tupper, issue boards, nails or nail rods, irons and such other articles as he can conveniently supply for finishing the building. The shingles provided by the different regiments agreeable to their particular estimate, are not to be brought to the building until the time they are wanted, which will be signified in public orders." From orders of January 9: "The following non-commissioned officers and privates are to parade at Colonel Tupper's quarters in the Massachusetts line at ten o'clock to-morrow morning: One sergeant from each brigade to superintend the carpenters, two privates from each regiment who are carpenters, one private from each regiment who is a mason, three privates from each regiment to attend the masons, and one sergeant and one corporal from each wing to superintend the carpenters. The following tools are likewise to be furnished by each regiment and sent by their men to-morrow to Colonel Tupper's quarters:

From each brigade one cross-cut saw, one adze, and as many inch and inch-and-a-half augers as can conveniently be spared; the masons are also to bring their tools with them. From each regiment four spades to be brought by the masons' attendants; at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning each regiment will furnish Colonel Tupper with one non-commissioned officer and twelve privates, with two hand-sleds from each regiment to collect stones for chimneys and underpinning for the public building. They will be furnished with a gill of rum and a half ration on the spot."

From orders of January 14: "Colonel Tupper, superintendent of the public building, has this morning acquainted the General that the underpinning thereof, and a great part of the timber is on the spot framed." January 17. "At the same time and place each regiment will deliver eighty ribs of round, straight, split cut poles, eight feet and a half long, and two and a half inches wide at the upper end."


January 21. "On Friday morning each regiment is to deliver at the frame of the public building 270 laths, split out of shingle timber. They are to be exactly four feet long, one inch thick upon one edge, and not less than one-third of an inch on the other edge, and two inches wide.

One active sergeant and two men from each regiment to parade to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock at the public building to complete the filling in the frames." By an order of February 4, each regiment was required to make four benches for the building eight feet four inches long, eleven inches wide, eighteen inches high, with two legs one foot from each end and a supporter in the middle.

February 15. General Washington issued an order stating that the new building was so far finished as to admit the troops for public worship, and directing that divine services should be performed there every Sunday by the several chaplains of the cantonment. March 6. "Two lime-burners from each brigade to be sent to the public building to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. They are to be employed in erecting a kiln and burning lime for finishing the building."

The Temple was sold at auction on the second day of September, 1783, or at least it was advertised for sale on that day.*

It is said that the Temple was riven by lightning previous to its sale.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "J. D. M. Maw". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the text "WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.".

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

* *Magazine of American History* for January, 1884, page 77.

ABOUT SOME PUBLIC CHARACTERS IN 1786

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRIVATE DIARY OF GENERAL HALDIMAND*

February 9, 1786. Thursday. Was at Court, where I was very late. It is said that when their Majesties arrived scarcely any one was in the room. The queen asked me at what time I arrived. I answered that I had been more than an hour and a half on the road and that at last I had been obliged to leave my carriage in the middle of St. James' Street and take a sedan chair. That in spite of this, it was with great difficulty I had reached St. James' at three o'clock. The Court was crowded, and it seemed to me that I had never seen so many beautiful women there.

Dined at Lord Amherst's, where there was a large company. Sir George Yonge, to whom I sat next, spoke to me a good deal, as did General Fosset [Fawcett], who told me he had written a long letter in answer to one which Brigadier Hope had written him respecting the manœuvres of the troops, as it appeared that all those who had served in America were for rapid movements, without thinking it necessary to have a solid body behind which the light infantry might rally. I approved of his advice. He told me that he had dissuaded the king from taking the advice of some of the old generals, and I believe that he is engaged in drawing up a kind of regulation on the subject. Went home at nine o'clock.

Saturday, 11th. Took a long ride. My nephew sent me my madeira, eleven cases of twelve large bottles each, and a pipe well filled. I put the whole (except one case) in my cellar under the church. Colonel Small has arrived still full of compliments. Took a long ride. Dined at home. Passed the evening at General Robertson's.

Sunday, 12th. Paid a visit with General Robertson to General Prevost, who is no better. His wife showed me a letter from her father, inviting them to come to France next Spring, to go together to the Bourbon waters. Dined with General Robertson, and went home early; we had a good deal of conversation on the affairs of America. He is very well informed for what took place in the south. He should make up an account

* Sir Frederick Haldimand succeeded Sir Guy Carleton as governor of Canada in 1778, and administered that office until November, 1784, and was then recalled to England. He is best known to the world as General Haldimand. His papers were presented to the British Museum in 1857 by his grand-nephew, William Haldimand, copies of which are now in the Canadian Archives at Ottawa. These Extracts are from the printed report of Douglas Brymner, Archivist.

of the rations and wood which the other commanders-in-chief had received in the south during the war, and show it to the commissioners of accounts. Howe and Clinton have always drawn upwards of one hundred rations a day and as much wood as they could burn.

Monday, 13th. Rode in the park. Messrs. Watts, Sir James Napier, Dr. Baker, and Dr. Brown, dined with me. Spent the evening at Colonel Leland's with General Paterson, Rainsforth, Captain —, of the Royal Navy, his wife and daughter, Tryon, his wife and daughter, and Mrs. Arnold. The company believed that the Prince of Wales is married to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and anticipated from it the most fatal consequences.

Wednesday, 15th. I met Lord Amherst in the park and handed him Captain Hanzard's letter. I then met General Carleton, who told me that not having gone to Windsor, he had not seen the king for some time, but that he could assure me that Sir Henry Clinton was not one of his favorites, that the king was not satisfied with his enormous pretensions, that he believed him to be a man of probity, but could not conceive how he could have such ideas. The general told me that Sir Henry was at variance with his brother, as the latter had flattered himself with being governor of Quebec. He asked if my own business was settled. I said no; on which he said I was to have the allowance of a lieutenant-general. He imagined that I had saved money, because Clinton had brought back a large amount from America. I made him understand that our pay had been very different; besides, Clinton had drawn all his provisions from the king's magazines, and all his supplies from the barrack-master general's stores, and perhaps from the quarter-master general. He appeared to understand the difference of our positions. He made me acquainted with Clinton's odd character, his conduct towards the Duke of Newcastle and himself. Spent the evening at Mrs. Robertson's, where there was a large number of people. Played three rubbers, and won three guineas.

Thursday, 16th. Was at Court, which was very brilliant. I found Sir Guy Carleton there, and told him that when we should go to Canada, he would find there my carriages, post-chaise, and twelve horses, which would be much at his service. He said he had orders to send to the amount of £8,000 sterling in presents for the Indians (which is absolutely useless), and also that he had obtained the contract to supply provisions for Nova Scotia, and that he is to give an order to send two hundred pipes of madeira.

Saturday, 18th. Took Lieutenant Wolfe to Lord Amherst's, who promised to recommend him to Carleton, and to Colonel Davis, who will command in Canada. Called on my nephew, who said that he had written to his father and brother respecting young Devos and the family.

Friday, February 24. Called on Budé and Lord Amherst, neither of whom was at home. Captain Kennedy, Colonel Marsh and Captain Watts dined with me.

Tuesday, February 28. I presided at the American Club, where there were nineteen members. All passed well, and I named Captain Kennedy as my successor.

Friday, March 3. Was at the levée, where I had reason to notice that the Duke of Richmond had not many friends. It seems that he is not liked, although it is believed he has some knowledge of engineering. People flatter themselves that he will resign his office, but he will do nothing of the kind. I was told that some of the officers were only waiting that moment to call him to account for his conduct on several occasions, and it is believed that to avoid annoyance he will keep his post as long as he can. Was at the Court, where the king did me the honor of speaking to me for a long time in presence of Lord Sydney. The Duke of Hamilton was to be created knight of the thistle. I remained to see the ceremony and was extremely surprised at the little order observed on an occasion which should be solemn! No ribbon was prepared, and the king was obliged to enter his cabinet to find it himself. Negligence of this kind is unpardonable, and although every one seemed surprised at it, I believe I may fairly doubt if there will be any future improvement. When I had the honor of receiving the order of the Bath, everything passed with much more decorum, and I have reasons to believe that orders had been given that the ceremony might be conducted in such a manner as to flatter me. The king in handing me the ribbon, told me that he could not give it to any one with more pleasure, and when I kissed the king's hand he held it to me with affection. All the knights who were at my reception appeared in the robe of the order, and all the ceremony in general passed with much propriety.

Sunday, March 5. Was at the Court with Major Matthews. There were very few present and the king retired at three o'clock. Neither the king nor the queen spoke to Matthews. I was told that according to etiquette they did not speak to majors. I met Sir Charles Douglas, whom I did not recognize. He told me that he had driven all the Americans from our ports, that is, that he had prevented them from cutting wood to melt the blubber of the whales they took in the gulf; that having received no instructions on the subject, he believed that the only means of proceeding was to be extremely exact in observing the Treaty of Peace; that his conduct had obtained him a compliment from the king and that if his successors would follow the example, American fisheries would be consider-

ably embarrassed. Major Potts and Scott dined with me; passed the evening at home. Lord Amherst told me that the chancellor had refused to affix the seal to Carleton's commission.

Tuesday, March 21. Took a long walk. Visited Lady Holderness, who seemed deeply grieved at the death of Mr. Dayrolles; she gave me some account of his family and extraction. The Prince of Wales is to dine with her on Friday. He paid much attention to the Princess Amelia because she had always something to criticise on the king's conduct, and likes the politeness of the Prince of Wales. The king does not correct his children and when the queen leaves the room they behave most improperly. Mrs. Fitzherbert has fine eyes, but a very common air. Dined at Lord Amherst's with Budé, Robertson and Judge Smith. Lady Amherst was polite enough. Smith told us that the Americans were trying to sell the lands beyond the Alleghany Mountains to the English and Dutch; that they had agents here who had already received large sums and that they were finding dupes every day. Budé seemed to be taken with Smith and found something attractive about him. I think I should tell him the part that Smith played at the beginning of the rebellion.

Friday, April 28. I went to Lord Amherst's, to whom I gave an account of the conversation I had had the evening before with Sir George Yonge. He had the politeness to send to the War Office to see if there was no letter for me, and was told "No." I went from there to the Court, and by his advice asked Lord Danby if I were to kiss hands. He consulted Lord Lothian, who said no. Lord Sydney, who entered shortly after, said it was not necessary I should kiss hands; that he was surprised I had not yet received the letter from Sir George Yonge; that he had communicated it to him, who had considered it very proper. The levée was well attended, and began late. When the king approached me I thanked him for the favor he had granted me. He answered he had only done it to render me justice, and repeated it two or three times, telling me he had only one manner of thinking with respect to me. He repeated it, raising his voice in adding that he would never change his manner of thinking of me. I assured him that I would neglect no opportunity of rendering myself worthy of his goodness ("I know it well, I know it well," he said) and he passed to another person who was beside Sir Joseph Yorke and me. When that person left, I said that the king had been very gracious. He told me that he had heard everything; that the king was just and good and that if he would only act by himself everything would go better.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN PEASANTRY

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

II

There are few regions affording more impressive examples of the power of certain old-time conservative influences than the rural districts of the ancient province of the St. Lawrence. Other races feel proud of their past, cheerfully accept its lessons while honoring its heroes, but they give heed to the teachings of the present in order to make the more of its opportunities. Old and new, matters important and unimportant, are thus brought into contrast, and the course of wisdom chosen; but with people fettered by ancient habits and customs, and proud of their fetters, modern notions have a hard struggle. In the main the *habitant* of to-day is the same as the colonist of the days of Vaudreuil. He has preserved the language, the religion, the laws, the customs, the traditions, and even the prejudices of his Gallic ancestors. All English attempts after 1760 to anglify the newly acquired French colonists were fruitless; the authorities at the British capital, with true and practical wisdom in this case, early resolving to make loyal subjects of them, instead of enemies.

If the rustic has not moved forward in the march of progress in certain directions, he has not fallen behind the European section of his race in some respects. The quality of politeness for which his ancestors have long been noted he has kept intact. On the highway, at public gatherings, even in business competition, he exhibits a smooth, agreeable manner, a disposition to please, and a readiness to render service to all coming in contact with him. This gift has smoothed the way to intercourse between French and British, facilitating business and other relations. A tourist can soon tell when he is in "the French country," as Anglo-Canadians call it. A peasant meeting a traveler, stranger, or acquaintance greets him, lifting his cap, with a bow and the salutation: *Bonjour, monsieur!* ("Good day, sir!") While addressing his superior in class or education he will stand bareheaded, a picture of respectful attention, no matter what the character of the weather. Nor does his manner bear any suggestion of servility at such times—he appears prompted simply by a desire to please. In connection with this deportment toward strangers there runs a tradition that I believe is of eastern

origin. Every one is attended through life by two angels, a good and a bad one, who maintain a continual conflict for the control of the soul. Consequently the children are taught that even should the person they greet be undeserving of respect, there is still his better, the spiritual guardian, entitled to homage. Whether such polite customs be due to this ancient belief, which not a few regard highly probable, the spirit thus preserved counts for something in the formation of character.

Among many evidences of a systematic consideration for others, these people, or the men, will courteously offer their seats to the opposite sex, wherever assembled, as also to their elders and invalids. They cheerfully drop any work engaged in in order to guide a stranger, going out of their way if necessary for the purpose. The custom of "tips" being little observed among them, they will not expect rewards for such modest although often useful services. A farmer driving, no matter how great his hurry, picks up any pedestrian overtaken, whether citizen of some capital or settler in the bush, not grudging him a drive of miles. His manner and conversation on such occasions often linger as one of the pleasant incidents of the trip in the traveler's memory. Politeness toward all, with a chivalric leaning toward the poor, the weak, and the stranger, continue governing rules with the descendants of the hardy *voyageurs*, *coureurs de bois*, and gallant soldiers of the days of Louis XIV., who still remember with pride that *Mon Dieu et ma dame* ("My God and my lady") was the motto of the old cavalier, under which great sacrifices were made and brilliant feats accomplished.

The hospitality of the farmer to the stranger is proverbial. In this respect he is generous to a fault, often borrowing of a neighbor to recruit his own supplies for the purpose of entertainment. The longer a guest or visitor tarries at his board the better is he pleased, and to refuse anything offered is to arouse a fear in his mind that you do not care for him or his provisions. On one occasion in the country I found myself belated and obliged to seek lodging at a farmer's house, there being no inn at hand. The owner and his wife, already retired, promptly left their bed, changed the sheets, and with gracious compulsion insisted upon my taking possession, while they made a couch on buffalo-ropes near the stove for their own accommodation. In the morning they refused any payment, stating my visit was a sufficient honor to stand as full recompense; and they made me, besides, take a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs. Many travelers relate similar experiences. A gift to the children will afford the scrupulous visitor the only chance of marking in a practical way his sense of the parents' hospitality. The owners will not

sit at the table with a guest of higher social rank ; the wife stands behind his chair, serving him with alacrity and cheerfulness. The common phrase or belief with many races, that "one man is as good as another," has not yet compelled acceptance among these people, nor is it likely to recommend itself to the bulk of them for a considerable period at any rate. While at table the humble host sits apart, plying the guest with numerous questions as to the events of the cities, and especially as to life and affairs in the United States, which he often, with a feeling of respect mingled with awe, designates the country *par en haut*, a compliment of the loftiest kind, too high to come within the range of ordinary prosaic translation. He is evidently in harmony with the celebrated and patriotic traveller who eulogized the Republic as "God's country."

But *Jean Baptiste* may have other associations running in his mind when he uses the expression *par en haut*. To reach Upper Canada (*Haut Canada*), especially before the days of railways, meant the ascent of long, high rivers and the climbing of many difficult, lofty pieces of land. The United States being also distant, and reached only after much trouble and labor, may have thus also gradually suggested the use of a phrase in its designation meaning mounting or climbing in the ordinary talk of the people.

The good-nature of the peasant manifests itself in all the forms open to human ingenuity. I was once crossing the St. Lawrence from the city of Quebec to Point Levis, directly opposite, when the passengers as usual crowded the steamer's bow as she approached the wharf. A lurch of the steamer nearly caused me to lose my balance, and to steady myself I stretched forth a foot to rest it on what I thought was a plank running along the vessel's side. A while after I felt a movement underneath, and looking down I perceived that my foot had committed trespass and was resting on an *habitant's* foot beneath my own. To my prompt apology and expression of regret I received for answer the cordial reply, the man taking off his hat at the same time : *Ce n'est pas la peine, Monsieur. Ne vous dérangez pas, je vous en prie* ("Pray, do not disturb yourself, sir. My inconvenience is not worth mention"). Such delicacy and forgetfulness of self on the part of the humbler classes, too, invest those virtues with an additional charm, while arousing expectations in behalf of other merits, promotive of free and cordial intercourse. A distinguished English gentleman widely known in Quebec, Hon. Andrew Stuart, once declared, and with good reason, that the French Canadians were *un peuple de gentilshommes* ("a race of gentlemen").

They are very kind to one another in the case of sickness, but their

feelings often carry them too far in attentions to the patient. With mistaken kindness friends and neighbors will often crowd the sufferer's apartment, and extend whatever comfort they may, while with lighted pipes they extract all the enjoyment possible from each other's news and gossip. The social smoke forms an important feature of all their gatherings; a lighted candle being often placed on the floor for the smokers to light their pipes with, or a pair of tongs by the stove to take up live coals for a similar purpose. However trying a steady volume of smoke may be to the sick, complaints are rarely heard. The patience as well as the lungs of the physician are not seldom sharply tested, sanitary admonitions being too often disregarded. The air of their houses is also often heavy with the odor of kerosene oil from badly trimmed lamps, but the theory that anybody may find peril in such an atmosphere cannot be made to enter the minds of most of them. And yet they are a healthy race.

Traditional rights and customs continue to command unfailing respect. A peasant in need of help at any time, passing by his first to call upon his second and third neighbor, say, would grievously offend the first, who would see all sorts of reasons, some of them childish or whimsical enough, for the omission. One prerogative of a neighbor, still clung to in many districts, is to make the coffin for any who may die in the adjoining homestead, free of cost. No duties are considered more binding than the neighborly. Any farmer failing to invite a neighbor to his sociable party would inflict a wound not easily healed. Indeed, the feud resulting would last till the next Easter religious duties, if not longer. In such cases they feel the affront as keenly as did the old touchy Scotchwoman, who seeing go past a neighbor's funeral cortège to which she had not been invited, exclaimed, while peering behind the curtain: "Weel, wait a wee: we'll have a funeral some day, and they'll na be invited, either."

Useful results flow from the system of good-will and mutual help still in force. In one day, by the vigorous, ingenious efforts of a combination of neighbors, an acre or more of land may be cleared of stumps, stones, and branches, and made fit for cultivation; in other cases a considerable crop may be garnered, the framework of a new house raised, or that of a barn, with other useful work added. On pressing occasions, as after a disaster, the priest will adopt an exceptional course and allow his flock to work on Sunday to help to repair the damage or provide a new dwelling for the sufferer. He usually announces at morning service, *grande messe*, that vespers will be sung immediately afterward instead of in the afternoon, that the charitable may give more time to the relief of their distressed neighbor. The necessary work over, refreshments and liquors are produced,

sometimes by the toilers themselves, when all partake heartily, mirth and jokes seasoning the fare. Fun and merrymaking now reign for a time, and then dancing follows. Business and pleasure are thus combined and in a way to make life in quiet districts less monotonous as well.

Buoyancy of spirits forms an important element of the French-Canadians' character, and has helped to sustain them under the hardships of the wilderness, as well as amid all the rigors and trials of their early history in *La nouvelle France*. This happy temperament displays itself on all occasions. Its influence in reforming and polishing their manners, as well as in sweetening the general current of their experience, cannot be overestimated. They have certainly proved themselves worthy of the title of the children of gay France, and under circumstances which would have put the fortitude of their relatives in the mother country to the severest strain. Whether on a toilsome march into the wilderness for the rude objects of the chase, or engaged in more perilous enterprises of war with the Indians and English colonists, their cheerfulness and lightheartedness never failed. On the expeditions of the *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois*, by many a broad river broken with fierce rapids, on the lake beset with storms as violent as ocean tempests, on the remote inland waters of the continent, or tramping over the snow-clad wilderness on snow-shoes and drawing heavily laden toboggans, the same disposition, sunny and inspiring, sustains them throughout their arduous course. At home, within the circle of the more peaceful village life, this spirit blossoms out in social games and story-telling which serve to vary the monotony of the long winter nights, or give additional zest to the enjoyment of summer days. Pleasure parties at the picturesque waterfalls, fruit gatherings in the autumn, sugar making in the bracing spring air, with "bees" for united labor, house-raising, the clearing of land, flax-dressing and sheep-shearing, all supply abundant occasion for the display of this cheerful temperament, which gives wings to toil, and induces, through the rendering of mutual assistance, a wide-reaching friendliness full of comfort and joy.

Indeed, the *habitant* allows few opportunities of enjoyment to escape him. The first preliminary observed is to lay aside care, with the view of turning all his chances to the best account. The duties attached to the farm and stock are left to the old people, often grandparents, as also to servants, who usually attend to them well enough to furnish the merry-makers with a plausible excuse for a repetition of such indulgences. The rustic without children closes up his house, regardless of fire or tramp, and joins in the sports of his lightheaded companions. In regions where game

is abundant he is rather often tempted to sacrifice precious time, which might be more profitably employed on the farm or in the bush, to the chances of the chase. Efforts are made afterward to catch up with the work of wiser farmers who have lost no time with the allurements of the game. But whatever accidents or losses may occur on such occasions, the spirit of prudence finds little place, and the next opportunity for a day's diversion will be eagerly seized.

They are ever kind to the poor. However humble the circumstances of a family, a beggar is always admitted, the members sharing with him anything they possess. The poor come and go as they please, the farmhouse door being never fastened day or night. This kindness to the needy is looked upon not only as a natural duty, but a pious obligation enforced by Divine command. The poor are styled "Christ's brethren," and hence entitled to all possible sympathy and aid. Many families in fair circumstances maintain one or more indigent or infirm persons. Along the Labrador coast at certain seasons the fishermen leave their homes for a time, but before doing so place in some accessible spot provisions and sometimes small coin for the relief of destitute persons expected to call.

Professional beggars are met with even in the poorer districts. Here as elsewhere they are active news collectors, and, if not willing to work, industrious enough in spreading if not also making stories. They are known by name to most of the people. Their forte is gossip, the sins and misfortunes of their acquaintances, high and low, receiving a large share of their attention. Some are shrewd fellows, free and fluent, ready to make themselves at home in any place, and prating for hours, while others are stupid and clownish, equally ready, however, to receive gifts and equally careful to shun all work. They know enough not to steal, or it would soon become known and their occupation gone. Some of them, experienced and cunning ones, take advantage of the superstition of the ignorant, who regard them as sorcerers, dream-readers, and prophets, capable of casting spells (*jeter un sort*) upon victims or enemies. The people will often put up with a good deal, fearing their superhuman skill and malice. Numerous instances are told of the misfortunes incurred by households or their members who had excited the anger of those sorcerers. Most districts boast of one or more strollers with exclusive or extensive collections of songs, stories, and wonderful legends, recalling the feats and adventures of some of the troubadours of old.

Practical joking is a favorite pursuit with some of these folk, and when the mood inclines them they will tramp to outlying districts and so beguile with a measure of novelty the time that goes heavily with them.

On their return home they have the pleasure of recounting their adventures to an audience of admiring acquaintances, when they enlarge upon the gullibility of the people of other sections of the country. A shrewd and amusing fellow named Morin lived and made his rounds on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. Hardly a day passed without some humorous trick being traced to him. His knowledge of human nature guided him well indeed in his special pleasure of fooling dull farmers to the advantage of his pocket. One day while on one of his campaigns, he saw a stupid-looking country storekeeper, whom, in American slang, he promptly "sized up" for a good joke. Entering the shop with an air of complaisance, he airily saluted the owner, and asked if he might have a large loaf of bread, thrusting his hand into his pocket as if to find the sum for payment. The loaf was at once handed him, when he calmly walked to a corner of the shop as if to devour his purchase. On the point of breaking the loaf in two, he stopped, considered a moment, and then soliloquized loud enough for the shopman to hear: "How foolish of me to take a large loaf, for I cannot eat it all at once, and the rest will grow stale on my hands." Then addressing the storekeeper, he said, "Will you kindly exchange this large loaf for two small ones?" He was politely handed what he asked. The beggar was soon heard in another monologue: "I cannot eat a whole small loaf at one meal; I had better return one and take crackers instead." This request was also granted. The tramp now began to eat the crackers, but soon was heard to remark to himself: "These are very dry. If only I had some butter, how much better I should like them." Taking the remaining loaf he asked the dealer to kindly give him the worth in butter, which was done at once without any sign of impatience. The impudent vagabond, now content and happy, soon dispatched all before him. When finished he swung his bag across his shoulder, doffed his cap, and bowing to the grocer said, *A la revue* (a corruption of *Au revoir*). The latter, surprised and puzzled, seemed uncertain what to do; but as the beggar reached the door he called out to him that the score had not been settled. "Why, sir, I gave you two small loaves for your crackers and butter."—"That's true, but you have not paid me for the large loaf." The beggar, with a pained and mortified look, observed: "You must be ill, sir. You had better see a doctor. Why, your loaf of bread is behind you, and still you ask me to pay for it." The poor dull-witted storekeeper was so confused by this time that he was totally unable to prolong the discussion. To cap the climax of his discomfort, his wife, who had come in only during the latter part of the conversation, sharply said: "Of course, the man is right; he owes

you nothing. Don't you see the loaf on the shelf? Go mind the children, my good man." The tramp now saucily bowed himself out with the parting salute to his new-found ally: "Ah, madame, if your husband were only as clever as you, you would soon own the whole village!"

Another clever tramp well known in the Montreal district, named Paquette, whose happy knack of repartee had made him famous, was hailed on the road one day by a wag who wished amusement at his expense. Assuming an air of mystery and sorrow, he told the tramp that great distress prevailed throughout the country, for the reason that the devil was dead. Paquette's shrewd, keen visage became at once overcast, too, a picture of trouble, whereupon, laying his bag on the ground, in tones sad and tremulous he thus addressed the snob: "I am really sorry for you, my dear sir. Your relative was a scapegrace, it is true, but it is natural indeed you should mourn over his death!" Then, after some fumbling, he drew from his pocket a cent, which he offered the bereaved one, saying, "I am poor myself, but it shall never be said that I, Paquette, would not take compassion upon an orphan. I hope it will help to console you for your heavy loss. Please don't spend it foolishly."*

A spirit akin to the merry and jovial element of their nature, a fondness for tricks and practical jokes, is almost general among the rustics. Many a care, many a trial, and many a hardship are banished by a good joke, and its relation subsequently will afford much amusement to eager and appreciative groups of listeners at home. I shall only mention a few. A well-known practical joker called at a country inn while traveling to ask for dinner. He ordered a dish of pork and eggs, but was informed that only eggs could be supplied, as the host was short of meat. Seeing several persons in the dining-room somewhat intoxicated, and growling over the poverty of the landlady's larder, it occurred to him to have a laugh at their expense. He quietly remarked to the manager: "If you have no pork, I know what will make a capital substitute. It is frequently used for such a purpose by the sailors at sea when they run short of provisions, and in a pinch I would not object to trying it myself. Take an old pair of rubbers, cut them in pieces, and cook them with the eggs. Good? Just you try them." When dinner was served, our joker, surrounded by the other easy-going guests, helped himself liberally to the eggs, adroitly removing the chunks of India rubber and casting them under the table, while pretending to eat them with a forcible exertion of the lower jaw. The efforts of the company to masticate their share of rubber furnished him with

* This story was related to the author by Hon. F. G. Marchand, speaker of the local house, Quebec.

more amusement than the most diverting pantomime. Ever afterward, when alluding to the unusual culinary use of India rubbers, he would observe slyly to his friends that he had "stretched a point on that occasion."

Their jokes may be turned to inconvenient account sometimes, even if for the ever welcome purpose of amusement. A mischief maker dropped into a country boarding-house (*maison de pension*), sat down at table, and ordered a quart of milk. When it was brought him he carefully took out of his pocket a handkerchief, from which he extracted a piece of bread, and breaking it up dropped it into the milk. When the bread had thoroughly absorbed the milk, he appeared to reflect a moment and then asked the price of the milk. On being told, he feigned astonishment and said he would not pay such an exorbitant price. She assured him it was the ordinary rate and she could not take less. "All right," said our trickster, "keep your milk—I shall take back my bread." Then picking out his bread he wrapped it in his handkerchief and deliberately walked off with an injured air, leaving the poor woman dumb with amazement.

On some occasions that serious people might condemn as unsuitable the "funny fellows" will indulge their propensity in ways most amusing to persons not in the net, however troublesome to the ensnared. While the faithful are attending midnight mass Christmas eve, jokers will change the position of their horses to "wrong end foremost," leaving them facing the carriage or sleigh, while other horses will have the harness unloosed from the shafts, causing them suddenly to leave the sleigh behind at the first start for home. Another common trick that night is to paint the window-panes of some of the farm-houses black, causing a strange delay of the daylight, with an unwonted luxury of sleep in the morning to the general early risers.

This race is not by any means composed entirely of shrewd, keen-witted ones. Many are *naïf* and unsophisticated. L'Abbé R. H. Casgrain in his *Opuscules* gives a description of the simple yet practical *habitant* in a terrible fright, bent upon gaining his object by the utmost exertion of his pious emotions. Two men while on the St. Lawrence in an open boat are overtaken by a storm. A catastrophe seems imminent. They realize their danger and are straining every nerve to reach a place of safety, but their strength is nearly exhausted, and yet the shore is not within sight. One, more pious than the other, falls on his knees and begins to pray. Suddenly a heavy squall strikes the boat and it is all but upset. In greater alarm than ever he is heard to make

the following unique petition for clemency: "Now, good God, if you mean to save us, you had better be quick about it. When we are at the bottom of the river it will be too late. You must not allow us to perish. What would become of my poor old mother, my wife and children?" As if in answer to this prayer the storm began to abate, but presently it recurred with redoubled energy. Nothing daunted, however, our devout sailor renews his appeal: "Now, now, good God, do not abandon us. Just one more little effort [*encore un petit coup de cœur*] and all will be well [*et j'allons échapper*]." His faith was justified and he was saved to his family.

City folks are sometimes tempted to impose upon their *naïveté*, and somewhat heartlessly too. A man suddenly appeared in the public market-place in Quebec late one afternoon, just as the farmers were despairing of being able to dispose of their goods that day, which would have obliged them to defer their return home till the next. Great was their rejoicing when he ordered every man with a load of hay to follow him. He then led them to an empty barn in the suburbs of the city, and told them to discharge their loads therein and come for their pay to a house which he pointed out a little distance farther off. With light wagons and light hearts they hastened to the place, but only to learn that they had been made the victims of a cruel trick. The scene later, when each man came to seek his bundles of hay again, was amusing to the bystander, though hard enough upon the credulous victims, for, the size of the bundles varying, no little wrangling followed the attempts at division and appropriation.

Though an illiterate people they are good at banter and repartee. The humor is of the crudest sort (*gros sel*). There is no malice in it; *cela égratigne mais n'écorche pas*. Every election furnishes abundant opportunity for exhibitions of this skill. Indeed, nothing is more noticeable, nothing causes more amusement—and that sometimes to parties on the suffering side also—than the chaff, ridicule, and jokes to which an unlucky candidate is occasionally exposed. During the provincial elections of last June (1890), an Opposition or conservative candidate in one of the counties was vigorously censuring the Mercier (Liberal) cabinet and urged the electors to defeat it, when a voice interrupted him with the question: "If the government be so corrupt, why don't you cast it out?" "If I could, I would," was the reply. The peasant instantly rejoined: "Well, if you can't, we don't want you; we shall vote for one who can." The laugh of the surprised and amused crowd turned against the puzzled orator, and compelled the instant termination of his discourse.

A very short, thick-set man of apoplectic habit was breathlessly addressing the electors during a contest. He had made some telling points against the friends of some of the audience, when one cried out: "Go home, you skinny, long-legged fellow" (*grand élingué*). This sarcasm so amused the audience and perplexed the speaker that he was silenced on the instant. One more specimen: Some years ago the Roman Catholic clergy were generally opposed to the Liberals, and used all their influence to prevent the election of Liberal candidates. A conservative politician who was addressing the electors of a certain constituency in those days warned the people that if they elected a Liberal member the country generally would go to the dogs, and the priests so treated that they would see the streets inches deep in their blood. An old Liberal here cried out: "All right; we shall provide ourselves with long-legged boots to meet such an emergency." Another chaffer of the same party now joined in, saying: "Go to; Morisset the shoemaker has started this cry to dispose of his stock of long-legged boots." In this way for hours often the wits keep bantering one another, the air alive with laughter.

It is not always so much what the peasant says as his manner of expression which tells on his hearers, although he is frequently *spirituel* too. A husband quietly remarked to his wife that some one had told him the earth was round, to which she innocently replied that this was all nonsense. "But, I assure you, it is true," continued the husband. "Why, if the earth were round," she insisted, "those who came near the edge would fall over." "Precisely: it is with this as with other things—if you go too far you may come to grief."

Occasionally the chaffer meets his match and has the laugh turned against him, to his own confusion and the merriment of those present. Good-nature usually prevails, however, it not being uncommon to see both victor and vanquished enjoying the fun together. Every parish has its wits, who pass much time at the village store, at the church door, or marketplace. They are quickly made the centre of a group of admirers or kindred spirits, and all keep up for hours sometimes the liveliest *badinage*. Puns, *double-ententes*, and jests, that would do no discredit to wits of higher pretensions and education, may be heard, with peals of laughter evincing effectively both their merit and the appreciation of the company. It is not unusual for the participators therein to carry home the broad jokes (*grosses farces*) and witty sayings (*bons mots*) of such jolly tilts, for the amusement of parties who had not the good fortune to be present. Chaffers are occasionally found among the elderly matrons also, and they make "things," especially conversation, pretty lively in their neighborhood.

Men as a rule avoid conflicts of wit with them, knowing beforehand that they are almost sure to be worsted.

I met several times a shrewd, bright fellow, the soul of many a convivial circle, who had suddenly discontinued his drinking habits. For quite a while he kept his good resolution to the great relief and joy of his family. One day as he passed a well-known restaurant kept by one Laforce, he suddenly looked up and saw the name, when he stopped and remarked to his companion: "It is no use; as long as I was a free agent I faithfully kept my word, but against *la force* [force] there is no resistance possible."

The same jolly soul one holiday, when it was his habit to specially indulge his weakness, entered a hotel early in the morning and ordered a drink. He held up the glass before him and said: "Well, here's to you, you puny weakling. Your troubles are only beginning. Squeeze yourself into some comfortable nook inside [*Range toi dans la place d'armes*], for there will be a rush before evening [*car il y aura foule ce soir*]." He was so hearty and amusing in his way that one might say his outflow fully equaled his inflow of spirits. He used to complain that Bacchus was the meanest of all the gods: the more you worshiped him overnight, the worse he treated you next morning.

One of the best puns I have heard in connection with my own name was coined by a French-Canadian. Men are sure to be laughed at in this world, for one reason or another. A peculiarity, a touch of the eccentric, an excess of conceit, or revelation of vanity will call forth ridicule, while those who are saddled with a patronymic which is likely to challenge the wit of the hearer too often have their ears assailed with puns good, bad, and indifferent. Miserable indeed is the victim if in addition to his ill-luck he displays the slightest sensitiveness on the subject; for there is with many a perverse inclination to enjoy the ridicule of one's neighbors, and roll over, as the sweetest morsel, the gibe that cuts the deepest. I have long since become reconciled to this species of infliction, if only there be the slightest suspicion of humor to justify the assault upon one's dignity. But to the pun. When about to leave his household he told me that if I would join some friends in the next room I should see a sight that would suggest the taking of my name in vain. Following him I found a party sitting at a table, and before them uncorked bottles of liquor. My host referring to his promise said: "You see, the bottles before us are taking their *bain d'air* [bath of air], which is quite against the rules of the house. Join us." Indeed, his jovial habits would not rest content so long as there was a full bottle of spirits left in the cellar. The French pronunciation of my name gave the full scope to his pun with its flavor of wit. In many cases

it is the master of the house who puts on airs; in this case it was the liquor. Our householder in wit and hospitality needed no reinforcement; he was a host in himself.

The same witty French-Canadian was introduced to a Spanish consul at Quebec, who was a conceited nobleman as well. After the ordinary greetings he remarked: "It is gratifying indeed, count, to meet so distinguished a countryman of my own. I shall hope for the privilege and honor of meeting you often." "Excuse me," replied the Spaniard, "did I understand you to say you were a compatriot? I certainly took you for a French-Canadian." "You are right, your excellency," promptly returned our wag, "but whatever you may think of them yourself, I certainly value my castles in Spain as among my most treasured possessions." The nobleman's look suggested no relish of the joke.

They have many familiar sayings (*dictons*) or proverbs to illustrate peculiarities of character and incidents of daily life. After what has been already related as to character, I need give but a few instances. People will say to one fond of building castles in the air or trotting out airy stock: *Débarque donc dessus le poulain* ("Get off the colt"), akin perhaps to "riding a hobby" among English sayings. Its origin may prove of interest to the curious reader. A poor country laborer was entertaining a visitor one day. He told him he was saving money to buy a cow. "A man owning a cow," he continued, "will soon get rich. He can sell the milk to the townspeople who come to the country in summer, then she will calve once a year, and the profits of that will soon be enough to buy a horse." At this moment the man's little son pricked up his ears, delighted at the prospect of a horse in the family. "And I want a fast one, too," the speaker went on. "I should not care to see my neighbor pass me on the road. I would choose a mare, and by and by she would have a foal." By this time the imagination of father and son had led them to almost call up the wished-for stock. The child jumped to his feet, and suiting action to words he exclaimed: "And I would ride the colt." The father, equally excited, sprang up, crying out: "Get off the colt this instant, you young scamp! You'll break his back!" ("*Débarque dessus le poulain, mon Jean Foutre. Tu vas lui casser les reins!*")

Another instance. The expression *à pique* is used to express strictness and severity, especially when the humbler are undergoing discipline at the hands of the stronger. A young girl was tripping along the road to dispose of a basket of eggs, when she reached a rickety bridge which she was afraid to cross. After some hesitation she decided to run the risk, promising that if no accident happened she would leave a

dozen at the presbytery, which she had to pass, to have a candle burned in honor of Notre Dame de Bonsecours. But on arriving at the priest's residence she decided to leave the eggs some other time. She had not gone far, however, when she stumbled, and all the eggs were broken. Rising, she looked heavenward, and in tones penitent and also reproachful exclaimed: "*Oh! Notre Dame de Bonsecours, je ne vous croyais pas si à pique*" ("Oh! Our Good Lady of Bonsecours, I did not think you would be so strict"). *Le cœur lui toque comme une patate (patate) dans un sabot* ("His heart beats like a potato in a wooden shoe") is still another familiar saying of a proverbial nature, denoting again the natural humor of the peasant, while at the same time exemplifying the scarcity of his parallels or intellectual resources. It is intended to indicate a state of nervousness, as with the youth who makes his first declaration of love or enters the priest's confessional for the first time. They also say of one who is sponsor at a christening for the first time: *Il a lâché la queue du chat* ("He has dropped the cat's tail"). This is probably similar to the English saying about the child who has left his mother's apron strings. They have many odd ways of expressing themselves on exciting occasions. When referring to a man not very attentive to his religious duties or indifferent as to moral or religious claims, they will say, *La religion ne l'étouffe pas celui là* ("Religion does not choke this fellow"). In the case of a sharper he will occasionally be spoken of as *un fin matois*.

They have numerous conundrums, which are generally of a very primitive kind. I recall one over which I have seen groups of rustics test their wits for hours, each in turn stumbling upon a solution which he would declare the correct one till the mistake was exposed by a shrewder fellow. It runs somewhat as follows: Six men call at an inn for a night's lodging; but the owner, while having only five rooms, manages to give one to each. How is it done? Very simple is the answer. The innkeeper takes the first man and tells him to wait for him in the hall; the second he places in the first room; the third in the second; the fourth in the third; the fifth in the fourth; and then returning to the hall for the sixth man puts him in the fifth, thus assigning each of the six a separate room. I have seen some of the guessers and puzzled ones take out chips and go through the process, ending as mystified as ever.

Prosper Bender

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE MOUNTAINS AND MOUNTAINEERS OF CRADDOCK'S FICTION

The habitat of the Tennessee mountaineer—the mountaineer of Craddock's fiction, is found in the eastern end of the state. In all that region of highlands known by the local titles of the "Blue Ridge," "The Great Smokies," "The Unicoi," "The Bald," "The Chilhowee," and others, and whose highest ranges and summits form the boundary between Tennessee and her parent state, he may be found in all his pristine conditions. Immediately west of these ranges and their outlying foot-hills, is the great valley of the upper Tennessee, a valley embracing many counties, and extending diagonally across the state from Bristol to Chattanooga. It comprises one of the fairest and richest sections of all the fair land of the southwest.

Immediately west of this lies the great Cumberland range, extending across the state and running far into Alabama. This latter area comprises some five or six counties, aggregating about five thousand square miles of territory. In the wilder portions of this section the character under consideration may sometimes be found, but the great mass of the dwellers upon the Cumberland table-land do not differ materially in manners, customs, intelligence or worldly prosperity, from their brethren of the valleys. Until quite recent years the tide of modern progress has lapped idly at the foot of these great mountain barriers. Like the waves of a summer sea, it has, for three-quarters of a century, ebbed and flowed in the lowlands, but to the dwellers in the remote and craggy fastnesses, has come only the sound of its far-off murmurings. For more than three-score years the line of demarkation between lowlander and highlander has been as sharply drawn as it ever was in the land of Scott. For three-quarters of a century, the "Great Smokies" have sheltered a people *sui generis*.

The pilgrim in this region finds Knoxville, like a gem of the mountains, sitting in the midst of the blue-girt landscape just where the marshaled waters gathered from a thousand tumbling torrents take their way to the sea. It is the seat of wealth and culture, whose growth dates from the days when Blount and Sevier established there one of the first capitals west of the Alleghanies. And yet a day's journey upon horseback into the melting blue of the eastern horizon will bring him to a people and a life that seemingly belong to the last century.

It was the fortune of the writer to first see the light in this land. It was his further fortune in later years to come into close and intimate contact with many of the class herein considered. And in the contemplation of the many salient and unique points in their character—their honesty, their hearty hospitality, their patriotism, their almost universal devotion to politics and a somewhat Calvinistic religious creed, their respect for all laws except perhaps the one abridging the free use of the little forty-gallon still—an heirloom in many families—the thought has recurred time and again: "Is there no prophet in Israel? Must this people pass away before the advancing tide of modern thought and modern life and leave no trace behind save the scant mention of the historian?"

There was, even then, dwelling in the very midst of this field one who has since grown into the foremost rank of the fiction-writers in America, one whose fame is not confined to the land of her adoption, but is world-wide; and yet in all the vast volume of her earlier and her later work there is scarce a hint of this interesting life which lay all about her, rich with the traditions and growth of a hundred years, and even then ripe unto the harvest. But the Highlanders of the South were not to be without their chronicler.

While Mrs. Burnett was winning her fame as a depicter of English life in its various phases, from the Lancashire collieries to the palaces of the gentry and the nobility, a native Tennessean, a young girl dwelling upon the blood-stained field of Murfreesborough, was beginning to formulate the work that has secured her own fame and has rescued a people from oblivion. Edward Eggleston never uttered a greater truth than when he wrote: "We shall never have a genuine American literature so long as we shrink from the life of our common people."

Whether consciously or not, Charles Egbert Craddock has recognized this truth, and the place her name occupies to-day in the world of letters is ample verification of the utterance. And what a rich field has invited her pen! Narrow, indeed, may seem the individual life, and scant the civilization; and yet when we consider the accessories of scenery and climate, of legend and tradition, the whole blending into an atmosphere of romance that would have delighted the soul of the "Wizard of the North" himself, the only wonder is that the field has lain fallow so long. Scarce a stream that has not its legend, scarce a towering rock or blue peak that has not its chronicle in the traditions of the country-side. The writer remembers one such, the story of a haunted cave, which the Indians believed to be the abode of a malevolent spirit so terrible that he could draw the luckless hunter into his lair by the mere inhalation of his breath. Tennessee's

gifted poet, Mrs. L. Virginia French, some years ago crystallized the legend into exquisite verse, beginning :

" Hist ! softly, pale stranger,
And light be thy tread.
Thou walkest in danger,
A region of dread."

The traveler along the banks of the French Broad will note a great cliff that towers high above the turbulent stream, and bearing upon its face great stains that seem at a little distance almost as if, in a past age, some giant artist had spread his palette there. In a day's journey, he may gather more than one version of how those brilliant colors came upon the mighty rock. The very name of the romantic stream itself carries him back more than a hundred years, to the time when France claimed the great West, to the head waters of every stream tributary to the Mississippi. The author's beautiful story of the Sun-Rise Rock, doubtless got its name from this locality.

And then along the Watauga, the " Beautiful River," what stories might be gathered of Sevier, the " Nollichucky Jack" of the pioneers, of the deeds which linked his name with King's Mountain, and with the story of " The Lost State of Franklin," of his rescue from the North Carolina Court, of his battles with the Cherokees, those fiercest warriors of all the tribes of the Southwest. Among this people and in this atmosphere has the gifted author wrought, how faithfully and how truly only those can fully feel who claim that magic mountain land for their very own. In her every page you catch the slow speech of the deliberate native, in every line you hear the whispering pine upon the mountain's brow, in every word you feel the very presence of the solemn everlasting walls and domes. And yet hers has been but the common fate of the prophet of old, who gathered honors from all people save his own. While the critics have praised her strong faithful work, though without sparing her faults, while the great mass of readers, recognizing the tender touch and broad human sympathy which prove all the world akin, have read her stories with delight, a single discordant note comes from her own state. A recent writer affects to lament the fact that she has devoted her genius to " portraying the outlandish and grotesque in the low life of a small section," and that she should have joined " the vast army who seek easy fame by 'dialect' writing." Easy fame, forsooth ! For more than a generation past the self-elected censors of our common literature have, in like manner, lamented a similar fault in Dickens, and yet the great unreasonable and unreasoning public goes

right on reading his books and crying over poor *Oliver Twist*, and Tiny Tim, and Little Nell. Even so great an authority as Mr. Howells has characterized the humor of the great English master as being mere horse-play, and yet millions of delighted readers continue to laugh at the inimitable drolleries of Sam Weller. With more seeming cause, the critics have complained of the abuse of Charles Egbert Craddock's descriptive powers, of the large part allotted to the mountains and streams, the moon and clouds. This may be a fault, but it is a venial one—one for which every true son of the mountains will pardon her in advance. Who that has ever felt the solemn uplifting presence of those mighty domes and ranges, those cloud-capped peaks and beetling cliffs, can wonder that the very spirit of the mountains seems to dominate her every thought?

And that she is a true daughter of the mountains herself, is amply proven by the tender love with which she lingers over the landscape when it puts on the golden livery of autumn. Surely the grimmest of her critics would relax could he once see those glorious hills wrapped in the trailing robes of October. Wordsworth himself must have seen them with poetic vision when he wrote:

"The mountains that enfold
In their wide sweep the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground."

No writer ever labored more conscientiously than she has in the preparation for her work. No phase of that unique life has escaped her keen observation, whether it be the narrow daily life of the mountaineer in his cabin and about his humble toil, or when he sallies forth as litigant, elector, or preacher; whether it be a log-rolling, a house-raising, or a "gander-pulling;" whether it be a protracted "meetin'" where the vials of wrath are poured out, and trembling penitents crowd to the anxious seat; or perchance a law-suit in the distant county-seat, where some luckless wight falls a victim to circumstantial evidence and the 'prentice hand of a briefless lawyer assigned by the court. This is not a plea for the mountaineer, nor yet an apology for his place either in fact or in fiction. He needs none. The former he is amply able to care for himself—the latter has been fixed by abler pens than mine, and fully verified by the verdict of an intelligent and discriminating public.

Sweet land of the Southwest! How all the year through
My fond heart turns ever with longing supreme,
To hill-side and valley, to mountain so blue,
And the weather-worn cot that stands by the stream;

All, all, make a picture, so tender, so dear,
So laden with joy of the days that are gone,
Oh ! what true son of thine could blush at the tear,
Tribute from the heart to the land of his own ?

Dear land of the Southwest ! All seasons are thine,
The winter, the spring, all the summer-time's glow ;
But the dearest of all, oh, homeland of mine,
Comes over thy hills when the autumn winds blow ;
When the woods are aflame with crimson and gold,
And the mist like a veil hangs over the stream,
Oh ! fairer than vision that ever was told
Art thou in thy glorious October gleam.

Bright land of the Southwest ! Oh, fain would I write,
In language befitting so grateful a theme,
Of valleys asleep in the soft mellow light,
Of hill-tops all painted by artist Supreme,
Of mountains all standing like sentinel kings,
Far distant and melting in tenderest sheen.
Oh ! home of my heart ! Of all beautiful things
Thy face is the fairest that ever was seen.

Milton D. Adkins.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ANECDOTES OF GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE

There was no better or braver soldier in the Union armies than General Grenville M. Dodge, of Iowa. I remember seeing him at Des Moines in the spring of 1861, a short, slender, very active young man, who wore a little, soft, round-topped brown hat, which he had a curious habit of rolling into a ball and nervously thrusting into the outside pocket of a very short brown coat. He was educated at the famous military school of Captain Partridge, at Norwich, Vermont, and was especially bright and competent as an engineer.* Dodge had raised a company of men at Council Bluffs, of which he was the captain, and had made an ineffectual effort to get into the Second Iowa Infantry. The regiment was full before he arrived at Des Moines, and the impetuous young captain was quite restive under "the lock-out." But only a little later he became colonel of the Fourth Iowa, rising through specially meritorious services in the field to the rank of major-general.

When Grant captured Vicksburg, he left Dodge for a time in command of that famous stronghold. It was during this period that certain camp-followers of Hebrew descent tried to buy from General Dodge permission to go out and purchase cotton. They began this work by offering him \$5,000, raising their offers from time to time until they had reached the handsome sum of \$100,000! At this juncture Dodge set forth all the facts in a private letter to General Grant, adding that this was so near his price that he had better be sent somewhere else out of the way of temptation! The statement was "too good to keep," and the matter

* General Grenville Mellen Dodge, born in Danvers, Mass., was thirty years of age at the date mentioned. He was engaged in railroad surveys in Illinois from 1851 to 1854, after which he was similarly employed in Iowa, and as far west as the Rocky Mountains, and made one of the earliest surveys along the Platte for a Pacific railroad. He commanded a brigade on the extreme right in the battle of Pea Ridge, where three horses were shot under him, and, though severely wounded in the side, kept the field till the final rout of the enemy. For his gallantry on this occasion he was made brigadier-general of volunteers on the 31st of March, 1862. In June of this year, he took command of the district of the Mississippi, and superintended the construction of the Mississippi and Ohio railroad. He distinguished himself at Sugar Valley, May 9, 1864, and at Resaca on the 14th and 15th of the same month—for his services in these two battles he was made major-general of volunteers June 7, 1864. He led the Sixteenth corps in Sherman's Georgia campaign, and distinguished himself at Atlanta. In December, 1864, he succeeded General Rosecrans in the command of the department of Missouri, that of Kansas and the Territories being added in February, 1865.

—EDITOR.

was freely discussed at head-quarters, coming at last to some correspondent who gave it to the world. The anecdote had quite a run at the time, but not long ago I saw it attributed to another general, who has only attained a great military reputation since the war, and who is probably "dieting" for a political nomination.

At another time some wag belonging to the staff suggested to a Jew that he could bring General Dodge to terms by making him presents. This effort was commenced by sending him a box of very choice cigars, accompanied by a note asking for a letter of introduction to the head of the Treasury Department. The writer's spelling was a little defective, and he wrote the word "Treachery" instead of Treasury. General Dodge at once forwarded the letter to the Treasury Department, with a statement that the Jew seemed to be singularly fortunate in his new designation of the great fountain of greenbacks! Of course this story also got out and was published far and wide at the time. It is safe to say that no illegitimate traffic was ever carried on where Dodge was in command.

How General Dodge became one of Grant's most valued and most efficient lieutenants—especially in rebuilding Southern railroads which had been destroyed; how he fell almost mortally wounded before Atlanta, these things and many others in his illustrious career are fully chronicled in General Grant's *Personal Memoirs*. Then, after the war closed, General Dodge became Chief Engineer of the Union Pacific railway, where his indomitable energy was one of the most important factors in the construction of that stupendous national work.

It is to be hoped that the life of this great hero and engineer—who is as modest as he is great—may yet be written and given to the world.



WEBSTER CITY, IOWA.

THE STORY OF ROGER WILLIAMS RETOLD

The beginning of Roger Williams's remarkable life may ever remain, as now, a mystery. For nearly three hundred years common authority has located the place of his birth somewhere in Wales, but recent genealogical researches among dusty archives in London have disclosed sundry important papers which it is claimed prove that he was a native of that city. One of these papers, a will of Alice Williams, dated in 1634, speaks of her son Roger, his wife and child, who were beyond the seas, which statement evidently referred to the subject of this sketch. Letters have also been found written by the Roger of London, whose signature corresponds with that of the Roger of Rhode Island, and where the contents of the correspondence would imply identity. Whether these documents prove anything more than that Roger Williams was at one time a resident of London, which no one doubts, is still an open question. The date of his birth, though not universally conceded, is fixed by the best authorities in 1599.

This year, the fourth before the death of England's great queen Elizabeth, was marked by the birth of two boys, distantly related—one in the fens of Huntingdon, the other probably in the mountain fastnesses of Wales, possibly in London or Cornwall—kindred spirits whose influence on civil and religious freedom was to be felt throughout two continents and the world itself: the one, Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, who made the name of Englishman as great as that of Roman; the other, Roger Williams, who became in America the champion of religious liberty. The foundation of his future usefulness was laid in early life. He says: "From my childhood, the Father of lights and mercies touched my soul with a love to himself, to his only begotten the true Lord Jesus, and to his Holy Scriptures." The serious-minded boy taking notes of the sermons in church and the evidence in the courts in the Star Chamber attracted the attention of Sir Edward Coke, the famous lawyer, to whom he was probably indebted for his education, taking his degree with honor at the Cambridge university. After graduation, possibly influenced by Sir Edward Coke, he commenced the study of law, but soon turned his attention to theology and was ordained a minister of the established church.

It was an important period in English history. The great struggle

which commenced with the Reformation was revived, and all England was stirred with the bitter strife between churchman and dissenter. Hatred of Popery and everything connected with it in those days was a mighty passion; it meant "love of truth, love of England, love of liberty, love of God." Elizabeth, though supposed to be friendly to the Protestants, loved the pomp and show of the Romish ceremonies, and insisted on retaining many of them in the established church. The court of high commission, the "Protestant Inquisition," instituted by Elizabeth—who hated the non-conformists more than she did the Papists—and perpetuated in the reign of her successor James I., was in full power. Ministers who refused to comply with its demands were fined, imprisoned, or deprived of their livings. The test given them was, "Ye that will submit to this order, write *Volo*; ye that will not submit, write *Nolo*. Be brief, make no words." If they refused to take this oath, they were imprisoned for contempt; if they took it, they were fined or imprisoned on their own confession. Others, "of whom the world was not worthy," "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings; destitute, afflicted, tormented, they wandered in deserts and mountains, in dens and caves of the earth." Finally there were only two thousand ministers left for ten thousand churches.

Under these circumstances Roger Williams with his Welsh temperament, excitable, generous, courageous, firm, became a Puritan of the strictest sect, a *Brownist*, keen, resolute, and uncompromising. The follower of a man who had been imprisoned twelve times for his opinions, where often it was so dark he was unable to see his hand before him at noonday—what to him were all the ties of country and home where liberty of conscience was at stake? Eleven years after the departure of the Pilgrims, this Puritan minister came also a fugitive from English intolerance, with high hopes and Utopian ideas of a religious paradise, to seek a home in the new world. Vain expectations! On arriving in Boston he found that human nature was the same on both sides of the ocean. The Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay colony had come to America to enjoy their *own* religious liberty, not to grant it to their neighbors, and they were not prepared to welcome this apostle of a purer and broader Puritanism, who had a mission peculiarly his own, and refused to unite with their church because they would not declare publicly that they repented having communed with the church of England. It would seem that men who like the Puritans had left their homes to avoid persecution for their religious faith, would have welcomed him and his teachings with delight, but instead they bitterly opposed both.

From Boston Williams went to Salem, a town the older by three years, and was welcomed there as teacher and assistant pastor. He taught the great doctrine the sacredness of the right of belief—that "the civil magistrate should restrain crime but never control opinion, should punish guilt but never violate the freedom of the soul, and persecution for the cause of conscience is most evidently contrary to the doctrine of the Lord Jesus."

Here as a citizen of the colony and a minister of the oldest church in America, he endeared himself to all. But the authorities at Boston, holding that the people of Salem had no right to choose a minister whom they of Boston did not approve, were constantly making trouble, and for the sake of peace Williams resigned his pastorate and removed to Plymouth, where he found warm friends and spent two happy years as pastor of their church. Wishing to carry the gospel to the Indians, he spent much time, he says, in "their filthy, poky holes to gain their tongue," securing at the same time the friendship of Canonicus, Miantinomi, and other chiefs, who were afterward to prove themselves his truest friends in his time of greatest need.

Returning to Salem at the earnest request of his former people, he became again their pastor in spite of the opposition of Boston. Here he continued to advance many new opinions—that it was not right for an unregenerate man to pray or for Christians to pray with such, or to take an oath before a magistrate, even one of allegiance to the state; that King Charles had no right to the Indians' lands, and hence the colonists' charter was invalid; that the government had no right to restrain or direct the consciences of men, and anything short of unlimited toleration for all religious systems was the bitterest persecution. While demanding all this from others, he refused communion to all persons who did not believe just as he did, forbidding his church at Salem to communicate with the churches at the Bay, and on their refusal to comply left them and held meetings in a private house. He even refused to associate with his wife because she attended the church at Salem, and with his children because they were not Christians. Like some of later days, "Orthodoxy was his doxy, heterodoxy his neighbors' doxy."

His associates were men like-minded with himself, who had suffered persecution for their faith, and abhorred every symbol, badge, and practice associated with their oppressors. One of them, Endicott, who had been a magistrate and lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, instigated by one of Williams's sermons, in a transport of religious frenzy cut the cross from the royal standard, and many of the soldiers, catching the contagion, de-

clared they would no longer follow a flag on which the Popish emblem was painted.

Meanwhile as a punishment to the Salem church for ordaining Williams, the Bay colony refused to grant them a title to their lands, and on their remonstrance denied them representation in court, and imprisoned Endicott who had dared to speak in their behalf. Williams was again and again brought before the court to defend his church and himself, and refusing to submit to their authority was banished from the colony. His doctrines, they claimed, would overthrow the authority of government; he was "a dangerous man, a teacher of heresy," and hence banished, and his church debarred all rights as citizens till apologies had been made for listening to his preaching. Cotton Mather, in his *Magnalia*, compared him to "a windmill whose rapid motion would set the country on fire." Was it a prophecy?

His sentence was to take effect in six weeks. He returned to Salem to find his church at the feet of the magistrates and his wife reproaching him for not submitting to their requirements. Still he stood firm to his convictions. The whole town was in an uproar at his sentence, for they loved and respected the godly, disinterested man. During this time of trouble his second child was born, and with almost prophetic vision was named *Freeborn*.

Learning that arrangements were being made to send him to England in a ship about to sail, he left his congregation, who gathered around him with prayers and tears, to find a home in the Narragansett wilderness. With only his pocket compass for a guide, he wandered here for fourteen weeks in the bitter winter season, not knowing, as he says, "what bed or bread did mean."

The sufferings of that winter can never be told. Its effects were felt to old age. Had it not been for the Indians whose friendship he had gained at Plymouth, the fierce Canonicus loving him as his own son, he must have perished. From his old friend Massasoit he obtained a grant of land in Seekonk, where he commenced building a house. Crops were planted and in vigorous growth, and it seemed at last that the weary traveler had found a resting-place. But no, he was not yet out of the jurisdiction of the colonies, and soon received orders, with many professions of love and affection, to move farther on, where he could have the country free before him. Without remonstrance or complaint he embarked in a canoe with five others to seek again a home in the wilderness. After landing at "Slate Rock," and receiving from the Indians their friendly greeting, "What cheer, Netop, what cheer!" he ascended the Providence

river and found on its banks the resting-place he sought, calling it "Providence" in token of the Divine care.

He had been obliged to mortgage his house in Salem, had lost his spring planting by his removal from Seekonk, and was very poor. "Day and night, at home and abroad, on the land and water, at the hoe and at the oar," he labored for bread. Yet he reserved to himself no lands, no rights more than he granted to the poorest stranger, though they were his own, he says, "as much as the coat on his back," having been obtained by purchase from the Indians. Afterward, when the land on what is now Main street was divided into the "Providence plantations," Williams received about two hundred dollars.

Three years after his settlement in Providence, having doubts about any other than immersion being the proper mode of baptism, he organized the first Baptist church in America, first being immersed himself by Mr. Holman, one of his lay members, and afterward immersing Holman and ten others; but a few months later he withdrew from the church altogether, holding that the true apostolic church had ceased to exist on earth. Is it any wonder, in view of his life-long troubles with the existing churches? Here was founded the first government, since Christianity ascended the throne of the Cæsars (says Judge Story), to acknowledge the right of conscience; the model on which the American Republic was to be built, proclaiming to all that government should have dominion only in civil things. To this region came the persecuted for conscience' sake to find a refuge and a shelter; here came the Quakers from the storm of persecution in the Bay colonies; here, too, came Coddington, Clark, and Mrs. Hutchinson to find in Acquidneck the "Isle of Peace."

Among all these discordant elements Roger Williams was the peacemaker. It was he who obtained Acquidneck for the followers of Mrs. Hutchinson; it was he who spent days and nights in peril of his life to avert Indian troubles, again and again making peace when all New England was ripe for war, acting as mediator even among the Indians themselves; at one time for three days and nights in constant danger of their glistening knives, breaking up the conspiracy of the Narragansetts and Pequots against Massachusetts—this for those whose cruel act had driven him into exile. So important were his services that a proposition was made in Boston to revoke his sentence of banishment. Of his Massachusetts persecutors he says, "I did ever upon my soul honor and love them, even when their judgment led them to afflict me," and in all his writings there is not one word of blame for them. Owing to continued disputes among the colonists, increasing Indian troubles, and the fact that Massachusetts,

Plymouth, and Connecticut had formed a union for the common defense, leaving Providence and Rhode Island "out in the cold," it was thought best to unite them under a common government, and Williams was sent to England to obtain a charter. His time on the voyage was occupied in preparing his *Key to the Languages of America*, for which he had been fourteen years collecting material. This was published soon after his arrival in England.

His mission was a complete success. The guest of Sir Harry Vane who had been banished from the Bay colonies with Mrs. Hutchinson, and had risen to place and power under the Protectorate, Williams had no difficulty in obtaining the charter desired. Bearing a letter of remonstrance and recommendation from the home government he landed at Boston, was allowed to depart unmolested, and was received at Providence with great rejoicing and an escort of fourteen canoes.

It would seem that from this time peace should have come to him, but there seemed to be no peace: continued dissensions, never-ceasing Indian troubles, treachery on the part of Coddington by which the charter was invalidated, made another appeal to England necessary, and Williams and Clark were sent to the mother country as agents to adjust the troubles. Williams was again the guest of Sir Harry Vane, and the intimate friend of Cromwell and Milton, who were kindred spirits. During the two weary years of waiting for the adjustment of the colonial difficulties he utilized his proficiency in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and Dutch languages by teaching them conversationally, Milton himself being one of his scholars.

After his return he was elected president of the colony, and the word *Hope* was added to the anchor on the Rhode Island flag. But peace was not yet. Quaker troubles, Indian wars, colonial quarrels, nearly crushed the brave spirit which till the end of his long career made unceasing efforts for peace. "His patience," said Governor Winthrop, "was often tried but never conquered." Yet, "ring the bells low, and burn the lights faintly," for at his trading post in Kingston Roger Williams was licensed to sell liquor! True, it was only to the Indians, which makes a difference. Still, "pity 'tis 'tis true," that he who had brought so much of good to his red brethren should have had any share in putting to their lips the white man's curse, the Indian's "fire water."

A prolific writer, Roger Williams excelled in controversial ability. Lash of muscle he did not allow for his opponents, but lash of tongue and pen he could and did wield with vigor. His controversial spirit is seen in the quaint titles of his books; such as *George Fox Digged out of his Bur-*

rows and *The Bloody Tenet of Persecution for the Cause of Conscience*. The latter being replied to by Mr. Cotton in *The Bloody Tenet of Persecution for the Cause of Conscience, Washed and made White in the Blood of the Lamb*. The undaunted Williams retaliated with *The Bloody Tenet of Persecution made yet More Bloody by Mr. Cotton's Endeavor to wash it white in the Blood of the Lamb*. We see him, too, an old man in the seventies, rowing an open boat from Providence, in the dead of winter, to engage in a controversy with George Fox in the old Quaker meeting-house in Newport.

Such was Roger Williams, the apostle of religious liberty, the patron saint of Rhode Island, who shaped its history for more than forty years—a man of stern convictions, strong opinions, and sharp corners; “most hated where least known;” stern and unbending to his opponents, generous and genial to his friends, charitable and magnanimous to his enemies; a compound of bigotry and liberality, yet of pure and blameless life; his “sincerity the key to his character,” his one idea the sanctity of conscience; its results seen in our “declaration of independence,” our freedom from the union of church and state, our liberty to worship God; in his day a crank, an outcast, a tramp: now,

“With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us,”

a man whom thousands delight to honor; whose name is a synonym for the good, the brave, the true, the kind-hearted, the magnanimous; in whose honor we erect monuments and public buildings; name our societies, halls and churches, so that in more senses than one it may be said, as of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's cathedral, “If you ask for his monument, look around you.” His life story can never be told; its influence spreads in ever widening circles to the furthest limits of civilization, and stretches forward through the coming ages to all time.

H. E. Banning

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

MINOR TOPICS

ANTIQUARIAN RICHES OF TENNESSEE

On the field where General Thomas fought one of the great battles of the civil war in the winter of 1864-65, five miles south of Nashville, along Brown's creek, is found the site of an old Indian metropolis and an immense aboriginal cemetery. Three thousand closely-laid stone graves are known to exist there, and a thousand have been discovered on an adjoining farm. These and smaller Indian cemeteries in the neighboring region establish the fact that the Indians had an ancient town at Nashville, with many surrounding villages and settlements. The antiquities found in the central cemetery are numerous and important.

Mr. Gates P. Thruston of the Tennessee Historical Society has made elaborate studies of the unique and remarkable objects found in these burial places, and has gathered several hundred in pictorial form, with detailed descriptions of them, into his recently published volume, which affords the reader nearly all the pleasure of a visit to an extensive museum. He says: "Six or seven hundred perfect specimens of well-burned pottery have been obtained, many of them unique in form, and so finely finished that they may be said to be semi-glazed. Nearly every familiar object, animate and inanimate, is represented in the forms of this ware. Animals, birds, and fish in great variety, the human figure in many attitudes, sea-shell forms, and grotesque and fanciful figures are all here, and many of the vessels have been colored and decorated with considerable artistic skill. There are cooking vessels, drinking cups, water jars, hanging vessels, sets of ware ornamented and plain, basins, bottles, vases, spoons, and, indeed, every variety of equipment for a well-stocked aboriginal cuisine. Many of the images and terra cotta heads doubtless show approximately types of the very faces and lineaments of the race buried beside them, evidently the ancient Indian aristocracy of the Cumberland valley. Doubtless these Nashville Indians were an advanced type, and considerably more civilized than their descendants. They had insignia of social organization and ceremonial, and were a rising people when the Iroquois of the north descended upon and scattered them. And besides, the Indian, devoted to his family or tribe, had in his social system a natural tendency to disintegration. Haughty, taciturn, impracticable, impatient of reproof, faithful friends, implacable enemies, they never seemed able to grasp the principle of order, submission, and union necessary to stability and enduring progress."

Among the most interesting objects found in the ancient cemeteries of Tennessee are those of shell. It seems there was an "age of shell." Drinking vessels in shell are very numerous, as also finely engraved gorgets and quaint shell spoons

of various types. Mr. Thruston observes that "the ancient tribes of Tennessee were evidently more refined in their manner of eating than some of their more savage neighbors outside of the mound districts. Their shell spoons were of very proper and limited size." The fine shell bowl—the spoon—is, in most instances, as light and delicately formed as modern china ware. Many beads and personal ornaments of shell have been found ; also curious pins of shell, probably used for the hair. Sometimes these pins are very long, with heads shaped like common nails. One little shell bracelet has been taken from a grave, most ingeniously carved, which seems to indicate a somewhat advanced condition of society. The engraved shell gorgets are of still greater significance, ornamented as they are with circles or circular devices. Mr. Thruston says : " The civilization of Peru had declined from its best estate when the Spaniards first appeared, and trampled upon the power of the Incas ; the Mayas had lapsed into barbarism, and their imposing structures of stone were in ruins when discovered ; the Aztecs were less civilized than their predecessors the Toltecs ; and the progressive race of mound-builders, who once doubtless formed a strong tribal alliance or confederacy in the Mississippi valley and adjacent sections, had also probably reached the zenith and decline of their power when Columbus set sail upon his voyage of discovery ; but unmistakable evidences of their more advanced state have already been found in many ancient centres of their population and progress."

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

DURAND'S PICTURE OF THE "CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ"

[The following correspondence is not without interest to lovers of art, as well as to those who regard historical accuracy. Mr. Clover was a well-known friend of artists many years ago, in New York, who died at the advanced age of eighty-nine years. His son, the Rev. Dr. Lewis P. Clover, to whom the letters are addressed, was a young and promising artist in years gone by, a pupil of Durand, and an associate of the National Academy of Design. The close relations and life-long friendship existing between the master and pupil naturally inclined the children to call upon his and their old friend Dr. Clover to officiate at the funeral of their father, who died at about the age of ninety years, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery.]

JOHN DURAND TO REV. DR. CLOVER

[FIRST LETTER]

South Orange 18th 1876.

Dear Lewis

Father has not written a letter for many months, and as I fear that you might wait a long time for his answer, I reply for him—to your letter which he received this morning. Otherwise you might have to wait until I walk over to Milburn to rummage over that portfolio of engravings

With regard to the "Capture of Major André" father thinks that you are mistaken in its being a commission from your father; although he knows that it was in his possession. He thinks that he painted it independent of any commission, and that he probably sold it to him. This impression is sustained by reference to the catalogue of the exhibition of 1835, in which the picture was placed, and he finds that it is not marked with any possessor's name. You are quite right with regard to the "Boonton Falls" landscape. In relation to that picture his memory is perfectly clear. The commission came from your father, and he executed it accordingly. It is the first commission he had for a view of local scenery.

I intend to see you the first favorable day for a walk. In the meantime, perhaps you will have had a talk with your father, about these matters which are interesting to all of us.

With best respects to the family

Faithfully Yours

John Durand.

[SECOND LETTER]

South Orange

November * 26th 1878

Dear Lewis

In relation to the picture of Major André, father recollects that he went to Tarrytown to make studies, or drawings rather of the locality of the arrest; but he does not remember who went with him. As I said in my last note, he can recall no circumstance connected with the picture at the time he painted it, except that it fell into your father's possession, and subsequently into that of James K. Paulding. He thinks that it is quite possible your father actually commissioned him to paint the picture inasmuch, as at that time there were few amateurs—in fact none—who could give a commission for a work of that stamp; local art being esteemed only by those who were familiar with artists, and who like your father, could measure the degree of encouragement for it.

I enclose the note concerning engravings by the Masters of the Art, which fortunately, father was in the humor to write this morning.

Faithfully yours,

John Durand.

MR. CLOVER, SENIOR, TO REV. DR. CLOVER

Dec. 14, 1878.

Dear Lewis

As regards the pictures you speak of, the following were painted for me by Mr. Durand viz "Boonton Falls" and the "Capture of Major André." † Boonton Falls made a very pleasing picture. That of Major André was of more value from its historical association. The view of the ground was no doubt correct, as it was pointed out to Mr. Durand by an old resident of the place. I was present at the time, and know this to be the fact. But few persons in looking at this picture realize how closely identified the event it represents, is with the history of our country. Col. Trumbull, when he saw it said "But for that event the declaration of independence might have proved abortive, and the blood of so many of our countrymen shed in vain."

I had a few other pictures painted to order which I cannot recall at present

Yours Affectionately

L. P. Clover.

* December 2.

† One of the original lead-pencil designs for this picture by Durand, together with the original designs of the "Prisoner of Chilon" by Wm. Page, "A Man in Easy Circumstances" by Wm. S. Mount, and other sketches are in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Clover.

NOTES

WASHINGTON AS A FOX-HUNTER—"His diaries," writes Henry Cabot Lodge, "abound with allusions to the sport." As, for instance "'Went a-hunting with Jacky Custis and caught a fox after three hours' chase; found it in the creek.' 'Mr. Bryan Fairfax, Mr. Grayson and Phil. Alexander came home by sunrise. Hunted and caught a fox with these, Lord Fairfax, his brother, and Colonel Fairfax, all of whom, with Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Wilson of England, dined here.' Again, November 26th and 29th, 'Hunted again with the same party.' '1768, January 8th, Hunting again with same company. Started a fox and run him 4 hours. Took the hounds off at night.' 'January 15, shooting.' '16. At home all day with cards; it snowing.' '23. Rid to Muddy Hole and directed paths to be cut for fox-hunting.' 'Feb. 12. Caught 2 foxes.' 'Feb. 13. Caught 2 more foxes.' 'Mar. 2. Caught fox with bobbed tail and cut ears after 7 hours' chase, in which most of the dogs were worsted.' 'Dec. 5. Fox-hunting with Lord Fairfax and his brother and Colonel Fairfax. Started a fox and lost it. Dined at Belvoir and returned in the evening.' So the entries run on, for he hunted almost every day in the season, usually with success, always with persistence."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PROPHECY—In his second annual message, dated December 1, 1862, President Lincoln said: "*Fellow Citizens*, we cannot escape history. We of this congress and this administration will be remembered in spite of

ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even *we here*—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving *freedom* to the *slave* we *assure* freedom to the *free*—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last best hope of earth. Other means may succeed, this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless."

JONATHAN STURGES—The following story is told of Jonathan Sturges's arrival in New York and meeting with Robert Lenox: Jonathan, a rustic lad from New England, arrived on a vessel in New York on Saturday evening, a stranger, with very little money in his pocket. On Sunday morning he looked around for a church. He found the old Wall Street house of worship near Broadway, and stood on the step while the gay throng of church-goers passed in. The grandeur of the place appalled him.

Robert Lenox, a prominent member of the church, was always interested in young men. He saw the boy and spoke to him.

"Are you a stranger in the city?"

"Yes, sir; I arrived last night."

"So you came at once to the house of God? Would you like a seat?"

"I would, thank you."

The bashful lad was ushered into Mr. Lenox's own pew. The next morning he sought out a dealer in sail-cloth. He wanted credit for a little canvas. 'Did I not see you in Mr. Lenox's pew yesterday?' asked the merchant.

"I don't know whose pew I sat in,

but a kind gentleman gave me a seat," was the reply.

"Well, lad, that was Mr. Lenox, and it is no common honor to be asked to sit in his pew; I will trust any boy with goods who has had that honor conferred upon him."

To the day of his death Mr. Sturges said that his success dated from that Sunday.—*Youth's Companion*.

QUERIES

JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN—The New York Life Insurance Company is anxious to discover the names and addresses of any or all of the children of the late James De Peyster Ogden of New York, the first president of the company, who died in 1870, at his residence in Crosby street. Any replies sent to me, care of the company's publication department, will be highly appreciated.

W. ABBOTT

346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

TABLECLOTH OF FRANCIS WILLOUGHBY—The descendants of Deputy-Governor Francis Willoughby of Massachusetts have a tablecloth which, in an old

family tradition, is said to have been embroidered by Princess Elizabeth when she was imprisoned in the Tower, and to have been given by her to her relative, a Willoughby lady who was her maid of honor. It is a fact of history that the Hon. Margaret Willoughby, her cousin, was maid of honor to the princess. The tablecloth bears the mark of a square padlock wrought in needlework. Was this cipher used by Princess Elizabeth in her captivity or at any other time? The information is needed for the Willoughby monograph in their family histories and genealogies by

MR. and MRS. EDWARD E. SALISBURY
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

REPLIES

TENT ON THE BEACH [xxiv. 232]—The following are the "three friends," as I understand, in Whittier's poem: The "lettered magnate lording o'er an ever widening realm of books" is certainly James T. Fields, the poet-publisher and critic; the "dream born" philosopher, poet, and reformer is the sage Ralph Waldo Emerson of Concord; and "one

whose Arab face was tanned by tropic suns and boreal frost" can be no other than Bayard Taylor.

D. F. L.

MANCHESTER, MASS.

We think Whittier refers to himself, instead of Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his famous lines:

"And one there was, a dreamer born,
Who, with a mission to fulfil,
Had left the Muses' haunts, to turn
The crank of an opinion-mill;"

and that the "three friends" were James T. Fields, Bayard Taylor, and Whittier himself.

EDITOR

KITTEREEN, UNDER THE HAMMER-CLOTH [xxiii. 506, xxiv. 72]—According to "Anonyma," London, 1809, Century v., iii. p. 181, the hammer-cloth is an ornamented covering for a coach-box: the coachman formerly used to carry a hammer, pincers, a few nails, etc., in a leather *pouch* hanging to his box, and this *cloth was devised for the hiding or concealing of them from public view*. Subsequently a small box or chest replaced the pouch, and I hold that such a box or chest under the hammer-cloth was a kittereen.

ANCHOR

TIVOLI, NEW YORK.

KITTEREEN [xxiii. 506, xxiv. 72]—Your correspondent Anchor is mistaken in regard to the kittereen; it was a vehicle manufactured for the colonial trade. In looking over a file of the Jamaica (W. I.) newspapers I find the following references: 1780, a new "kitterine harness" offered for sale. 1781, a coachmaker offers "coaches, chariots, phaetons, kittereens and sulkies" for sale. A tavern-keeper will hire to any part of the Island of Jamaica "kittereens and saddle horses:" 1782, a "kitterine" almost new to be sold. The following important advertisement appeared in March, 1782: "Horse and chaise. A gentleman has a very neat and strong made

kitterine, with the patent wheel, and a pair of harness to dispose of."

A description of the Island of Jamaica, printed in 1788, contains this paragraph: "The merchants of Kingston go from their residences in the country, or higher part of the town, to their stores in kittereens (single horse chaise) about nine in the morning; while ladies never appear on foot in the streets, but are, when out, in chaises, sulkies, or kittereens."

Long's *History of Jamaica* (vol. i. p. 591) contains a table of rates of freight from London to Jamaica as settled 11th September, 1771. Among the articles enumerated, are coaches with carriages and wheels, chariots with ditto, four-wheeled post-chaises with ditto, two-wheeled chaises with tops, *two-wheeled chaises without tops or ketterings*, sedan chairs in cases.

A kittereen was a two-wheel, single horse chaise without a top.

PETERSFIELD

THE BATTLE OF NATIONS [xxiv. 232]—The term "battle of the nations," known in Germany as the *Völkerschlacht* is given to the terrible conflict at Leipsic, fought October 16-19, 1813. It well deserves its *soubriquet*, for on that sanguinary field the great Napoleon was contending with the armies of Austria, Russia, and Prussia. Among the nations engaged can be counted French, Saxons, Prussians, Austrians, Poles, Russians, Wurtembergers, and many minor nationalities. Its loss to Napoleon was the cause of his first downfall, which took place the following year.

DAVID FITZGERALD

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BOOK NOTICES

THE ANTIQUITIES OF TENNESSEE and the Adjacent States, and the State of Aboriginal Society in the scale of Civilization represented by them. A series of historical and ethnological studies. By GATES P. THRUSTON, corresponding secretary of the Tennessee Historical Society. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 369. Cincinnati, 1890. Robert Clarke & Co.

This is the most elaborately illustrated work on the special subject of archæology that has appeared in forty years—since the government in 1851 published the "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley." The volume is really an elaboration of an article entitled, "The Ancient Races of America," which graced the pages of this magazine in May, 1885. As the author subsequently proceeded with his studies, he found new objects of interest and made many discoveries—new types of images and idols, inscribed stones, new forms of pottery, engraved gorgets, plastering trowels, an aboriginal fork, and various strange new implements. He must necessarily consider the general subject of the mound-builders, their arts and industries. And thus his work expanded. The book as now published contains two hundred and sixty-three maps, plates, and engravings, many of which are from photographs. Thousands of graves have been found together in certain instances in making excavations for these studies, and the contents include toys for children, such as miniature pottery, rattles, and marbles; tools for workers in clay, stone, and bone; medicine paddles, chisels of chipped flint, and pulley-like wheels thinly coated with native copper. Many of the objects seem to have been brought from a distance, as shell from the Gulf, mica from Virginia and North Carolina, copper from Lake Superior, and various minerals from regions hundreds of miles away. These Indian graves, within thirty miles of Nashville, out-number the graves of the white race after a century of occupation. Mr. Thruston says: "All standard authorities agree that our western continent had been peopled at least two or three thousand years prior to the date of its discovery. This fact must be fully realized and accepted without question before progress can be made in the investigation. Geology, history, ruins upon ruins, tradition, moral and physical characteristics, the great variety of languages, the wide-spread dispersion—all unite in establishing the remoteness of the period. It must be measured by the epochs of geologic time rather than by the years of chronology." The work is most creditable to the taste and skill and learning of its author, and will be greatly prized by all lovers of American archæology. Wishing

to place the volume within easy reach of students, collectors, and antiquarians, the price has been fixed at \$4, without regard to the fact that the edition published will not repay the expense of preparing the illustrations. We cordially commend it to the attention of our readers.

ARCHIVES OF MARYLAND. The eighth volume. **PROCEEDINGS OF THE COUNCIL OF MARYLAND, 1687 (8)—1693.** Edited by WILLIAM HAND BROWNE. 8vo, pp. 587. Published by authority of the state, under the direction of the Maryland Historical Society. Baltimore, 1890.

The eighth volume of this valuable work continues the council records without a break down to the outburst of the revolution, the result of which was to take the government of Maryland from the proprietary and place it in the hands of the king. In the chaotic times which followed, no regular council-journal seems to have been kept, or at least none has been preserved. The occurrences of the years from 1689 to 1692 are supplemented as well as practicable by the help of documents in the public record office in London. The proclamation of William and Mary was delayed in reaching Maryland by the death of the messenger, which was unfortunate for the province. Maryland's revolution in 1689 was not in the beginning a popular movement, but the work of a few malcontents and fishers in troubled waters, with the apostate Coode at their head, who played upon the credulity, the fears, and the ignorance of the people, as did Leisler in New York. It was easy to alarm the inhabitants with stories that the Indians and Papists were on their way, coming to massacre the Protestants. The country was thrown into a panic of excitement, and then Coode and his coadjutors stepped forward in the character of protectors and preservers of order, and made themselves masters of the province, imprisoning or frightening away all who resisted them. When this was accomplished they hastened to hand the province over to the king in the name of all the Protestants in Maryland. William, fortified by the opinion of Lord Chief Justice Holt that the proceeding, if not strictly lawful, was at least expedient, took the government into his own hands, leaving to Baltimore, however, his territorial possessions and personal revenues. Maryland thus became a royal government, and so continued for twenty-five years, though the charter was never annulled. Lord Chief Justice Holt advised Lord Caermarthen, president of the privy council, on the question of law, as fol-

lows: "I think it had been better if an inquisition had been taken and the forfeitures committed by the Lord Baltimore had been therein founde before any grant be made to a new governor yet since there is none and it being a case of necessity I thinke the king may by his commission constitute a governor whose authority will be legall, though he must be responsible to Lord Baltimore for the profits. If an agreement can be made with Lord Baltimore it will be convenient and easy for the governor that the king shall appoint; an inquisition may at any time be taken if the forfeiture be not pardoned of which there is some doubt."

REPORT OF THE CANADIAN ARCHIVES. By DOUGLAS BRYMER, Archivist.

Being an appendix to Report of the Minister of Agriculture. 8vo, pp. 337. Ottawa, 1890.

The original documents in the Canadian archives cover the period from the earliest settlement of Canada to recent dates, and are especially rich in documents of the last century relating to the Northwest. The Haldimand collection is one of peculiar value through the fact that it illuminates the most obscure decades in Canadian history. The correspondence throws a flood of light on events of the time in Canada, and also on contemporary events in what were then known as the American colonies. Mr. Brymer has brought order and information out of a chaotic mass of state papers, having arranged and calendared them in printed form so skilfully and intelligently that the scholarly public in all the future will be able to make use of them for historical purposes and structures. The private diary of Haldimand, beginning with the year 1786, occupies one hundred and sixty-four pages of this volume, presented in both French and English. Nothing could be more welcome. It presents a series of pictures of the times, to be found nowhere else. An example may be found in what he writes on the 17th of January, 1786: "Visited General Patterson who entertained me with the misfortunes of the American war, and the enormous expense it had entailed. He believes that there may be a subject of inquiry by Parliament this session. He has all the accounts and papers ready. He tells me that Major André had a presentiment of some misfortune; that he (Patterson) was strongly opposed to the plan of gaining Arnold, and that André might have avoided exposing himself. He says he was present when the general told the king (speaking of Boston) that he had sufficient troops to bring these people to reason, &c. When General Patterson set out for Boston, he had express orders from the minister to report the state of things. He did so without reserve. The letter was shown to the king, who, preoccupied with what General Gage had told

him, paid no attention to the letter, saying that Mr. Gage having spent so long a time in America, must know that country and the character of its inhabitants better than Patterson." The calendar of the Boquet collection is also of surpassing value. Colonel Boquet's Letter Book opens May 13, 1756. He was a native of Switzerland, had served in the Dutch and Sardinian armies, and in 1754 was selected to act with Haldimand in raising men for the "Royal Americans," a corps intended for the British service in America, the officers of which were to be either American or foreign Protestants. Boquet, it is well known, was actively employed in America during the last years of the war between France and Britain, and held a leading command in the contest with the Indians, including the period of the Pontiac war.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S PEN AND VOICE.

Being a complete compilation of his Letters, Civil, Political, and Military. Also his Public Addresses, Messages to Congress, etc. By G. M. VAN BUREN. 12mo, pp. 435. Cincinnati, 1890. Robert Clarke & Co.

This work will be valued above any ordinary biography of President Lincoln from the fact that it records his own expressions of feeling, sometimes hopeful, sometimes indignant, sometimes sad, and his remarkable opinions in times of great trial. All these public and private utterances bear the impress of an honest, conscientious regard for whatever he believed to be right and wise. Colonel Van Buren has inserted over one hundred letters in the volume, that were written to the generals of the armies, which caused many to style the President the great general of the war; also a nearly equal number of letters to governors, members of the cabinet, and private gentlemen. Lincoln's various addresses, proclamations, and messages to congress are also here, and may be studied at leisure. Said Henry Ward Beecher, "On his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life. At its life millions were striking at home; upon it foreign eyes were lowered, and it stood like a lone island in a sea full of storms, and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but upon not one such, and in such measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln."

SETON OF PARBROATH IN SCOTLAND AND AMERICA. 12mo, pp. 28, pamphlet.

Printed for private circulation. New York, 1890.

The earliest records of Scotland show that the Setons flourished in the very beginning of the twelfth century as a baronial family, holding extensive fiefs *in capite* of the crown. It is said by Taylor, in his *Great Historic Families of Scotland*, that "the Setons are among the most ancient and illustrious of the great houses of Scotland, and are proverbially said to have the reddest blood in the kingdom. In consequence of a remarkable number of other families of the highest rank having sprung from their main stock, the heads of the house are styled *Magna Nobilitatis Domini*; and from their intermarriage upon four different occasions with the royal family, they obtained the addition to their shield of the royal or double tressure." The genealogy is traced with care in this little work, and the members of the family who settled in New York are faithfully described. William Seton, who came here in 1758, married the daughter of Richard Curzon of Baltimore. His son William Seton succeeded him as head of the firm of Seton, Maitland & Co., New York, and married a daughter of Richard Bayley, M.D. The latter's son William Seton married Emily, daughter of Nathaniel Prime, of the great banking-house of Prime, Ward & King. He also left a son William Seton, who is a man of letters, and another son, Robert (Monsignor), in holy orders, is now rector of Saint Joseph's Church in Jersey City, New Jersey.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMED CHURCH, FLATBUSH. By MRS. GERTRUDE LEFFERTS VANDERBILT. Square 16mo, pp. 49, pamphlet. Easter, 1890. Published by the consistory.

This pleasantly written sketch forms a souvenir of interest and importance. The first church edifice in Kings County was built in 1654 at Medwout, now the little town of Flatbush, Long Island, which was then the most central place in the vicinity, and the most easily accessible to the inhabitants of other towns. The building cost \$1,800, the whole colony contributing. It was built in the form of a cross, sixty-five feet long, twenty-eight feet broad, and about fourteen feet high. The rear was reserved as a minister's dwelling. A new structure rose upon the same site about forty-five years afterwards, built of stone, with a steep four-sided roof and a steeple. It was upwards of seventy-five years before this later sanctuary was remodeled and pews substituted in the place of chairs. A board, on which were placed the numbers of the Psalms to be sung during divine service, was hung in a conspicuous position, for all the members of the congregation were expected to take part in the singing. These curious old Psalm-books had silver corners and clasps. There were also small rings on them, through which were cords or

long silver chains, by means of which they were hung on the backs of the chairs, when chairs were used instead of pews. Mrs. Vanderbilt describes the church bell, the succession of ministers who occupied the pulpit, the schoolmaster and his duties, and the later and present conditions of the ancient place of worship. The little work is handsomely printed, and bound with much taste.

THE GREENVILLE BAPTIST CHURCH IN LEICESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

By REV. THOMAS GREEN, M.D., First Pastor, 1738-1888. Exercises on the 150th Anniversary of its Formation. 8vo, pp. 126, pamphlet. Privately printed.

"From the time when history first took up her pen she has been busy making records of events and deeds that distant generations may know of them and that their lessons may not be lost." This striking passage is from the sermon of Rev. Dr. Estes, on the anniversary of the founding of the Baptist Church in Leicester. Samuel S. Green, A.M., of Worcester, a descendant of the first pastor, made on the occasion a beautiful and appropriate address, unveiling and presenting a handsome memorial tablet, which had been placed on the wall at the right of the pulpit, in memory of the Rev. Dr. Green, in the name of and as the gift of his great-grandson, Hon. Andrew H. Green of New York city, adding at the close of his remarks, "We all think more of a man who, to other qualities, adds affection for the town in which he was born or lives, and interest in the place which was the home of his ancestors, and in his ancestors themselves." Dr. Estes in his discourse gave a succinct history of the town, and Hon. Andrew H. Green, Rev. Leighton Williams of New York, Rev. Samuel May of Leicester, and others addressed the assemblage, contributing much information of interest in relation to the first pastor and his descendants. The work as printed embodies all these addresses, with numerous foot-notes, revealing the fact that much painstaking care has been exercised in the verification of references, rendering the publication a valuable contribution to historic literature.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS. Vol. XVII. [See Monument Memorial volume.] Edited by R. A. Brock. 8vo, pp. 441. Published by the society. Richmond, Virginia, 1889.

The able papers presented in this well printed volume are of great interest and of unspeakable value to students and scholars. Nearly half its pages are devoted to Robert E. Lee, whose public career forms one of the most impressive chapters in human history.

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For the Year ending December 31st, 1889.

ASSETS,	-	-	-	-	\$136,401,328 02
Increase in Assets,					\$10,319,174 46
Surplus,					9,657,248 44
Increase in Surplus,					1,717,184 81
Receipts,					31,119,019 62
Increase during year,					4,903,087 10
Paid Policy Holders,					15,200,608 38
Increase during year,					473,058 16
Risks Assumed,					151,602,483 37
Increase during year,					48,388,222 05
Risks in force,					565,949,933 92
Increase during year,					83,824,749 56
Policies in force,					182,310
Increase during year,					23,941
Policies written in 1889,					44,577
Increase over 1888,					11,971

THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Real Estate and Bond and Mortgage Loans,	\$69,361,913 13
United States Bonds and other Securities,	50,323,469 81
Loans on Collateral Securities,	9,845,500 00
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest,	2,988,632 79
Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit, etc.,	3,881,812 29
	\$136,401,328 02

Liabilities (including Reserve at 4%), \$126,744,079 58.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Assets.	Surplus.
1884.....	\$34,681,420.....	\$351,789,285.....	\$103,876,178 51.....	\$4,743,771
1885.	46,507,139.....	368,981,441.....	108,908,967 51.....	5,012,634
1886.	59,832,719.....	393,809,203.....	114,181,963 24.....	5,643,568
1887.....	69,457,468.....	427,628,933.....	118,806,851 88.....	6,294,442
1888.....	103,214,261.....	482,125,184.....	126,082,153 56.....	7,940,063
1889.....	151,602,483.....	565,949,934.....	136,401,328 02.....	9,657,248

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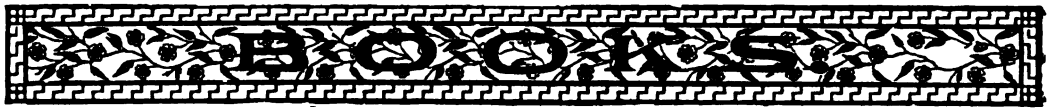
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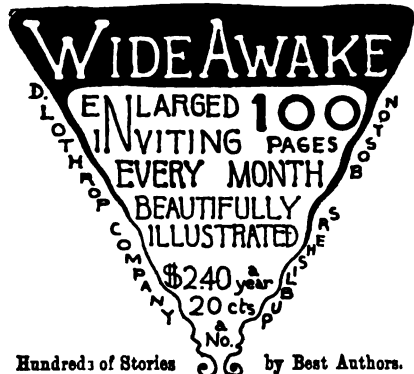
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Henry M. Stanley

has prepared an important article for the magazine (entirely distinct from his book, "*In Darkest Africa*"), and will write for no other magazine. Another valuable contribution in this field will be by Mr. J. Scott Keltie, in his account of the recent *African Exhibition* held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

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a Serial Novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, will run through a large part of the year, with a number of interesting illustrations by Mr. William Hole.

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is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on *Broadway*, will be written by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on *Piccadilly*, London; *Boulevard*, Paris; and *Unter den Linden*, Berlin.

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C. H. Parkhurst

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

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No. 5

DIVINE DRIFT IN HUMAN HISTORY

"AND THE SPIRIT OF GOD MOVED UPON THE FACE OF THE WATERS"
—GENESIS, I. 2

THE waters with all that constituted them such were already present. The land was already hiddenly spread out. The soil was already latently gifted with powers of production, and yet, inside of all those powers, directing them, inspiring them, holding them along the line of a supreme purpose, was God's spirit power. So that things that were without beauty, and that knew nothing about beauty themselves, somehow in course of time came to bud out into forms of beauty; so that things which were without reason, and that knew nothing about reason themselves, somehow in course of time came to unfold into reasonable and intelligible shape; so that things that had no purpose of their own, and that knew nothing about purpose themselves, somehow in course of time grew into intentional relation with a great deal that was about them and beyond them.

This working of God's spirit power inside of the powers properly belonging to waters, forests, and seas as he made them, shows in this second verse, and keeps showing all along the line of the Genesis narrative of creation. The raw stuff that he made behaved with a wisdom that the stuff itself had no suspicion of. It proceeded wisely, but the wisdom of its procedure was not its own wisdom. It is so everywhere. It was so with the flower that blossomed on your window-sill this morning. Every part of the plant contributed something to that blossom: the roots did something toward it; the leaves did something; the sap did something; but none of them knew that they had a hand in the blossom or knew anything about the blossom. Something so of the individual raindrops falling in the sunshine. Each one glistens and blushes in the sunlight, but the superb arch of color which each of these little tinted individualities contributes to compose, they each of them knew nothing of and had no purpose of. "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters"—waters

of creative week, waters of every week since. Waters lying out flat on the ground, waters dropping down through sunshine, and coloring the air red, green, and purple, on their way down.

Almost everything that acts intelligently, acts with an intelligence that is not all of it its own. Things without brains sometimes behave as wisely, and more commonly a great deal more wisely, than things that have brains. Your watch works intelligently, but is not itself intelligent. So in the department of art. You bring together material for the construction of a house—wood, brick, and stone. No one of these ingredients can be termed beautiful, and yet your house when completed may be a thing of surpassing beauty; but this beauty will not be a summing up of the material put into the house, but the spirit of beauty in your own mind, that worked inspiringly upon and within that material. The sentence you write may be wise, but, if so, it is wise not with its own intelligence, but with yours. Building stones, painter's pigment, statuary's marble, alphabetic signs, are to be respected in their own character, to be sure, as God respected the originary stuff of the globe; but it is by virtue of some "moving spirit," either man's or God's, that stuff of any sort has to be taken up and made efficient in the realm of beauty and wisdom, and in the region of intent and purpose.

Certain birds, when the migratory season comes, fly south. They have no reason for flying. There is a reason for their flying, but it is not their reason. Nothing could be more intelligent than their procedure under those circumstances, but yet they have no intelligence of their own to be intelligent with. They are wise with a wisdom which is not theirs. We do not know how this can be, but it can be because it is. We disguise our own ignorance of the matter by importing a Latin word, and calling it instinct. Things that we understand we talk about in Saxon; things that we do not understand, and make believe we do, we talk about in Latin or Greek. But that is what we mean by instinct, if we mean anything by it—intelligence that is not *of* the animal become operative *in* the animal—inspiration prolonged earthwards until it reaches the ground, and figures in the flutter of a bird's wing or the cunning comb-building of a honey-bee. You will find the same thing in any bee-hive that you find in this second verse of Genesis—the material fact with all the native forces belonging to it, and a spark of supernal quickening alive inside of it.

One of the most graphic illustrations of this is seen in the beautiful tree-like structure of the coral. The little animals whose skeletons pack together to compose coral know nothing about the delicate buddings and blossomings and graceful branchings of the coral shrub. They are as igno-

rant of the part they play, the purposes they subserve, and the results to which they contribute, as a cube of granite mortared into the wall of a cathedral. As has been said, "they build more wisely than they know," which is exactly what we are trying to say and to illustrate. They work with a wisdom and a grace that is not theirs. It is somebody's, but not theirs. Ever since the time when the original material of the universe was called into being, unreasonable things have been behaving reasonably. They have acted with a grace, a cunning, and an intention that was no part of themselves. To say that it is the nature of a flower to build itself up in such wise proportion and such delicate figure is not saying much. To say that it is the instinct of a bee to follow, in the shaping of its cells, the wisest method of construction that mathematical science could have selected for it, is not saying much. It explains nothing. It simply states that the bee, which is not a mathematician, behaves as though he were a mathematician. He works luminously, in shining that is not his own shining.

Such matters we can think about a good deal without thinking to the end of them. They are curious as questions of merely scientific inquiry, although that is not the reason we talk about them here. Things in this world are so the offspring of one creative parent, and, like children of one father, look and behave so much alike, that when you strike upon such a fact as a bird or an insect carrying itself with more wisdom than it has of its own, we immediately wonder if this is not a principle that is likely to be found operating in other creatures besides those that have wings and make honey-comb. The more we come to know about the universe the more perfect the understanding which the different and remote parts of the universe are seen to have with one another; and that not only as relates to the distant portions of the physical system of things, but also as regards the inter-relation between things physical and things spiritual. Drummond's fascinating book, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, was wrought out at the impulse of just that idea. Every physical fact if we could entirely understand it, we should probably find to be the raw, earthy end of a moral or a spiritual fact. It was on that account that such common things as lilies, yeast, and chickens served the Lord such good purpose in his disclosures of the spiritual world. So that when we find a tree shaping itself cleverly and beautifully, that of itself has no sense or delicate insight of its own to do the shaping with, or a bird behaving with a sagacity that its own small brain can give no adequate account of, we are set wondering if this is any more than a low, small beginning of a very high and large matter; and whether instinct is not a word that, with a little

coaxing, could be encouraged to serve us also on wider ground and in higher regions than those to which its office work is ordinarily limited. Let us see.

The interest which the careful reader derives from the study of history has in it two elements. In the first place, we are so endowed with inquisitiveness and with intelligent sympathies that we enjoy knowing what has transpired in the world. There is a good deal of heart in most of us; and whatever man has done—the discoveries he has made, the conflicts in which he has engaged, and the amelioration he has achieved for himself or for others—all of this appeals to us as being to some degree our own matter. We are somehow personally present in all those of other times and peoples, near or remote, which have made up a part of the general life of mankind.

That is one element of our interest in historic study, but there is a second element which more immediately concerns us here. As we get into the matter more deeply, we discover not only a great many interesting events, that are such because of what the events themselves denote, but events that appear to have an understanding with other events that may have transpired a long time or a vast distance away, that (so we imagine) are sometimes caught in the act of squinting at each other across the spaces, like mountains far removed, that nevertheless, in the early morning, wink and blink at each other before the sunshine has yet crept down into the valleys and seas that lie between—events such that they appear to mean something when taken together that neither of them is able to give you any inkling of when taken alone. Just as when you see the letter "s" written on a bit of paper, you can look at it without its meaning anything in particular to you. Farther on you see the letter "u"; well, that is not going to mean anything either. Still farther on your eye tumbles down on to the letter "n"; neither does "n" mean anything. But quite possibly your eye slides back over the three so rapidly that they all become visible at a single glance and you have s—u—n. That means something. The three seen together spell out a fact. Clearly somebody's intelligence has been at work in the writing and arranging of those letters—intelligence that was not in the letters. In looking at them you encounter mind—somebody's mind. Somebody's mind has been there. There is an intelligence in the three letters combined that was not in each of the three viewed apart.

So there are historic events that, as we enter more deeply into their study, impress us in very much the same way. Each taken by itself may not denote much, may not indeed denote anything in particular; but if we

chance to get them so placed (as we did the three letters) that they can be seen together, they will spell out something to us, and we shall know that there has been an intelligence at work there, and that taken together they mean a great deal more than the respective actors in each of the separate events had any suspicion of, exactly as a coral branch is beautiful with a beauty of which no one of the little polyps that composed it ever suspected or could have suspected.

For instance, we have all been interested in the life and conquests of Alexander the Great, who subjected the East to Macedonian power and diffused throughout the nations a knowledge of Greek and of the Greek language. We are also interested in the fact that, when Christ came, there was prevalent throughout the civilized world a language sufficiently plastic—the Greek—to serve for the expression of divine truths; sufficiently delicate to articulate the subtle inflections of divine thought. Now those two events, the conquest of Alexander and the coming into the world of divine truth, that needed to be written down, were three hundred years apart. Alexander knew nothing about the evangelists, and the evangelists probably never had heard much about Alexander. But I do not think we can read those three hundred years of history, with a tender sensitiveness to their suggestions, without feeling that what Alexander did was a part, an intentional part (I am not saying now whose intention), of the great scheme which embraced among other the coming of a written gospel. Alexander had no sense of that scheme—no more than the letter “s” has a sense of the word “sun” that it helps to spell; no more than the fluttering wing of the migratory bird has a sense of the warm clime toward which it is moving; no more than the polyp has a sense of the beautiful coral branch that will be complete a thousand years hence and contain its own little body as a part of the delicate structure.

That is the consummating glory of history, that it spells out thoughts and purposes that are hundreds and thousands of years long—purposes that are so much more far-reaching and truths that are so much wider than the microscopic minds and the little polyp-purposes of the men who come and go with the fleeting years, that we know that the best meaning even of men’s own lives was one that was hidden from themselves; that the final explanation of the deeds they performed and the aims they pursued lay not in the events of their own day, but in the relations in which those events were knit with what was to transpire beyond their own horizon; that they were hardly more than unconscious letters of the alphabet, helping to spell out words and paragraphs whose meaning as yet existed only in the Supreme Intelligence, by whom the processes of history

are conceived—the moving Spirit of God, by whom the progress of history is ordained and achieved; that men, even at their best, are wise with a wisdom that is not theirs; that historic actors, even the most distinguished and productive, have ingeniously contributed to results of which they have never dreamed; that whatever may have been the intelligence of Moses, Alexander, Cæsar, Paul, Augustine, Hildebrand, Erasmus, Napoleon, relatively speaking they were all but as polyps helping to fashion a coral branch, whose beauty or even existence they had no power to suspect; that they were wise in part with a wisdom that was not theirs; and that, in that sense of the term, which is the only just sense I know, instinct played in their lives and workings as determinative a part as in the bird's migration to more suitable climes, or the bee's architecture of the honey-comb.

Now that is a great thought, and it is solid with comfort and with quickening. It lets us see the Supreme Intelligence shaping the outcomes of history. It lets us feel the prevalence in the world of certain tides of event and certain currents of thought that exist entirely independently of the men and women who think their small opinions and do their small deeds in the world, without perceiving how their deeds and opinions are drawn into a divine drift as old, as infallible, and as divine as the Spirit of God that moved upon the face of the waters before the dawn of the first morning.

There is something in this matter of drift that is wonderfully impressive. One seems to feel in it the presence of a mind and purpose that lifts events off from the level of commonplace, and to ennoble them with a dignity and suffuse them with a splendor such as Moses discerned among the flaming branches of the shrub at Horeb. Drift implies the presence and energy of a power that is distinct from and transcends the multitudinous individuals that are carried by the traction of that drift. At a certain season of the year we know that the icebergs drift southerly toward regions equatorial. It never occurs to us to imagine that the bergs gathered in crystalline convention among the polar seas, and voted in congressional action to migrate toward a more southerly zone. It is not their co-operant motion that creates the southerly drift; it is the southerly drift—a part of the arterial life of the throbbing body of the sea—that creates their co-operant motion. It underlies all those mountainous glittering individualities, and bears them in strong purpose upon its own bosom; and what looks to be the motion of the berg is most of it the motion of the sea become a demonstrative and prismatic effect hundreds of feet above the ocean's wave.

There is a vast deal in all this matter of drift—drift of event, drift of

idea. If we could have materialized before our eye the divinely personal currents that are shaping the direction of event, of opinion, of philosophy, of theology, we would see, I believe, that the currents which play in the depths of the sea, that pulsate among the higher and lower strata of the air, and that even throb among the stars, drawing them along in congregated splendor, not each star for itself, but millions of them floating along together in the drift of a single cosmic tide—I say if we could see and feel all these things as they are, we would discover that, with all of liberty, yea, even of license, that attaches to the human individual in his thinking and his acting, there are divine impulses of constraint and inspiration that work with as much exactness of intelligence and with as much imperialism of impulse as the energies of the same God operate among the slippery water-drops of the sea or marshal in orderly phalanx the radiant hosts of the stars.

In this is the fascination of history, and in this is the fascination of helping in however small a way to make history. There is nothing to hinder our word or our work being a thousand times wiser than *we* are. If a pitiable little *zoöphyte* can build infinitely better than he knows, *you* can. Instinct is the most unerring wisdom of which we know; and when there is so much said in the Bible about God's working within us to will and to do of his good pleasure and the like, it is a mournful pity for us to suppose that a monopoly of instinct has been vouchsafed to beasts, birds of passage, and insects. Instinct is the ability to do better than we know. It is being wise with God's wisdom. It is a talent for hitting a target in the dark, because some one with eyes that can see in the dark takes charge of the arrow after it leaves our bow. If you had rather call it inspiration than instinct, we shall not quarrel about words. The ant is a wiser economist than he knows. St. Paul writes a wiser gospel than he knows. Somewhere between St. Paul and the ant we come, dropping into the draft of invisible drifts; walking in divine light which, without filling our own eye, shapes our thought and determines our act; moving, if we will, with infallible step toward an invisible goal a million years away. The art of successful living consists not in making our own way, but in being true men and true women, and then surrendering ourselves to whatever drift of act, purpose, or opinion comes our way, absolutely assured that it is the pull of the Almighty.

A little brook comes dropping down into the river from off the hillside. Tremblingly it merges its waters in those of the river. "Whither am I going?" asks the brook. To the sea. "Yes, but that is a thousand miles away, and I am but a tiny bit of mountain-spring. The way is long:

how can I know it? And winding; how can I be sure of it? And it runs in the dark, as well as in the light; how can I see it?" Poor little brook! No, blessed little brook! Be true to yourself, sparkling little creature from the mountain-side: push into mid-channel, and the slip of the current, which is the hand of God, will itself bear you unerringly through straight ways and through winding ways, through day and through night, till you mingle safely at last in the deeps of the great sea; for the Spirit of God still broods upon the face of the waters.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "C. H. Parkhurst". The letters are fluid and connected, with a prominent loop at the end of the last name.

NEW YORK CITY.

AMERICAN OUTGROWTHS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE

BETWEEN THE LINES AND COVERS

There is nothing sensational in the history of maritime discovery, in accounts of the limited geographical knowledge of the ancients, in pre-Columbian explorations, or in the lavish liberality with which old world potentates gave away real estate that was not theirs to give in the newly-discovered lands beyond the seas. But there are many wonderful and picturesque features involved in this class of information, and the careful reader quickly becomes interested, and then an incurable enthusiast. Scholarship is deplorably incomplete which does not embrace general culture in the things of the past. There are, however, comparatively few people of intelligence in the present age who are inclined to subsist altogether on the inventions of fiction evolved from individual inner consciousness. Something more substantial is desired. Facts attractively clothed, are well known to possess a charm unrivalled in imagination's popular domain. "Give me, oh, give me a *true* story!" cries the child. The "what has been" is irresistibly magnetic, awakening new ideas, and capturing the student, however docile it may appear in the midst of modern fancies and activities. It inspires natural curiosity, such as impels the young pupil in school to interrupt the whole machinery of instruction to ask what the men and women were like who once thought the earth was a flat surface stretching from the Ægean sea, the focus of ancient knowledge, into a dim horizon of complete nothingness? Then follows the question: "To whom belongs the honor of first propounding the theory of the spherical form of the earth?"

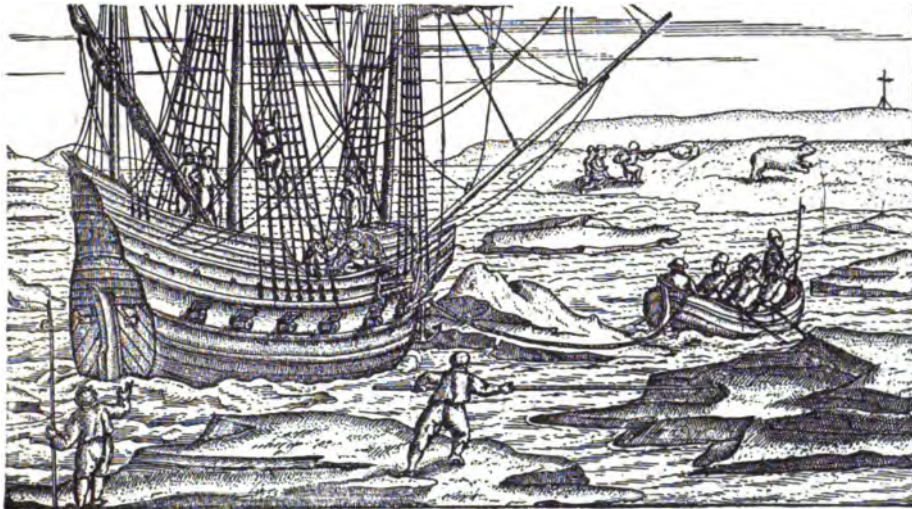
Teachers who are unprepared to wrestle with such conundrums complain that the way to historic lore is difficult, and even when accessible the pursuit absorbs more time than the self-supporting worker can afford. Writers also, of every grade, excuse themselves from painstaking historical research on similar grounds, reasonably, perhaps, according to their outlook, and from year to year and decade to decade go on repeating one another's errors and furnishing misinformation greatly in excess of the popular demand. It was in recognition of an imperative want in these directions, and for the help of all whose craving for extended knowledge is out of proportion to their opportunities, that the *Narrative and Critical*

History of America was projected a few years since by Dr. Justin Winsor, the learned librarian of Harvard University, and recently completed in eight monumental volumes, which might be aptly described as a collection of valuable monographs by distinguished specialists, only that it is much more. Accompanying every descriptive paper or monograph is a critical essay, with notes, on the varied sources of information, so that the reader comes directly into connection with the best results of four centuries of historic study, writing, discussion, and book-making. No one man could have collected the data and produced such a work as this of Dr. Winsor's within the limits of a lifetime; but commanding the fullest resources of historic science in a librarian's environment and the combined talent of a corps of thirty-nine historic writers of well-known erudition, chosen with reference to special fitness for the particular subjects treated, he has provided for the world a labor-saving compendium of priceless value. He does not recommend the coöperative method for the general writing of history; he says emphatically: "There is no substitute for the individuality of the historian." At the same time, in the elucidation of the broader aspects of themes of great magnitude, nothing could have been better than the plan adopted. The collation of authorities grouping the original material which has come to light, is one of the most useful features of the important work, enabling the reader to form independent judgment; for when the author's opinions differ from his own he can turn to the exact sources upon which such views were founded, and verify, amend, and deduce his own conclusions.

Whatever concerns the early voyages through which our country was first brought into public notice has the place of honor in these volumes. The great army of current writers who, in view of the approaching celebration of the discoveries of Columbus, are looking up material for countless newspaper and magazine articles, will in turning these pages find a polite and patient guide to the fruitful field. The second volume of the series is largely devoted to the great navigator's life, character, adventures, disappointments, and explorations, with a flood of pertinent illustrations—early maps, quaint charts, devices for representing the earth on a plane, specimens of the handwriting of Columbus, the house where he died, ancient methods of ascertaining latitude and longitude, and not less than ten of the various portraits of the discoverer of America. The same volume contains an ably prepared and fully illustrated chapter on Amerigo Vespucci, pointing out the exact basis (as far as known to scholars) of his claim to the honor of having his name attached to this continent. This is supplemented by an important discussion of "The naming of America," with an almost com-

plete bibliography of what has ever been written on that subject during four centuries. "The Companions of Columbus," by Dr. Channing, and the "Early Cartography of the Gulf of Mexico," by Dr. Winsor, follow as naturally as the rainbow after a summer shower. On every leaf the authorities are conveniently massed for the help of those who are conscientiously seeking the truth.

The early and later arctic explorations, with their terrible sacrifices of life and money, are treated at length in the third and eighth volumes, and contain many thrilling pages. It seems but a step to them over the



TOWING THROUGH THE ICE, 1600.

centuries since the men of Sidon and Tyre looked covetously seaward from their narrow domain, "while the civilization of Egypt, as self-centred as that of China, accepted only the commerce that was brought to its gates." It is fascinating to watch the Phœnician ships as they tried the perilous waters of the Mediterranean, and in course of time reached the Atlantic; then to follow the Carthagenians, in the uncertain light, as they discovered and colonized the Canary Islands and other well-known groups. Mr. Tillinghast says: "As we trace the increasing volume and extent of commerce from the days of Tyre and Carthage and Alexandria to its fullest development under the empire, and remember that as the drafts of luxury-loving Rome upon the products of the east, even of China and farther India, increased, the true knowledge of the form of the earth and the under-estimate of the breadth of the western ocean, became more

widely known, the question inevitably suggests itself, Why did not the enterprise which had long since utilized the monsoons of the Indian ocean for direct passage to and from India essay the passage of the Atlantic? The inquiry gains force as we recall that the possibility of such a route to India had been asserted. Aristotle suggested, if he did not express it; Eratosthenes stated plainly that were it not for the extent of the Atlantic it would be possible to sail from Spain to India along the same parallel; and Strabo could object nothing but the chance of there being another island-continent or two in the way—an objection unknown to Columbus. . . . No evidence from the classic writers justifies the assumption that the ancients communicated with America. If they guessed at the possibility of such a continent, it was only as we to-day imagine an antarctic continent or an open polar sea." *

It was many decades after the voyages of Columbus before it was known in Europe whether America was an island, an archipelago, or a continent. The ambitious merchants and navigators scoured the oceans in every latitude, from the arctic regions to Cape Horn, searching for a gateway through it to the jeweled cities of the east. The sovereigns of the old world, meanwhile, were swift to claim shares in the mythical property, and made princely presents of territory to favorite subjects, in absolute ignorance of the quality and value of their gifts. Dr. George E. Ellis writes: "Under the latest advances of astronomical science, spaces in the moon might now be almost as definitely assigned to claimants for them as were the regions of this new world." In almost every instance the gifts of one monarch overlapped or conflicted with the gift of some other. Charles II. of England was one of the most generous of these European donors. He gave to his brother, afterward James II., the rich country from Pemaquid to the St. Croix, and from the west side of the Connecticut river to the east side of Delaware bay. To William Penn he gave a province in discharge of a crown debt due to his father; and in 1670, "by his own especial grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, without advice or confirmation by council or parliament," he presented his cousin Prince Rupert, and a few associates, with the icy region of magnificent proportions in North America, sloping inwards toward Hudson's bay, which has ever since been known as "Prince Rupert's Land." The western

* Through the courtesy of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Company, we are permitted to give our readers a glimpse of some of the characteristic illustrations in the *Narrative and Critical History of America*, edited by Justin Winsor, LL.D. "Towing through the ice in 1600" is one of these, also the "Map of the Hudson Bay and vicinity in 1748," *Ellis's Map*, vol. viii., page 27, and the portraits of Prince Rupert, Sir George Simpson, and Santa Anna. The other pictures are from rare prints in possession of this *Magazine*.



MAP OF HUDSON BAY AND VICINITY IN 1748.

boundary of this territory is from Deer lake to a point a little to the west of the Red river settlement. Its mountains are chiefly along the boundaries and consist of primitive rock. The soil is rich, but on account of the sever-

ity of the climate, agriculture is almost entirely confined to the immediate neighborhood of the trading posts. The chief dependence of the inhabitants for food and clothing is on the animal kingdom. The royal charter rendered the members of this Hudson Bay Company absolute proprietors and lords. Prince Rupert was the first governor, and a general court was to be held in November of each year to choose officers. The company was empowered to make laws and ordinances, and to impose penalties and punishments. No English subject was to visit, frequent, or haunt, or adventure, or trade in the territory without leave in writing under the great seal of the company, under penalty of forfeiture of goods, of punishment, and of being seized and sent to England. Nor could the king grant any such privilege without permission of the company.

Prince Rupert was the son of Elector-Palatine Frederick V. and Elizabeth, daughter of James I., of England, and at this date was fifty-one years of age. He had been an officer in the doomed army of the unfortunate Charles I., where he distinguished himself by resolute daring and much too frequent lack of caution. The army consisted chiefly of men of gentle blood, whose chiefs are better known to the world of to-day than the majority of the worthies in the peerage books or present army lists. The gay temper of the cavalier, the courtier's wit, the soldier's jest, gave a cheerful air to those plumed and glittering groups. In 1673 Prince Rupert was commissioned to meet and escort Queen Henrietta Maria, who having spent a year in Holland, conciliating the Dutch government with admirable tact, had returned to her own hostile realm with a considerable addition to its military forces, and it is said that Rupert met her at Stratford-on-Avon, in the very house once owned and occupied by Shakespeare. This house was called "New Place," and Mrs. Nash, the poet's great-grand-daughter, and her husband were living there at the time.

An anecdote is related by Warburton, connected with the crossing of the channel by Henrietta Maria on her return from Holland. She was escorted by the gallant Van Tromp, who also conveyed for her twelve transports laden with military stores. A violent storm was encountered on the passage, and every one, even to the experienced sailor, was seriously alarmed. The queen, perfectly calm in the midst of the panic, comforted her frightened ladies by assuring them that queens of England were never drowned. She was greatly amused at the same time by the confessions of her officers, who shouted aloud their most secret sins into the preoccupied ears of the seasick priests, proclaiming more gossip in a few moments of despair than would naturally have come to her knowledge in a life-time.

Among the cavaliers who hastened to pay homage to the queen when

she landed on this occasion was the gallant Marquis of Montrose, James Grahame, just arrived from Scotland, the stirring incidents of whose romantic career would fill a volume. He was at the time thirty-one years of age, classically educated, and a man who had exhibited in his early life a genuine predilection for literature. He was married at seventeen to



PRINCE RUPERT.

Magdalene Carnegie, daughter of Lord Carnegie of Kinnaird, and for a time lived quietly at Kinnaird Castle. On attaining his majority he left Scotland and traveled on the continent, visiting the academies of France and Italy, and perfecting himself in all the accomplishments becoming a gentleman and a soldier.

The bravery of Henrietta Maria was much praised by the faithful, but that of Lady Arundel of Wardour castle, the daughter of the fourth earl of Worcester, was of a higher type. It was during the same year, on the 2d of May, while Lord Arundel was absent with the cavaliers at Oxford.

that Sir Edward Hungerford presented himself before Wardour Castle, demanding admittance to search for malignants, and upon being denied, summoned a body of thirteen hundred troops to assist him in entering by force. With this army drawn up in line he ordered the surrender of the castle, and received the heroic reply: "Lady Arundel has had a command from her lord to keep it, which order she will obey." Cannons were then

*Vandyke. pinx.*

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

J.W. Cook sc.

brought into range, and firing upon the castle continued for six days and nights. The lady had only fifty servants, less than half of whom were fighting men, but the women were equally efficient, supplying the ammunition to the improvised soldiery, and valiantly extinguishing the fiery missiles thrown over the walls. Their powers of resistance were finally exhausted, and no relief appearing, a parley was offered, and the castle surrendered on capitulation. The terms, however, were ignored as soon as the

keys were given up, except so far as the lives of the besieged were concerned. The castle was plundered, rare pictures destroyed, and property sacrificed to the value of half a million dollars.

Prince Rupert was one of the few, engaged in the great struggle, who survived the Cromwell period. After many vicissitudes he reached France and joined his royal cousins in their exile. At the restoration he



S. Freeman sc

BLANCHE, BARONESS ARUNDEL OF WARDOUR.

was at once invested with various offices and dignities, became a privy councilor, a member of the admiralty, governor of Windsor castle, etc. He was something of a scholar, and a most earnest and generous patron of all promising adventures. He had been more or less concerned in the discovery of a new passage into the South sea prior to the mercantile operations of this new Hudson Bay Company, which, once established, extended over a period of two hundred years. "One might naturally pause," writes Dr. Ellis, "upon the almost grotesque disparity of pro-

portions between the vast spaces of territory over which the privileges of the company extended and the smallness of its own representation. But another and a more striking suggestion presents itself; the territory which finally came under the jurisdiction of the company embraced substantially half of the continent of North America.

This included the whole unknown region of the northwest; and when in 1848 the company secured a right to plant a colony in Vancouver's Island, its privileges and range extended over a space of territory one-third larger than the whole area of Europe, embracing more than four million of square miles, and hiding in its unknown depths as afterwards revealed, fifty wild tribes of men, who were substantially made over for mastery with the territory, because the company always stoutly maintained that the Indians should trade only with its agents. . . . The whole territory, whatever its length or breadth, had but one worth or use for the small mercantile company, whose office then, as now, was in Fenchurch Street, London. It was simply as a preserve for fur-bearing animals, and for Indians who might hunt and trap them. Marvelously well adapted was the region for that purpose. . . . Looking over the maps the observer will be impressed with its facilities for transit, intercourse, and commerce. The highways which nature had opened in the wilderness, in the diversified and abounding water-courses, made a perfect reticulation of artery and vein over the whole territory, and there were junctions and branches for divergence in every direction. The course from the sea by the St. Lawrence to Lake Superior offered an alternative of routes either by the Ottawa with its cascades, or by the chain of lakes with its cataract at Niagara and the Falls of St. Mary between Superior and Huron. The Hudson Bay Company found by experience that, though it kept firmer hold on its charter, it worked to great disadvantage in conducting its business from the icy coast."

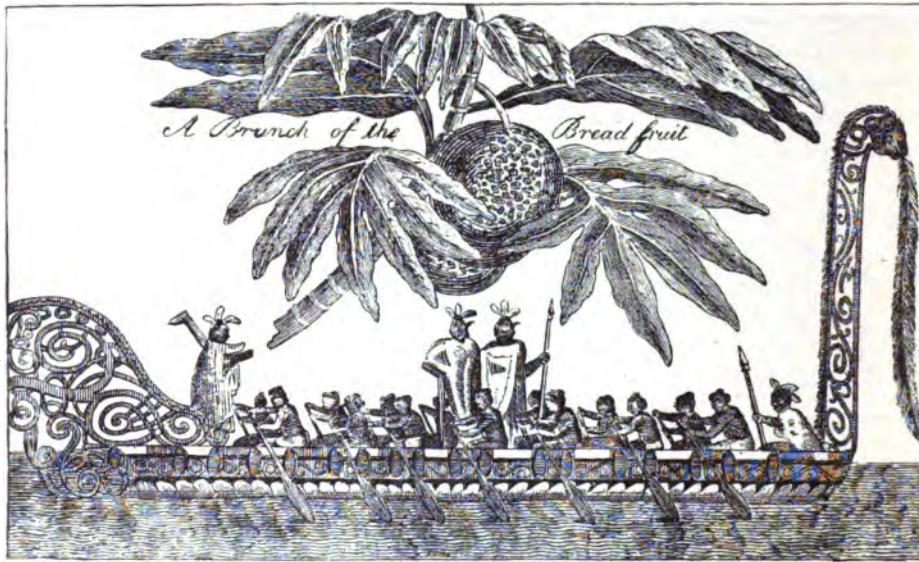
In the first year of the charter the company sent out a resident agent to build a factory at Rupert's river, and before 1685 there were five posts established. One vessel a year from England served to conduct the business, and the mariners easily learned to know their way to the inhospitable place, but were always glad to leave it. Later on, when the company had procured a government license for exclusive trade over all the territory whose waters drained into the Arctic ocean and the Pacific, as well as Hudson's bay, the administration of affairs became a task for the highest executive ability. Sir George Simpson was the first governor of Rupert's Land who represented the company in America in its whole domain and in all its business. He held the office from 1821 to 1860, nearly

forty years, covering some of the most agitating controversies of the company, and absorbed all the offices and responsibilities which had heretofore been distributed among petty heads at the various posts.

A more fruitful or a more engaging theme could not well have been set apart for the practiced pen of the eminent Dr. Ellis, whose exhaustive



chapter brings the history of this famous company, with all its vicissitudes and changes, nearly to the present time. He tells us in his critical essay, following, that "The large body of narrative, descriptive, and controversial literature upon which the story is based may be divided into two classes—the one, embracing the publications issued by the British government, containing the processes and results of official inquiries into the affairs



A WAR CANOE OF NEW ZEALAND, 1769.

and the administration of the Hudson Bay Company ; the other, of a descriptive and narrative character, presenting the practical operations of the company as administered by its officers and servants. But the principal interest of this class of authorities is that which we look for in works of romantic adventure, scenes in wild life, events of exploration and residence, and the occupations and resources of men encountering perils in lonely travel in the hunting and trapping expeditions, and the contact and intercommunion of savagery with civilization."

Arctic explorations were for a time carried on overland by the Hudson's Bay Company, but between 1746 and 1779 a number of vessels were sent at different dates into the frozen zone. The *Resolution*, in command of the famous navigator Captain Cook, was dispatched by the English government in 1776 to reverse the route hitherto followed, and try to pass from the Pacific into the Atlantic by a northern sea. Captain Cook's first voyage had created great excitement, and furnished the most interesting account of adventure and discovery that had then ever been placed before English readers. His examination of New Zealand occupied six months, and the results added largely to the sum of geographical knowledge. The unique New Zealand canoe, which often measured seventy feet in length, six in width, and four in depth, surprised him, as each side was formed of one entire plank, some twelve inches broad, and almost an inch and a half



CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, F. R. S.

thick, fitted to the bottom part with great strength and ingenuity. It was rowed with a paddle about six feet long, by two men sitting in the stern.

Captain Cook was a slight, thin man, over six feet in height, with small head, hair thrown back from a broad forehead, and tied behind in the fashion of the time, his nose long and straight, cheek-bones high, eyes bright and piercing, and mouth firmly closed. He was vigorous, energetic, robust; a man who knew no hardship, who desired no better fare than he served out to his men, and who looked on rough weather as an every-day affair.

The scope of Dr. Winsor's masterly work covers the entire continent of America, including Canada, Mexico, Central and South America, and the West Indies, as well as the United States, beginning with pre-historic times and ending at about the middle of the present century, and reflects the highest honor upon Harvard University and its accomplished and enthusiastic librarian. Among the numerous monographs contributed to the work by Dr. Winsor is "Spanish North America," brightened with some sixty illustrations, including fac-similes of the earliest maps and pictures, and many interesting portraits. This paper in the eighth volume is a condensed history of the progress of that part of America from about 1550 to the middle of the nineteenth century. He says: "It was in 1568 that the viceroys of New Spain began to find that how to meet the maritime rapine from the European enemies of Spain was a problem not the least difficult of those which confronted them. In September of that year John Hawkins, with nine ships, captured the castle of San Juan de Uluá, and then had wit enough to escape fairly well from the toils of treachery in which he was soon involved. A few years later (1572) Drake plundered here and there along the gulf coast, in 1578 he appeared on the Pacific coast, and in 1586 he burned Saint Augustine in Florida; while both the French and English marauders of the sea gave the shore people little quiet for the rest of the century. Floods, the fearful scourge of disease, and the introduction of the Inquisition added other horrors to the time. Archbishop Monrifar had regularly established in Mexico the scrutiny of the Inquisition in 1571, the year before he died, when he was succeeded by Bishop Landa of Yucatan, who had used his terrors against the heathen of Yucatan as early as 1562, and was now in 1574 to institute the earliest *auto da fe* in Mexico. It was not long before the marauding fleets of rival nations endangered the free passage of the rich trading ships that plied between Acapulco and Manilla, and the treasure vessels that bore revenue from the gulf ports to Spain. In 1581 it had become necessary to give these carriers of bullion a convoy."

The entire period treated in this monograph is characterized by excitements, tribulations, tumults, revolts, and the ups and downs of civil wars. The last great struggle of Spain to maintain her colonial possession came to an inglorious end when General Barradas, with an army of three thousand men, was defeated in 1829 by the renowned Santa Anna. But domestic repose for Mexico was by no means secured. The uncertain federal system was overturned in 1836, and Santa Anna soon after entered the city of Mexico in triumph and assumed a provisional presidency. His career is well known and understood by readers of the present generation ;

his attempt to bring Texas into the line of dependence, and his defeat and capture by General Houston is a household story throughout the land.

There is manifest sympathy between the graphic illustrations of this remarkable work and the magnitude of the field and progress of events



ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

through the centuries, as presented by its contributors. The geographical conditions supposed to exist by America's discoverers are now intensely interesting. The maps and pictures teach us many lessons worth knowing—all of which are copies from historic originals. There is a charm in turning pages which apparently have the gift of doing their own talking, reading to us, so to speak, instead of exacting the courtesy and labor of being read.

A CHARACTERISTIC ORDER OF GENERAL SCOTT

HIS REMEDY FOR INTEMPERANCE

The Aldrich Collection, in the Iowa State Library, has lately come into possession of the Order Book of General Henry Dodge, a leading hero in the Blackhawk war. It is a folio volume of about four hundred pages of unruled paper, half filled, in the hand-writing of General Dodge, with orders from superiors, his own orders to subordinates, and the official letters which he wrote between 1832 to 1836. Aside from this volume very little of the writing of General Dodge has come to light in these later years, when it has been much sought. He was the first governor of Wisconsin territory when the present state of Iowa was included within its borders, and one of her first United States senators after Wisconsin was admitted to the Union.

One of the early orders recorded in this very precious volume was issued by General Winfield Scott while in command at Rock Island. It reads as follows:

ASST. ADJT. GEN'L'S OFFICE, FORT ARMSTRONG.

August 28th, 1832.

Order No. 16.

1. The *cholera* has made its appearance on Rock Island. The two first cases were brought by mistake from Captain Ford's company of United States mounted rangers; one of these died yesterday, the other is convalescent. A second death occurred this morning in the hospital in Fort Armstrong. The man was of the 4th Infantry, and had been some time there under treatment for debility. The ranger now convalescent was in the same hospital with him for sixteen hours before a cholera hospital could be established outside the camp and fort. 2. It is believed that all these men were of intemperate habits. The ranger who is dead, it is known, generated the disease within him, by a fit of intoxication. 3. This disease having appeared among the rangers and on this island, all in commission are called upon to exert themselves to the utmost to stop the spread of the calamity. 4. Sobriety, cleanliness of person, cleanliness of camp and quarters, together with care in the preparation of the men's messes, are the grand preventatives. No neglect under these important heads will be overlooked or tolerated. 5. In addition to the foregoing

the senior surgeon present recommends the use of flannel shirts, flannel drawers, and woolen stockings; but the commanding general, who has seen much of disease, *knows* that it is *intemperance*, which, in the present state of the atmosphere, generates and spreads the calamity, and that when once spread good and temperate men are likely to take the infection. 6. He therefore peremptorily commands that every soldier or ranger who shall be found drunk or sensibly intoxicated after the publication of this order be compelled, as soon as his strength will permit, to dig a grave at a suitable burying-place, large enough for his own reception, as such grave cannot fail soon to be wanted for the drunken man himself, or some drunken companion. 7. This order is given, as well to serve for the punishment of *drunkenness*, as to spare good and temperate men the labor of digging graves for their worthless companions. 8. The sanitary regulations now in force respecting communications between the camp near the mouth of Rock river and other camps and posts in the neighborhood are revoked. Col. Eustis, however, whose troops are perfectly free from cholera, will report to the commanding general whether he believes it for the safety of his command that these regulations should be renewed.

By order of Major-General Scott.

P. H. GALT,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

(Contributed by)

Lehman Alford

WEBSTER CITY, IOWA.

THE PURITAN BIRTHRIGHT

The Puritans of the seventeenth century were the most earnest and intelligently devout people the world had then or has since known. Their study of the Mosaic law was more profound and obedience to the inspiration from Mount Sinai more literal than that of the Israelites themselves. One of the most graphic pictures in the account of the patriarchs is the story of the sale of Esau's birthright to his younger brother Jacob. The Puritan first born also had a birthright, but, unlike the son of Isaac, he clung to it tenaciously.

The Puritans took the Bible for their law and their gospel, but they had in them all the Saxon's love for land and the Norman's passion for mastership. They rejected the feudal custom which the Norman conquest of England brought into vogue, whereby the first-born male of a family inherited lands under what we know as primogeniture. But they did not go back to the old Saxon Gavelkind which prevailed before the Conquest, under which all children shared alike. They made a compromise. They provided for all their children, but strove to maintain headship in the family—to keep the fire burning upon the family altar by a curious contrivance. They adopted a scheme of property succession which seemed to have something of the Saxon, all children sharing alike, and something of the Norman feudal, which gave all to the eldest son. The Puritans followed neither one nor the other. Upon the plains of Judea, among that peculiar people in whose behalf the Deity was believed to have special interest, they found their exemplar. In the plan of Moses the tribal or clan relation was paramount. The family and not the individual was the unit. Hence, while each child had his portion, as is shown in the parable of the Prodigal Son, yet the eldest son had his birthright. In the same parable, when the elder son murmured at the rejoicings over the return of the Prodigal, the father wisely replied, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all I have is thine." So the Puritans gave the eldest son a birthright, that is, a double portion. Like the children of Israel, the English Puritans in their exodus took with them to Massachusetts Bay wives and children, flocks and herds. Heedless of the clash of arms in the mother country, they went to work to formulate laws for the new world, in which work their successors have been fruitful even to this day. The laws, just one hundred in number, bear in their margin, in many cases, reference to

Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, upon which they were based. They are entitled *The Body of Liberties of 1641*.

By the eighty-first paragraph of the Body of Liberties of 1641, it was provided that "when parents dye intestate, the Elder sonne shall have a doble portion of his whole estate, reall and personall, unlesse the Generall Court upon just reason shall Judge otherwise." The Code of 1660 re-enacted this provision in somewhat modernized spelling: "Provided, the eldest sonn shall have a Double Portion, and where there are no sonns, the daughters shall inherit as Copartners, unless the Court upon just Cause alledged, shall otherwise Determine."

Under the provincial charter of William and Mary, the general court by an act passed November 1, 1692, entitled "An act for the settling and distribution of the estates of intestates," re-affirms this principle in these words: . . . "the estate of all to be equal, except the eldest son then surviving (where there is no issue of the first born or of any other elder son), who shall have two shares, or a double portion of the whole: and where there are no sons, the daughters shall inherit as copartners." . . . How like the last clause is the command of Israel's inspired lawgiver upon the same subject (Numbers, xxvii. 8): "And thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel, saying, If a man die and have no son then ye shall cause his inheritance to pass unto his daughter." The preamble to chapter 14 of the Province Laws, 1692-93, reveals something of the hardships of pioneer life and tender solicitude for the welfare of children: "Whereas, estates in these plantations do consist chiefly of lands which have been subdued and brought to improvement by the industry and labour of the proprietors, with the assistance of their children, the younger children generally having been longest and most serviceable unto their parents in that behalf, who have not personal estates to give out unto them in portions, or otherwise to recompense their labour."

The eldest son's family did not lose his double portion or birthright, even if he died before his father. His issue inherited his share, but in the event of the estate being incapable of division, as was often the case, the next eldest son took the homestead, paying to the other heirs such an amount in cash, "corn, or cattle" as a committee of neighbors, "three sufficient householders," should determine to be equitable. The principle seems to have been to keep the homestead in the possession of the oldest living male of the family name, he being presumably the best able to maintain the family standing and traditions.

Not even the American revolution, when the glittering French catch-words, "liberty, equality, and fraternity," were so popular, sufficed to effect

a change immediately. After the war with England was over, and three years after the adoption of the state constitution, the legislature of Massachusetts enacted by statute of 1783, chapter 36, paragraph 1, "that land should descend equally among children, and such as legally represent them, except that the eldest son should have two shares." So that the Puritan birthright was re-enacted by the commonwealth of Massachusetts. This exception was abrogated by statute of 1789, chapter 2, which went into operation on the first of January, 1790; and from and after that time all children took in equal shares without regard to sex or primogeniture.

In the vacation months of each year numerous family reunions take place throughout New England. They are occasions of much enjoyment. People from far and near flock to the old homestead, and they talk genealogy, even as the Israelites did of old. It is rank heresy to so much as question the declaration that all men are born free and equal, but God's chosen people of the Scriptures and our Puritan ancestors did not believe in it at all. May we not ask if, in spite of all the vast benefits that have come to our race by the American revolution, we did not lose something of the sacredness of home and family ties when we abandoned the patriarchal headship and adopted the Procrustean scheme for making all men equal? Would not more of these old homesteads have been retained, would not more ancestral hearth-fires have been kept burning, had the Puritan idea been allowed to prevail instead of the carving and leveling-down scheme?

The decadence of the hill towns and the abandonment of the old homesteads that were their crowning glory afford themes for much discussion. Not until after the abrogation of the Puritan family headship did attachment to the soil fail or the number of children in native families begin to grow less. So long as the family looked forward to a chosen one as the presumptive care-taker of the old home, all went well. The one whom nature and custom had selected to maintain the family honor and guard the accumulating heirlooms had an incentive to make the place really a family centre, an attractive object for an annual pilgrimage. The younger brethren were taught early the necessity for learning useful trades, and as the country grew they went into business. They were imbued with reverence for the old home, and all knew that its best chamber, the fattest turkey, the choicest products of the yeoman master, were reserved for those who wandered into town life, but whose feet homeward turned for the annual Thanksgiving, the New England family festival.

It is just one hundred years since the Puritan first-born lost (by statute) his birthright—his first claim upon the home of his fathers. At about the

same time he took to trade and commerce and then to manufactures. His children are now the merchant princes of the land. With all the material success which has attended the diversion from the patriarchal system there is a shadow. Where are the homely homes of the fathers? Why are strangers sitting in their gates, who know not the children of the men who built them on the verdant hillsides and gave the healthful impetus which sent forth into the world so many with strong brains to win in every field of endeavor?

With wealth and refinement the longings to tread in the footprints of the fathers are not lost. There is much lamentation over the abandoned farms of New England, but there will be found sentiment enough in the men in whose veins runs the blood of the pioneers to restore to them their ancient homelikeness, without calling upon aliens to come and possess.

We cannot in this radical age re-enact the Puritan birthright. We may be permitted to allude to it as a system under which the race thrived. Under the apparent materialism of the well-to-do descendants of the Puritans there is an ingrained attachment to the soil and to family, which will yet recover every one of those dear old homesteads. There may not be in the future a legal birthright, yet the birthright of memory, tradition, and reverence will not be sold like Esau's, but tenderly guarded with the fathers' blessing.

Nathan M. Hawkes

LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE ACTION AT TARRYTOWN, 1781

HEROISM OF CAPTAIN GEORGE HURLBUT

Greatness of reputation does not guarantee a corresponding degree of merit, neither does lack of reputation prove that merit is wanting. Accidents of fortune may bestow honor where it is undeserved, or they may deprive men of honor when it is due. The fame of Paulding and his associates so completely obscures that of all other patriots whose names belong to the history of Tarrytown during the Revolution, that the latter are seldom mentioned in connection with the time or the place. Yet the captors of André are famed not so much on account of what they personally accomplished as because of the importance of the event in which they participated. The merit of their performance did not consist in wisely laid or in bravely executed plans, for their exploit was a mere accident, and they risked neither life nor limb in the prosecution of it; but in the fact that they possessed enough common honesty and common sense to refuse to release the British spy who had fallen into their hands, when they were tempted to do so by an offer of gold.

The captors were generously rewarded; for, in addition to the honor they received, they were publicly thanked for their fidelity, pensioned, presented with farms, and decorated with medals while they lived, and awarded monuments at public expense when they died. They were justly entitled to the material part of their reward, but the reputation they acquired far exceeded their merit. They unwittingly thwarted a dangerous plot and were thus made famous by good fortune, while men of greater worth, whom fortune did not favor, died without reward and have been forgotten. Among the latter is Captain George Hurlbut, who specially distinguished himself in the engagement known as "the action at Tarrytown." It is the purpose of this sketch to briefly outline his interesting career.

George Hurlbut was born at New London, Connecticut, about 1756. His parents were Joseph and Elizabeth Hurlbut, the former being a descendant of Thomas Hurlbut, who crossed the Atlantic in 1635 with Lion Gardener, the builder and commander of the first fort at Saybrook, Connecticut, while the latter was the daughter of George Buttolph of Salem,

Massachusetts.* No particulars are known concerning the events of Hurlbut's childhood. The first account we have of him is when, in April, 1775, immediately after intelligence was received of the skirmish at Lexington, he shouldered his musket, and with others of his townsmen hastened to join the American army near Boston.† At this time he was nineteen years of age, a young man of good presence, more than ordinary intelligence, quick to think and act; in brief, a typical New England youth with New England spirit back of him. The command to which he attached himself was an independent company formed in New London by Captain William Coit, who afterward attained some distinction as an officer in the navy. The organization was made up, for the most part, of young men of Hurlbut's stamp, and the first active service they saw was at the battle of Bunker Hill. It does not appear that Hurlbut's connection with Captain Coit's company was of the nature of a regular enlistment, for we find that soon after the battle he was mustered into what was known as "the Light Horse troop." It is very evident that his first experience of the terrors of war did not quench his patriotic fervor, otherwise his army life would have ended at Bunker Hill, where it began. When his first term of enlistment expired he became a member of "the Washington Life Guards," and in 1778 he was promoted to a captaincy in Colonel Sheldon's regiment of dragoons. This organization saw much of its service in Westchester county, and it was while connected with it and doing duty in this place that Hurlbut chiefly won his fame and ended his military career.

"The action at Tarrytown" was not an affair of sufficient importance to merit mention in works upon general history, and accounts of it must be sought in out of the way sources, such as diaries, journals, newspapers of the time, etc. It occurred on the evening of July 15, 1781, and it is a strange coincidence, that without forethought on the part of any one the regular meeting of the Tarrytown Historical Society and the reading of this paper should have fallen upon the same day of the month.‡

Dr. Thatcher in his *Military Journal* briefly refers to the action as follows: "July 15 two of the British frigates and several smaller vessels passed up the North river as far as Tarrytown, in defiance of our cannon, which were continually playing on them. Their object appears to be to seize some of our small vessels which are passing down the river

* *The Hurlbut Genealogy*, by Henry H. Hurlbut.

† *History of New London*, by E. M. Caulkins, New London, 1852, p. 537.

‡ This paper was read before the Tarrytown Historical Society by its president on the 15th of July, 1890.

with supplies for our army. One small sloop loaded with bread for the French army has fallen into their hands." Count William de Deux Ponts, who was with the French allies at Dobbs' Ferry, makes the following mention of the action : * "On the 15th of July, at half past ten o'clock in the evening, we heard several reports of cannon and musketry, and a moment after they beat the *general*. The whole army rushed to arms and was formed in an instant. After having remained in line of battle for half or three quarters of an hour, we received orders to return to our tents. On the morning of the 16th of July I learned that the guns heard yesterday had been fired at Tarrytown, a small place on the banks of the Hudson river, where they have been in the habit of unloading flour, which comes to us from the Jerseys, by two English frigates which wanted to support the attack made by three English schooners with the intention of seizing and burning five small vessels laden with flour. The attack was unsuccessful; indeed they succeeded in setting fire to one of these vessels, but it was put out and the cargo saved."

The only full and satisfactory account of the action is to be found in Moore's *Diary of the American Revolution*, where it is copied from the *New Jersey Gazette* of August 8, 1781: "July 20, 1781. On Sunday evening, the 15th inst., two sloops of war, two tenders, and one galley, all British, came up the Hudson river, with intention, it is supposed, to destroy the stores then moving from West Point to the army. There were at that time two sloops going down the river laden with cannon and powder. As soon as they discovered the enemy they put about and stood in for Tarrytown, where they run aground. The enemy, having a fair wind and tide, came up the river so fast that it was impossible to march the infantry down in time to unload or protect the stores, as there were no troops at Tarrytown, except a sergeant's guard of French infantry. Colonel Sheldon (whose regiment lay at Dobb's Ferry) immediately marched his mounted dragoons to the place, where he ordered his men to dismount and assist in unloading the stores, which they did with great dispatch. By this time, the enemy having come to anchor off Tarrytown began a heavy cannonade, under cover of which they sent two gunboats and four barges to destroy the vessels.

Captain Hurlbut of the second regiment of light dragoons was stationed on board of one of these with twelve men, armed only with pistols and swords; he kept his men concealed until the enemy were alongside, when he gave them a fire, which they returned and killed one of

* "*My Campaigns in America*." Count William de Deux Ponts, 1786-87. Translated by Samuel Abbott Green, Boston, 1868, p. 118.

his men. Captain Hurlbut finding himself surrounded ordered his men to jump overboard and make for the shore, which they did, he following. The enemy immediately boarded and set fire to the vessels, but were obliged as quickly to retire, owing to the severe fire that was kept up by the dragoons and French guard. Captain Hurlbut, Captain-Lieutenant Miles, Quartermaster Shaylor, and others jumped into the river, and made for the sloop, in order to extinguish the fire, which they did, and saved the vessels. While in the water, Captain Hurlbut received a musket ball through his thigh."

Washington, in the general orders of July 19, 1781, thus refers to Captain Hurlbut and his companions: "The gallant behavior and spirited exertions of Colonel Sheldon and Captain Hurlbut of the second regiment of dragoons, Captain-Lieutenant Miles of the artillery, and Lieutenant Shaylor of the fourth Connecticut regiment, previous to the arrival of the troops, in extinguishing the flames of the vessels which had been set on fire by the enemy, and preserving the whole of the ordnance and stores from destruction, entitles them to the most distinguished notice and applause of their general."

The result of Captain Hurlbut's injury is given in the following letter written by his sister in 1808 to the Honorable Gideon Granger, post-master-general: "Dire necessity induces me, though unknown to you, to trouble you in a matter in which I am deeply interested. I am the widow of Captain John Welsh, who commanded the marines in the unfortunate attack upon Penobscot, in which he lost his life while bravely fighting at the head of them. The loss of my husband left me in very disagreeable circumstances which the kindness of a brother in a measure relieved. This brother was Captain George Hurlbut, who commanded a company of light horse in Sheldon's regiment, till in defending a vessel with stores in the North river he received a wound, under which he languished till the 8th day of May, 1783, when he expired, having suffered the most excruciating pain beyond the power of language to express. This deserving brother having made a will in my favor and appointed me executrix, I have applied to congress for the commutation notes due him; but finding Captain Hurlbut's miserable life was not continued to the close of the war, they refused them, though so small a recompense for a life spent and lost in the service of, I am sorry to say, an ungrateful country. Should you, sir, think it beneath your notice to interest yourself for me, I must sit down in despair. I ask for but twenty or thirty pounds a year to enable me to pass the evening of my days in peace and quietness."

According to the author of the history of New London, already

referred to, it appears that as soon as Captain Hurlbut was able to return to his command he did so, and that upon his first appearance before his troops they honored him with a salute. His horse being unused to fire-arms, became unmanageable, and Hurlbut, weak from his long confinement, was thrown violently to the ground. As a consequence his wound reopened, and after months of severe suffering he was sent home to die, the commander-in-chief of the army giving particular orders as to his removal. Several years before the date of the above letter, Mrs. Welsh had written to General and Mrs. Washington in regard to her claim against the government, and received from them the following replies:

“MOUNT VERNON, *December 8, 1788.*

MADAM:

You may readily conceive that I felt sensible for your situation, and that were it as much in my power as it is in my desire I would contribute effectually to your relief. After having said this, I need only add, that as the general possesses the same good disposition toward you, and writes on the subject himself, it is unnecessary for me to say more than that my best wishes attend you, and that I am, madam, your most obedient servant

M. WASHINGTON.

MOUNT VERNON, *December 8, 1788.*

MADAM:

I received your melancholy letter by the last mail, and could not delay my sympathetic condolence on your unhappy situation. It is, indeed, distressing to me to find that a lady whose husband and brother perished in the service of their country should be reduced to a precarious dependence on others for that support which she might otherwise have received from them. Your affecting case, and others of a similar nature, make me almost weary of living in a world when I can do so little but pity, without having the power to relieve such unmerited misfortunes. If my means were as ample as my wishes, be assured, madam, I am too well persuaded of the hardships of your condition and the merit of your brother not to exert myself effectually for your succor. A private citizen, as I am, I know not what I can do (without the appearance of assuming too much upon myself) except to give a certificate of the facts respecting the brilliant service which your brother performed at the moment when he met with the wound which occasioned his death, together with a private opinion annexed to it. Of that certificate you may make such use as you shall think proper in application to the board of treasury, the commissioners for settling the accounts

of the army, or any other persons to whom the business may appertain. Recommending you most devoutly to that Being who will take care of the widow and the fatherless, even though they should be neglected by an ungrateful country, I remain with ardent wishes for your happiness, madam, your most obedient, humble servant

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

P. S. There can be no doubt but that as heir to your brother you are entitled to that portion of land promised to all officers of his rank who served through the war or died in the service."

The certificate referred to above accompanied the letter, and is as follows: "I do hereby certify to all whom it may concern, that Captain George Hurlbut of the second regiment of light dragoons received a wound in the gallant performance of his duty at Tarrytown in the summer of 1781, of which, after having languished in the most exquisite pains until the 8th of May, 1783, he expired; and I do hereby further make known (as my own private opinion) from the very brave manner in which he saved a considerable quantity of stores, by swimming on board a vessel and extinguishing the flames that had been kindled by the enemy, amidst a severe fire from their ships (for which he then received my particular thanks in the public orders of the army) as well as from his having survived until after the war was in fact concluded by the signature of the provisional treaty of peace, that the heir or heirs of the said Captain George Hurlbut ought, in point of justice and the reason of the case, to be entitled to the commutation of his half-pay, in as full a manner as if he had not died until after the formal disbanding of the army by a resolution of congress. In faith whereof I have hereunto signed my name and affixed my seal this 8th day of December, in the year 1788.

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Surely nothing more satisfactory in the way of proof or of recommendation could have been demanded in the case than was furnished by this certificate, which probably accompanied the numerous appeals made by Mrs. Welsh to the government for help. Her application was persistently denied under several administrations, upon the technicality that congress did not allow commutation of pay in the case of officers who died before the disbanding of the army. Captain Hurlbut saw six years of active service, and it is stated that he received one of the few medals distributed for distinguished services in the army. Be this as it may, in warm-hearted devotion to duty, and cool-headed gallantry in action, qualities which dis-

tinguish the hero from the mere soldier, Captain Hurlbut was the peer of any of his contemporaries, and deserved the best that his country could afford in the way of reward. But the event in which his laurels were won was a trivial one, and despite his fine record, his wounds, his prolonged suffering, and his death, he soon passed out of men's minds with the recollection of "the action at Tarrytown." To-day all that remains to perpetuate his memory is the brief mention made of him in history, the letters quoted above, and a simple tombstone over his grave at New London, Connecticut, bearing the following epitaph :

"The dust of
CAPTAIN GEORGE HURLBUT,
who died May 8, 1783,
in the 28th year of his age,
in consequence of a wound he
received in the service
of his country.

Here lies a youth of valor,
Known and tried,
Who in his country's cause,
Fought, bled, and died."

The writer cherishes the hope that when the improvement of depot square in Tarrytown, now in progress, is completed, and it is transformed into an ornament to the river front, a memorial to Hurlbut will be erected there, and his sterling qualities be given honor near the place where they were displayed.

J. B. Coutant.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN PEASANTRY

HABITS AND MODE OF LIFE

III

The early colonists of *La Nouvelle France* came chiefly from Normandy, Brittany contributing a certain number, as also La Saintonge, Bearn, Picardy, and Le Poitou. A party, not large, of Berrichons and Beauserrons are known to have cast in their lot with those original emigrants, the total number of whom was about 5,000. The majority were soldiers, a considerable portion farmers. All who settled down as farmers were called *habitants*, a name still borne by their descendants. They alternately farmed and soldiered, according to the demands of the military authorities. Subsequently more immigrants came from France to fill up the decimated ranks of the colonists through heavy losses by epidemics, scurvy, famine, and wars with the Indians and English, but their number was never large. The few thousand settlers of the first half of the seventeenth century had increased to 60,000 at the cession to Britain in 1763. This number had swollen in 1890 to over 2,000,000, including those settled in the United States, a rate unequaled by that of the most prolific people known to modern enumerators or statisticians. This unparalleled expansion of the original population is chiefly due to the extraordinary fecundity of the old hardy, healthy pioneers and settlers, who dared to brave all dangers and hardships in order to carry out the perilous and trying scheme of founding another France in the unknown wilds of North America. Many writers believe there would have been a still larger French-Canadian population to-day if the old relations with France had continued; but it is doubtful if the stream of French emigration would ever have attained considerable proportions. The Canadian climate, with certain other conditions, were not powerful attractions to natives of the sunny, fertile land of France, and besides, for many generations the French have not exhibited any great inclination to risking their fortunes in new regions. Whether the province has lost or gained by the course events have actually taken is difficult to determine, but there is no room for difference of opinion as to the value to the colony of the British and American emigration, with that capital and abundant volume of labor which they brought, so essential

to the rapid and profitable settlement and cultivation of vast new wild regions.

The true character of the French-Canadian cannot be fully understood without a knowledge of the influences which have molded his early ancestors. As most historical readers are aware, the great northern province of France, Normandy, was originally peopled by Gauls and Romans; and about the ninth century of the Christian era it was repeatedly overrun and devastated by hordes of Danish pirates. Charles the Simple, then sovereign of France, to put an end to those destructive inroads, made a treaty with Rollo, the son of Ragnwald, chief of the Northmen, giving him the duchy of Neustria or Normandy, on condition of acknowledging his superior authority. The new northern race was now engrafted upon the older stock of Gauls and Romans, from which the Normans, since so famous, are descended. The vigor and enterprising spirit of the original sources are indisputable, their martial qualities and energies having been developed by mutual rivalry, peculiar local circumstances, and ambitious projects of a stimulating, impressive character.

The relations between Neustrians and Northmen were not seldom strained, the former often having reason to complain of the exactions of the latter. While the new-comers presumed upon the royal concessions, their harassed neighbors, the older settlers, were afraid to openly rebel, lest a costly and dangerous war should result. The Neustrians, often thrown upon their wits, were forced to practice cunning and even dissimulation in self-defense against rude and unscrupulous rivals. The character no less than the physical qualities of the future Normans were thus early and materially affected. The race gradually became quarrelsome, predatory, and adventurous, ever ready to take advantage of weaker, less intelligent, or wealthier neighbors. And their descendants to-day display not a few of their characteristics, including their shrewdness, energy, and adventurous spirit.

The rustic of Norman extraction exhibits much natural sharpness (*finesse*). He has a shrewd fear of committing himself by hasty answers, or of injuring his interests by too ready admissions. To a direct question involving or thought likely to jeopardize his interests, he will give you an evasive reply, a *sous-entendu* or partial admission likely to deceive without, in the speaker's opinion, implicating his conscience. His manner is so innocent that it disarms suspicion, and afterwards he will quietly smile and throw the blame upon the stupidity of the victim. Any one who gets around him in the course of a "swap" or "bargain" may well boast of his success. It is highly amusing to watch two equally sharp fellows try-

ing to get the better of one another. The shifts, evasions, prevarications, exaggerations and so forth, display an amount of selfish acuteness and roguish ingenuity that would do credit or discredit to the professional sharper. Such incidents would be simply amusing only that they often lead to reprisals sorely felt afterwards. In the fairs and market-places the art may be witnessed daily. The one who obtains the advantage is said to have "*amanché*" (a word of Canadian coinage) the other. But when he comes to an understanding and shakes hands over a bargain, his word is his bond.

This finesse is sometimes carried to the point of sharp practice. For a sample: A priest who had the taste of a fancier of choice breeds of poultry was very proud of a certain rooster, and often boasted there was not another bird in the country so handsome. A cunning peddler, who pretended to have seen finer birds with townspeople, was engaged to procure one for his reverence if he could. One day, in the priest's absence, he came to the parsonage, captured ("*chipper*") the rooster, and awaited his return. The moment the reverend father appeared, the peddler held out the bird to him, saying exultingly: "Well, *monsieur le curé*, I have got your bird at last. Is he not a beauty? Take it, sir, for I am in a hurry!" The priest was surprised at the likeness between the fowls, but thought, if anything, this was the handsomer bird of the two, and paid the trickster liberally for his supposed new prize. When remonstrated with, later, on the imposition, the rascal merely replied: "I told you, *monsieur le curé*, it was *your* rooster, and still you would pay for it!" It used to be said of this scamp: *Lorsque vous cherchez un coquin, vrai n'allez pas chez son voisin* (When you are seeking a rascal, call not upon his neighbor).

Another *blague amusante*, or amusing yarn, of the same kind may be given. Entering a church a rogue saw a priest in the confessional, with his watch hanging outside. His turn among the penitents came, and he coolly walked forward, unhooked the timepiece, knelt, and began his confession with the admission that he had stolen a watch, making a move as if to give it to the priest. Of course it was refused, and he was told he must return it to the owner. The sinner replied: "But I have offered it to him and he won't take it back." "Well, then, keep it yourself," replied the innocent victim.

While the *habitant* may take advantage of others in a bargain, trespass a little, profit of a neighbor's mistake in the measurement of his land, appropriate a valuable strip of it by a stealthy movement of the fence, on the highway or elsewhere, in all other respects he is honesty itself. There exists an old legend, according to which the Norman concluded the Lord's

Prayer thus: *Mon Dieu, je ne vous demande pas de bien, mettez moi seulement à côté de quelqu'un qui en possède* ("I do not ask of you, my God, property, only locate me near one who owns some").* Regular professional thieves are scarce, and burglary is almost unknown. He will carefully return any article borrowed of a neighbor, whom he will oblige readily when his turn comes.

The vice of blasphemy is little practiced by the men who have not traveled from home. Impulsive and quick-tempered, when excited or provoked the peasant often employs expletives of the harmless kind. In the cities, however, the laboring classes of this race are not entitled to equal credit; their language in argument or descriptive gossip can be as faulty as that of the lower classes of other races. In presence of children he is very particular to avoid any coarse language, a delicacy which might be copied by others with advantage. Inoffensive exclamations like the following may be uttered on certain occasions: *Mille tonnerres* ("A thousand thunders"), *C'est ti pas maudit* ("Isn't it devilish"), *Nom d'un petit bon-homme* ("Name of a little fellow"), etc.

Their love of litigation is one of the inherited instincts often remarked. It proves sometimes, like other weaknesses, both troublesome and expensive. Indeed, at present the cost of litigation in the provincial courts, in consequence of an elaborate system of laws and legal machinery, the use of the two languages and so forth, is often oppressive, almost ruinous. The old Norman bluntly or piratically strove to appropriate any enviable property within reach, while some of his descendants nowadays resort to law for the settlement of disputes about real or imaginary settlers' rights and privileges. Mr. J. A. Le Moine, so well known to *litterati* both in the United States and Canada, in a very interesting work, replete with highly useful information—*The Explorations of Jonathan Oldbuck, F. G. S. Q., in Eastern Latitudes*—says: "There were 424 lawsuits from 26th September, 1663, to 23d August, 1664, in a population of about 1,500 souls, or nearly one lawsuit to every fourth person."

To illustrate the French-Canadian's weakness for litigation may be related the following, told me by a prominent member of the bar, practicing in a city at some little distance from Quebec. He was retained to defend a farmer in a lawsuit (*une affaire*, they say) offering several knotty legal problems. On closely examining the case the lawyer expressed the opinion that his client would win the suit; but soon after, to his surprise, the decision of the court favored his opponent. He thereupon advised his client to seek a reversal of the judgment in a higher—the Court of

* *Le Premier Colon de Lévis*, by Joseph Edmond Roy.

Revision ; but suggested that another lawyer should also be consulted. The counsel, an advocate of high standing, thought the matter had better be dropped. But the farmer was reluctant to give up the contest without another effort, his pride no less than his interests being now involved, and he therefore ordered his lawyer to continue the case. The Court of Revision maintained the first decision, to the consternation of both lawyer and farmer. The former, however, still believed it a wrong judgment, and told his client to try next the Court of Appeals, but again urged him to take counsel elsewhere. Once more they were forewarned not to be sanguine of success. Still another consultation followed, with the same adverse opinion as to the continuance of the suit. But the farmer replied, with that headstrong disposition for which the Bretons are more famous than the Normans, that as long as there was any chance of winning the case, he would not drop it. In the last trial, the plucky *habitant* triumphed by a vote of three judges to one, upholding his lawyer's good judgment and legal knowledge. Yet the victor, while ready to risk thousands of dollars to win a case where hundreds only were at stake, would probably deny himself his dinner, if visiting a strange city, to save twenty-five cents.

The authority for the above, a shrewd observer of men and things, gives a plausible and interesting explanation of the farmer's partiality to law-suits. In the country there are no places of amusement, theatres or concerts, which such lovers of pleasure and of acting would like to frequent. Their fondness for excitement and display must find gratification, and about the only place where acting may be practiced or witnessed is the district courthouse, which is usually crowded with spectators watching the proceedings with unfeigned interest. Naturally the litigants and witnesses are the people of importance for the hour, and on leaving court they are surrounded by a host of admiring, sympathizing friends. While the suit is pending neighbors call upon them whenever they pass the house, or stop them on the road, to talk over the case and its prospects. The farmer enjoys attention, it gives him increased importance ; but, the suit ended, the principals lapse into their original obscurity. They often keenly feel the change, so that when another opportunity arises, they eagerly plunge again into "the glorious uncertainties of the law."

Racine well illustrated that *penchant* of his race for law, in *Les Plaideurs*, when he wrote :

" Pour plaider.

Laissez faire, ils ne sont pas au bout

J'y vendrai ma chemise ; et je veux rien ou tout."

One thing is certain, they do not look at law in the light of a celebrated

barrister, recently deceased, who was once asked his sincere opinion on the subject: "Why, the fact is," he rejoined, "if any man were to claim this coat upon my back, and threaten my refusal with a lawsuit, he should certainly have it, lest in defending my coat I should lose my waistcoat also."

Not a few Canadian critics have remarked upon the proneness of the race to jealousies among themselves. One fellow will frequently belittle a neighbor's work, decry his farm, or speak slightly of his competitors' goods, easily coming to the belief, by frequent repetition, that his own are superior. The same weakness casts a shadow over all circles of French-Canadian social life, found as often among professional men and *littérati* as among the uneducated. It is another trait of Norman origin, partly the product of jealousy and pride, which will not brook the triumph of rivals. They want the honors and benefits, generally believing they are better entitled to them than their more successful competitors. But despite this sharp rivalry, they can meet afterwards and readily perform the duties of good neighborhood, giving, when needed, substantial help. This jealousy, I may add, is found pleasantly contrasted with an honorable generosity to outsiders, whose merits and achievements usually receive ample justice.

The *habitant* is fickle, impressionable, and impulsive. His faults may be the counterpart of his gifts, or, in the opinion of many, their necessary background—*ils ont les qualités de leurs défauts*. A new scheme, recommended plausibly, with some sentiment urged in its favor, wins him easily; but second thoughts not seldom interfere to influence his action and suggest a delay pending the revelation of the experience of others. Urgency now would fail of the mark, practical proof being required for his conversion. Thus, improvements in agricultural and other implements of trade will long be left severely alone till their value be fully demonstrated by an enterprising neighbor or pushing agent. This caution, it must be confessed, is often carried too far, justifying the reproach of "slowness," cast at these people. But, considering their isolated condition till the end of the first half of this century, in a region of long and hard winters, it is a wonder not that they have accomplished so little but that they have achieved so much. Of late matters are changing greatly near the cities; many have learned the latest improvements of all kinds and are willing to risk money in promising experiments.

The venturesome, speculative spirit of the Anglo-Saxon, Jean Baptiste rarely exhibits; nor that enterprise in making money for its own sake. If reproved on this score, he will philosophically and perhaps truly

reply, that at the end of the year he will be as well off as the eager money-hunters. He will say *Je finirai par "amarrrer,"* by which he means he will ultimately succeed in making both ends meet. He does not believe that happiness is mainly dependent upon the acquisition of wealth, which generally requires the sacrifice of most of the pleasures of life. Such contentment and indifference go far to explain the small number of wealthy French-Canadians, and of the few speculators and projectors to be found among them. The reader can draw his own conclusions as to the merit of such opinions; but they come to us with at least considerable recommendations. No one will deny their great age on the one hand, and, on the other, the wisdom no less than the purity of their source in the leading nations of ancient and modern times. It is no wonder, therefore, that mere slaves of mammon will often pass in the hunt for wealth such easy-going, temperate competitors in business, not wholly wrapped up in money-making and worldly parade. People there live for themselves and friends—in other words, enjoy life to the full. After laying something by for the traditional "rainy day," they will take life easy, sweetening its evening by diversions and enjoyments of the approved kinds. Unlike the Briton or American, who struggles to make others think his "pile," however substantial, can never satisfy, he acts upon the old pious conviction that :

" Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

A proper estimate of the value of money is occasionally manifested by the rustics. One fellow, who always haggled at a bargain, the possessor of a considerable sum of money and gathered property worth as much more, obtained by usury, had just buried his second wife. Shortly after, presenting himself before the priest, he pretended to be shocked at the price of the funeral service, and begged for a reduction. " You know, *monsieur le curé*, that I am a good customer of yours, and a customer should be favored. I buried my first wife here, and I have just buried my second. I may soon be getting married again, and, besides, you know my father is on his last legs (*branle dans le manche*), and my mother will hardly survive him (*ne lui survivra guère*). Now, have some conscience (*mettez la main sur la conscience*) and take something off this big bill (*rabattez moi quelque chose*)." But the priest was inexorable, notwithstanding his parishioner's tempting promise of further custom.

A well-known usurer in the neighborhood of Quebec was regarded as a genius in his way. He could neither read nor write, but could produce,

at a moment's notice, a debtor's note from among a pile of other papers. One of his schemes was to take credit wherever he could be trusted, and refuse to pay until sued and judgment was obtained against him. Some one asked him before he died why he pursued so foolish a course. "Whoever takes me for a fool will find out his mistake, particularly if he have any dealings with me. I have saved many a pound that way; most people would rather lose a sum due than sue for it." He had a system of his own for keeping accounts. He kept a general store, and would chalk against the wall all the articles he sold on credit. He had a certain sign for each debtor, opposite which he would set another sign to indicate the goods sold. For instance, for a cheese he would draw a circle, for a millstone, a circle with a dot in the centre. One day he asked a customer for the price of a cheese, which the latter denied having bought. The shopkeeper then remembered it was a millstone, but he had forgotten to put the dot in the centre. Without claiming fame as the result of his singular limitations and remarkable sharpness, this old fellow might yet be said to be a man of mark.

Thrift is a common characteristic of the peasants. The women prepare all the food and frequently make the entire raiment of the household. They economize at every point, and will even occasionally skip a meal, while away from home, to save a trifle. But they have not yet reached the frugality of Mrs. Goodenough, on which Mrs. Gaskell descants in *Wives and Daughters*, who would cut her children's hair while they had colds, "for it was of no use having two colds when one would do, and cutting our hair was sure to give one." Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, in one of her delightful contributions to the *Boston Herald* a short time ago, remarks on this subject: "French frugality means getting the full worth of one's money, and, above all, wasting nothing. . . . It adorns respectability and sobers wealth; it enables the entire community to get the most out of life. It extends even into the matter of eating; and our wastefulness of the gravy is quite as amazing to a Frenchman as it is to us to see him carefully wipe it all up with his bread."

Their proneness to dispute on the expression of strong uncongenial opinion, or during periods of excitement, when differences in the ordinary affairs of life arise, has often been alluded to by both foreign and native writers. They are excitable and impulsive, but easy-going generally, and even-tempered. They quickly forget their flash of anger, and meet their whilom opponent the next day with the usual polite and friendly manner—*sans rancune*. The long, violent, wordy tempests in which they indulge, with wild gesticulations and even threats of violence, excite

apprehension in the minds of the peaceful onlookers, but to the natives are only diverting, as the result is rarely serious.

The quality of obstinacy, or what the partial critic characterizes as resoluteness, is a marked feature of the descendant of the ancient Bretons who mingled with the original explorers and colonists. Cautious and slow in resolving upon any particular course, when once his mind is made up the utmost difficulty is experienced in persuading him to reconsider his determination, much less any change of opinion. To such a philosopher change, in many cases, means weakness or insincerity, a failing very unpopular and injurious to personal influence. When he is in doubt as to the course he should pursue he will say, *Je suis en balan* (an obsolete French expression of the time of Montaigne). You may bring the strongest argument to bear against his conclusions, establish as plainly as two and two make four that he is wrong, and still he will cling to his opinions. He will politely listen to all you may wish to say on the subject, but he will leave you determined to carry out his original intention. He will not dissimulate, as the more wily farmer of Norman descent, who will generally pretend to be convinced, and act afterward as he thinks best.

They live in easy relations among themselves. A familiarity of a pleasant and mutually respectful sort exists, with a ready disposition to fraternize with and help each other. This is often alluded to by outsiders as "clannish;" but it is really a simple, kindly willingness to bear with inconvenience from fellow-countrymen which would not be tolerated from foreigners. Their long isolation among an English-speaking community has made them cultivate much sympathy for one another. And the kindly relations between the old *seigneurs* and their tenants, two or three centuries ago, served to strengthen the friendly ties uniting both classes down to the beginning of this century. Their firm establishment in the New World could not have been possible without this mutual good-feeling and co-operation, both in peace and war. There is no doubt that the ties of friendship are strong with them, and they last over the period of fair weather and prosperity. They will stand by their friends with genuine sympathy and substantial aid when the skies lower and ruin threatens. There is an added powerful bond of union in their common religious faith, the Roman Catholic, which everywhere binds them together, even in the United States. But they have not yet reached anything approaching that partiality for each other which is attributed to the American people by one of themselves: "You have a great country," said an Englishman to a citizen of the United States; "but your climate shortens life.

Your business men die young." "The trouble is not with the climate," replied our countryman. "No, sir. The reason why our people die young is because they know when they've got enough. Public-spirited, patriotic, and unselfish, they die early, sir, to make room for the rising generation."

At home the farmer is generally abstemious, but not always so when he visits the cities. He is not, however, a noisy reveler or quarrelsome, but rather vastly fraternal, believing that conviviality is the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. After his frolic, he leads a quiet, industrious, self-denying life, till his next visit to the town, with its manifold temptations. We have thus another illustration of the law of the pendulum, that in its reaction swings over its full course.

They are very fond of horses, and especially a good roadster (*un bon routeur*). The temptation to pass his neighbor on all ordinary occasions, or the resolution not to let his neighbor pass him, is not much resisted. He makes cheerful exception, however, of the local magnates, who are "given the road" through feelings of respect and feudal instincts. As to the commonalty, both they and the horses expect to be put on their mettle whenever they meet on the road. Often they enter into a race without premeditation, as on the return from a funeral. The mourners on the way home do exhibit a serious demeanor after the solemn funeral rites within and without the church, but the horses are no parties to such conventions. They will have a say as to the time and manner of the return trip, in accordance with that instinct in other cases so often utilized by man. The moment they hear a horse approaching from behind they will prick up their ears and increase their rate of speed. The noble animal is astonished to feel his master curb him, and soon he begins to evince signs of uneasiness. His disposition for speed increases, but he is still held in. The excitement, however, grows apace, and insensibly the master himself feels the contagion gaining upon him. Little by little matters become livelier, the two teams are now rushing along at lightning speed, and perhaps the second horse dashes ahead. Then the cries of the drivers break forth, as they urge their steeds to the utmost swiftness. Gallant, dashing feats always command admiration among them, and the people rush to the windows or outside, shouting words of encouragement to their favorites, amid clapping of hands. The following Sunday the stirring incidents of these struggles are discussed. The unseemliness of such rivalries at such a time is pointed out and firm resolutions are made for the future, recalling the poacher's vow that he would never steal Baron Greenfield's game again, "at any rate not till his meat gave out."

Daily contact with the dead, like other customs impressive or revolting at first, can harden persons to an extent destructive of their finer feelings, and permit of liberties or practices almost incredible to mankind in general. I witnessed one day in the city of Quebec a peculiar incident. The dead from the morgue and unclaimed bodies from the hospitals are borne to the cemetery in a very plain hearse, drawn by but one horse, usually unaccompanied by mourners. The driver of such a hearse I saw deliberately draw up his horse at a hotel near the St. Foy tollgate, on his way to Belmont Cemetery, and return after awhile wiping his mouth with one hand and a lighted pipe in the other. After thus wishing his passenger good luck on his long journey, he proceeded nonchalantly towards the graveyard. The deponent did not follow to see if he stopped again before he reached his destination, but his good cheer being wholly undaunted by his sombre traveling party, he seemed fully equal to such indulgence.

An acquaintance to whom I repeated the above mentions that while on a tour through Ireland, a few years ago, and walking on the road leading to the famous cemetery of Glasnevin, he perceived to his astonishment two hearses nearly abreast, approaching at terrific speed, the driver of each violently exerting himself to get well ahead of the other. This extraordinary race was kept up till the cemetery gates were reached. Expressing his surprise to the gatekeeper at the spectacle of a hard race to the graveyard, a sight unknown in Canada to any creed or nationality, our tourist was informed that it was not uncommon among the poorer and more superstitious of the Irish when two or more hearses met. Each driver then strove to the utmost to avoid being last in entering the cemetery, the spirit of the last brought in being obliged to keep guard over all the graves and tombs till the next corpse arrived to relieve it of this duty. In Connaught and the other more Celtic districts of the island the same custom is occasionally witnessed, and I have since read that he was right. It appears that when two funeral parties reach the cemetery at the same time, the difficulty is settled by a simultaneous filling up of the graves.

Like Frenchmen generally, the French-Canadian is often misjudged by people of different temperaments, reared under different institutions. They accuse him of insincerity of manner and affectation, for they find it impossible to understand his real feelings in the ordinary relations and duties of life. He makes, they will say, as great a fuss or friendly show in greeting an acquaintance for whom he cares little as a friend whom he greatly likes; may ask with as much apparent solicitude after the health and welfare of the one as the other, paying compliments unsparingly in both cases. But the impulse to this demonstration is found in the fact

that he considers such acts of gracious civility due to all with whom he is brought into social contact. It is the mark of his good-breeding, and this requires a very different quality of grace and cordiality from the indifferent and even frigid greetings becoming so much the vogue at the present day. I heartily agree with the remark from a notable work recently published under the title of *French Traits*, by W. C. Brownell, which is equally applicable to their kindred in Canada: "The truth is," writes this critical observer, "the French are as sincere as any other people, only they manifest the virtue in their own way. French manners include a good deal of compliment, and compliment is taken literally only by the savage. . . . Compliment is merely the current coin of the French social realm."

The main object with the French-Canadian is to give pleasure to those he meets, and win, in return, their esteem. If you discuss this subject with him seriously, he will plead that "the white lie" is indispensable to the proper working of the social machine; and very few would deny that harmony in certain circles would not exist a day if the naked truth were habitually revealed; if, for example, our servants should tell callers that though their masters were at home, they were not visible to them. In the work already quoted from, Mr. W. C. Brownell's, this clever writer says: "More 'white lies' are told in France than in America; but I honestly think fewer black ones. The evasion that will give pleasure or spare pain does not shock the Frenchman; but the slander that will ruin a life would be opposed to the social instinct. The French scorn cant as we scorn falsehood." And the same writer adds: "The white lie is tremendously convenient, and is, I think, destined to greater popularity with us than it at present enjoys. In France its abolition would revolutionize society."

Much of the French-Canadian's course is dictated by love of approbation, manner and conduct both being largely influenced by the force of public opinion. Naturally, then, the feelings and interests of his acquaintances receive much consideration. And he certainly shows a praiseworthy readiness to oblige them, as well as to do them practical service. These courtesies, among the peasant class, are not, of course, generally practiced with the delicacy of those trained to the refined expression of city life. His temperament vibrates responsively to any social overture, for the friendliness of others cheers and inspires him. On all occasions the strength of his social feelings is very noticeable, solitude being a weariness to him. Any comradeship is more desirable than moping. This disposition enables any one to address him, in traveling, and to ask any question, his mood affording an agreeable contrast to the taciturnity of the average English stranger.

The Frenchman, besides a proper feeling of humanity and duty towards strangers as such, flatters himself that by politeness he can at least enjoy an opportunity of conversing with people of all sections, till by broad interchange of thought he thus becomes intellectually cosmopolitan, and this in the simplest way, without cost or care. The American people often exhibit the same desirable spirit. A custom-house official at one of the European boundaries exclaimed to a party from America: "Why is it we can always tell you from the English the moment we see you and hear you speak? Always we are glad to meet you, and always we hate the sight of an Englishman." Of course, total strangers as they were in either case, it was the genial spirit of the one and the grave, somewhat repellent, manner of the other that led to this avowal from an inspector of trunk and passport.

With the average Briton a formal introduction is necessary—*de rigueur*. Without it that mysterious but very delicate and important second self, his "sense of propriety," would be vitally injured. The French-Canadian of cities considers this a very flexible requirement, of little importance, except on occasions of state. Indeed, he laughs at the stiffness and servile submission to habit exhibited by those who would be shocked at the omission of established form at an ordinary meeting at a railway station or restaurant, or a greeting on a brief journey. Such sticklers are ridiculed as too particular for that respect which they alone consider their due. In common phrase they ought "to live in a bandbox," where they could not only put on their own airs, but breathe them, too, without change. The French feeling on the subject is reflected in the ridiculous take-off published in the Paris newspapers a few years ago. A Briton chanced to see a woman fall into the Seine. He stopped and watched her struggles to save herself from drowning, but made not the slightest effort to deliver her, although there was manifested some concern on his stolid face. The poor woman was drowned. The Englishman was subsequently heard expressing regret at the misfortune of his not having been introduced to her, for, said he, "being a good swimmer I might have saved her, but I could not, of course, touch a stranger."

On the other hand the extreme politeness of the French, on either side the ocean, may on occasions be too resolutely maintained. A Frenchman visiting an Englishman in his London home was told that the occasion would be celebrated by the opening of a very old bottle of Oporto wine at dinner. In due time it was produced by the butler, and, with many precautions, decanted and delicately served. The host, being engaged in carving, urged his guest to take a preliminary sip, assuring him

that the treat before him was too delicate to be held in waiting. The Frenchman, with all the air of entire realization of his host's prediction, complimented him graciously upon being the possessor of a wine so exquisite, which he did not hesitate to pronounce the finest he ever drank. Eager to share the delicious vintage, the host laid down the carver and lifted his glass to his lips, when, without a scruple, he instantly spat out what he had drank with supreme disgust, demanding of the amazed butler what vile stuff he had served to them. It was then ascertained that a bottle of ink had been opened by mistake. The above serves to illustrate the fact that a French guest thinks it his first duty to have both his good-breeding and his digestion in iron-clad armor, at the service of his host.

The *habitants* are true and sincere on important matters. Indeed, among themselves, especially when referring to religion or their agricultural interests, they are almost boorish in their freedom. They are frank and outspoken over their affairs, even speaking to strangers with complete freedom about private or delicate matters. In trivial things they hold themselves, as do too large a mass of humanity elsewhere, quite at liberty to serve their own comfort with sincerity or insincerity as it may happen to suit their convenience. As we have seen, this race has its faults, but they throw into clear relief their kindly qualities and sterling virtues. At any rate they have gained the good-will of unprejudiced observers. The laboring classes of the same nationality offer many specimens not so creditable to the human race; but contact with hardship and vice has been the perverting influence of many of them.

The distinction between classes in every village, with its multiform results, would amuse the practical democratic citizen of the United States. The *seigneurs* and professional men, who, by the bye, are often persons with distinguished airs, possessing a fair knowledge of the world, represent the *grand seigneur* or territorial lord of the olden time. While they will address the *habitant* in an easy, familiar way, they will not associate with him on friendly terms, nor condescend to make him an intimate. This sensitive colonial aristocracy like to preserve the old social distinctions and keep the commonalty in their place. They will rarely eat at the same table with the farmers or artisans, and no opportunity is lost of impressing them with the extent of the social distance between these classes. And an enormous value will be set upon any favors shown by such "great" to those "small." Any local magnate forgetting his proper distance, becoming too free with his inferiors, will speedily encounter the remonstrances of his peers, if not be ignored by them. And, strange as it

may seem to some, the very class whose member he has thus sought to elevate to his own level will not respect him for his condescension. I have known an intoxicated ("chaud") lawyer to be told by a farmer with whom he was too familiar: *Ne vous dégradez pas, monsieur, vous n'êtes pas des nôtres!* ("Don't belittle yourself, sir, you are not of our kind!") This respect for the upper class is traditional with the peasantry. They have been taught for centuries that the well-being of society depended upon such distinctions. The man bearing nature's honor-marks in the form of good abilities, or distinguished for patriotism or philanthropy, is respected and considered deserving of confidence, but inherited honors carry more weight still. They think *Bon sang ne ment pas* ("good blood will always tell").

Tourists comment upon the homage of the lower orders to a gentleman (*un monsieur*). The rustics believe not only in the divinity that "doth hedge a king," but in every atom of it that may surround the squire. I may recall at this point a story of a French-Canadian lawyer who for some time has kept a talking parrot. Once, during his absence, a client from a distant parish, wishing to consult him, was shown to the parlor occupied by the bird, to await the lawyer's return. Seeing nobody present, the rustic put on his hat, when, to his astonishment, he was assailed with the command: *Otez votre chapeau!* ("Take off your hat!") The social offender promptly obeyed, with the becoming apology: *Excusez moi, monsieur, je vous prenais pour un oiseau!* ("Excuse me, sir, I took you for but a bird!")

When such peasants observe any member of the upper class at manual labor they lose respect for him, considering he has forgotten what is due to his order. If poverty cause the "step down," their usual reflection is, it does not become him to do such work. Many a hard hour is spent by the rustic in such kindly offices, and without any thought of compensation afterwards, simply to save the superior's feelings. The performance of domestic "chores" or self-help by the latter, however necessary to health and pocket, excites their sharpest comments, with conclusions of disrespect. I have seen persons sadly misjudged in the simple act of shoveling the snow off their sidewalks, for needed exercise, by such watchful critics, and denounced as miserly, wholly bent upon saving by unbecoming personal exertion. The women possess their full share of this feeling, too. The doctor's wife, for instance, does not consider she should call on the merchant's or the schoolmaster's, while the latter does not think she could mingle with the wife of the blacksmith or laborer.

Although the experiences of the people of the Canadian provinces and

the oldest states in the Union have been similar in the matter of democratic origin, early hardships, and chief growth from popular sources, still the difference in the social habits prevailing on either side of the boundary is material. The class distinctions may, in the North, be carried sometimes too far, and mere title-poles, in the shape of knights or honorables, entitled to wear that prefix to their names as a reward for political services rendered or to come, are treated to rather much homage by the majority. A little distinction between the general mass and the leaders in the different departments of society, business, politics and science might be drawn, to the advantage of all classes. Self-respect should be preserved on the upper side, with due regard for merit of all kinds on the lower, in a way to stimulate the worthy, below, to achieve rank also, and to urge its actual possessors to mount still higher. On either side the line there is abundant room for merit, and neither individual jealousy nor mob rudeness should be permitted to drag it down. On the contrary, real worth, especially the unselfish sort, loudly calls for every possible encouragement in the interest of all orders in the state. "Leveling up" should ever be preferred to "leveling down." Manners and customs favorable to this latter process are rather prevalent with many in the United States. The following anecdote fairly illustrates personal habits too much in vogue with some, otherwise deserving of regard and imitation, but which naturally make a painful impression on persons of refined feelings, especially those observing them for the first time. A gentleman on his way from New York to Albany entered a smoking-car of the train and saw men engaged in a game of cards. He was impressed with the marked individuality of one of the players—a man of rugged features, square, firm-set chin, and hair white as snow, who was playing with all the excitement and ardor of youth, occasionally emphasizing his remarks with strong expletives. The partner was a young man hardly above thirty, with all the nonchalance of the western man. On the train's arrival at a by-station, the younger man excused himself from taking further part in the game, as he had reached his destination, and he parted from his companion as from a newly made acquaintance. To my friend's surprise the old gentleman then turned towards him and asked if he would take a hand, telling him they were playing "All Fours." Not liking the game, he proposed that they should substitute Whist, to which the old stranger replied: "Oh! Whist be —; life is too short for such a game. Come and join me in the best of games." A very spirited one followed, but luck was against the old gentleman, which evoked some stunning exclamations of disgust. When the game was discontinued and the veteran had left the car, a bystander remarked:

"The old gentleman likes his game of cards as much as he did when Abraham Lincoln occupied the White House." My informant feeling sure that this was a case of mistaken identity, inquired of the train conductor, only to hear the information confirmed. This free-and-easy style, even to an American born and bred in New York state, seemed rather grating. He confessed there was room for more reserve and dignity in a man of eighty years, especially one who had occupied a position of honor and trust in the government of a great nation.

The Canadian social chief or public man may possess no more moral value nor personal worth than the above free-and-easy veteran, but he will not make free with utter strangers or so readily mingle with casual acquaintances. If he have occupied a high position in society, politics, or the public service at any time, his subsequent demeanor is usually of a kind to preserve the fact ever after in the general remembrance.

Prosper Bender

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, *October, 1890.*

REVOLUTIONARY NEWBURGH *

I.

For William, prince of Orange, famed,
And later England's king, they named
A county by the highland stream,
And where it broadens in a dream
Of bay-like beauty, England's Queen,
The good queen Anne, whose arms had
been

Assisted by Palatines brave
In Europe's wars, a refuge gave
To their distress, when fiercely driven
From home by persecutions given
In Louis's harsh religious zeal.
With patents from the royal seal
Foundations of a town they lay,
A Newburgh called, and on the Tay
In Scottish land near high Dundee,
But nearer Perth washed by the sea,
An older Newburgh erst was made.
But weary grown the Teutons bade
America's Rhine a long farewell,
And in their stead there came to dwell
The English, Irish, Huguenots,
To risk their scalps and crops and cots
Amid the lurid Indian's yells,
Whose breast with raging envy swells.

II.

The heathen aborigines
Were wont to hold horrid orgies
Upon Dans Kamer's Point that lay
At northern end of Newburgh bay;
And Bachtamo their god adored,
And help in all their schemes implored.

When to the hunt or war about
To march, here first they held a rout;
Conjurers turned in somersaults,
Or smote themselves for all their faults,
Leaped round the blaze in maddened
gyre,
Or charged, abandoned, through the fire.
Then all the tribe with caterwaul
Invoke to come the devil foul,
Whom in an animal they see,
If ravenous, bad prodigy,
If innocent, fair augury.
The savages with warfare sly
Oft scourged the settlers doomed to die
Beneath their hands, and Minnisink
Fore'er remains a dreaded brink
Of massacre, once wrought by Brant.
At Goshen now a shaft extant
Commemorates the whites who fell,
Contesting for their homes right well
That Julian day in seventy-nine,
Where Delaware's ravines entwine
Their rocky knolls with bosky vine.

III.

In Orange saw the Clintons light—
Immortal trio, George who right
Wisely as governor ruled the state,
And James who led to war's debate
The soldiery, sire of DeWitt,
His greater son, chosen to sit
As chieftain of the state, and plan
The great canal, now free, that ran
Between Lake Erie and the sea.

* The following stanzas comprise the sixth canto, "Newburgh," of the centennial epic, "Washington," composed at Cold Spring on Hudson, New York, by the Rev. Edward J. Runk, A. M., in 1889, and about to be published, with notes, in book form.

To fight the royal enemy
 The people raised six regiments.
 Du Bois as colonel brave presents
 The continental Fifth in line.
 From Goshen Allison the sign
 Of valor leads ; from Florida
 Come Hathorn's soldiers to the war,
 And Cornwall's patriotic host,
 By Woodhull led, maintain their post.
 James Clinton heads New Windsor's
 braves,
 And o'er the Newburgh warriors waves
 The sword of Hasbrouck in command—
 All sworn to free their native land.
 Quebec and Montreal in fight
 The Orange valor bring to light,
 Fort Schuyler, Saratoga's field
 And Yorktown's cape fresh honor yield,
 And in the annals of the state
 Their names enroll among the great.

IV.

Where Otterkill its waters pours
 Upon the Hudson's favored shores,
 Now Moodna creek or Murderer's
 called,
 On broad Plum Point a battery walled
 And armed with guns, by Machin
 made,
 An iron chain and boom surveyed
 That stretched across to Pollepel's isle
 To close the stream 'gainst force or guile.
 Below the creek Sloop hill arose,
 Where vessels landed their cargoes,
 With beacon fires illumed at night
 To flash the news along with light
 In days of periled freedom's fight.
 West of New Windsor lay the square
 With mansions round about, and there
 The generals erst their quarters placed.
 Greene, Clinton, Knox, and St. Clair
 graced

The scene, with Gates and Lafayette,
 Whilst in the village, neighboring yet,
 Had Washington his quarters set.

V.

In prosperous Newburgh, toward the
 south,
 Above Quassaic's broadening mouth,
 Lies Hasbrouck's house with gable roof,
 Built six score years ago, and proof
 Against the gnawing tooth of time.
 Within its walls we hear the chime
 Of mellow memories—the shrewd
 Designs of patriots, imbued
 With yearnings all the state to free,
 The mustering of company
 And regiment that marched away
 To swell America's array,
 E'en valiant Hasbrouck's own command,
 To help emancipate the land.
 From Philadelphia, where he stayed
 The winter after Yorktown made
 Our arms victorious in war,
 Came Washington to dwell afar
 From home once more another year,
 And in his house of stone from fear
 And danger ward the waiting state.
 Upon the stoop the Highland gate
 And stream he might with ease survey,
 And mountain range across the bay.
 Within, the room of seven doors
 And single window, where fire roars
 In huge recess, a welcome gave
 To peaceful guests and warriors brave.

VI.

While discontent stole through the host
 Encamped around these hills, and boast
 Of mutiny was murmuring heard,
 Redress from congress seemed absurd,
 And violence appeared the way
 To wrest just treatment from delay.

In Pennsylvania's ranks enrolled
 Led Lewis Nicola in bold
 Array of arms a regiment,
 Who in the bloom of May had sent
 A missive to the chief revered,
 In which he pondered on the feared
 Stability of government
 Republican, to represent
 Advantages of monarchy,
 The English one particularly,
 And urge with gentle hint made plain
 The kingly title and the reign
 Majestic for the chief addressed.
 But Washington such schemes repressed
 With patriotic promptitude,
 Rebuking all such hardihood,
 Injurious to the struggling state.
 Unlike ambitious Cæsar, great
 In war, who thrice refused a crown,
 A single nay enough renown
 Brought him, who played no pompous
 part,
 But showed mankind an honest heart.

VII.

The camps amid the highland hills
 Columbia's resting army fills,
 While Frank allies the winter pass
 Within Virginia's lines, alas !
 The keeper, too, with Maryland,
 Of Britain's second lost command.
 Revolving time the summer brings,
 And northward Gallia's army wings
 Its homeward way across the lea.
 Their brave allies once more to see,
 And bid farewell and fond Godspeed,
 Columbia's soldiers, valiant breed
 Of foemen armed, to Peekskill wend
 Their way by road or boat, descend
 Upon Verplanck's high pointed shore,
 And wait their martial guests before
 The bay that like Lake Como seems.

With ordered tents the landscape gleams.
 September's speeding fortnight beams
 Upon the serried martial lives,
 When Rochambeau the brave arrives,
 His welcome host in arms to lead
 'Twixt dual lines that orders heed,
 Arranging them from ferry pier
 To quarters of the chieftain near.
 The right wing under Gates is ranked
 In two divisions closely flanked.
 In one McDougall leads again
 Rhode Island and Connecticut's men,
 And in the other, Scotch St. Clair
 With New York' and New Jersey's pair
 Of bold brigades, four regiments,
 Deployed in steady line, presents.
 The left wing stands with sturdy Heath,
 With one division ranged beneath
 The sabre in Lord Stirling's hand,
 From Massachusetts' eastern land
 And bleak New Hampshire's mountains
 grand,

Whilst Howe's division is complete
 With men from Massachusetts, meet
 To start the war, and victory greet.
 All uniformed and armed they rest,
 Five thousand strong, to hail the guest
 Of Gallia lingering in the west.

VIII.

Up from the strand the Frenchmen
 come,
 With banners flying, sound of drum,
 And martial music, horses' stamp,
 Artillery rumbling, and the tramp
 Of ordered thousands, bright arrayed.
 De Lauzun's legion undismayed,
 With Viomenil's light infantry,
 Appears, the flower of Gallic chivalry,
 Whose regiments are marching on,
 With Montmorenci, De Deux Ponts,
 Wounded at the Yorktown redoubt,

And Custine, leading them 'mid shout
Of victory. At Crompond, near
Mohegan and Mohansic's mere
Of dual waters beautiful,
The French encamp; and dutiful
To Mars the allied hosts review
Their mutual lines, marshaled in true
Allegiance to the warlike art,
Nor are there lacking to the heart
Of patriotic chivalry
The rites of hospitality
And joyous round of courtesy,
To celebrate the victory.

IX.

A month they spend in social joy,
When toward October's end, with coy
And envious wing, the flight of Time
The allies sundered from the clime
By stream and mountain beautified.
Eastward the army dignified
By Rochambeau's wise leadership
In perfect order marched. 'Mid drip
And pour of rain our soldiers strike
Their tents, and follow the turnpike
O'er Sachoes' brook and toilsome hill
To Redoubt mountain wood, where still
The pleasing forest shades the eye.
All night beneath the heavens they lie
At Garrison's, till morning light
With dawn salutes their waking sight
And rouses them the stream to cross.
Their journey meets no loitering loss
As up the Butter hill they press,
And though, another night, caress
The couch and pillow of the ground,
The morning's rise and march hath found
At New Windsor the camp regained.
So left they ancient Peekskill, drained
Of all that grand array, the forts
And lookouts toward the bay, and sports
Of international delight.

Now to Fort Independence site
The soldiers of the state repair
In summer months the garb to wear
And arms to use of warlike drill,
And keep alive our martial skill;
Whilst from the village near to view,
Where matchless Whitefield's preaching
threw
A saving charm o'er sinners called,
And all his listeners enthralled,
Doth silver speech her power renew
In world-famed Chauncey M. Depew.

X.

So rested in their winter camp
The army, and with reflection stamp
Unbearable their tardy pay.
To their memorial delay
And empty promises are given
By the congress, till onward driven
A mutiny seems ripe and near.
Bold Armstrong calls a meeting here
Within the camp of officers
For measures as occasion offers.
But Washington censures the call
Disorderly, and to forestall
Disaster bids the chieftains meet.
With words dignified and discreet
And sympathetic the revolt
In bud he nips, and spent the bolt
Seditious falls. Wise words enhance
Again the stoop of Hasbrouck's manse,
Where he the speech of power writ,
As rosy June there sees him sit,
And governors of the states address
Upon the prevalent distress
Throughout the body politic,
With feeble constitution sick.
In later day a gifted child
Of letters hath in Idlewild
With rhythmic power brought delight,
As Willis thrilled his lyre, and sight

Of highland scenes with golden glow
Illumed the storied page of Roe.

XI.

Peace ! peace ! for this the warring world
Contends and waits. The flag unfurled
In blood at Lexington, eight years
Thereafter at Newburgh appears,
With peaceful acclamations hailed.

In diplomatic Paris failed
Not our statesmen to negotiate
The independence of the state.
Adams, Franklin, Jay, and Laurens
Write peace and greatness with their
pens

For us ; while Oswald, Fitzherbert,
And Strachey sign for Britain's hurt
And weal the day November ends.
Concord; white-winged, her journey
wends

Westward ; and congress, glad at peace,
Bids tell hostilities shall cease.
The army lines the Hudson's banks.
With burnished arms in serried ranks,
And banners floating in the air.
Arms they present, and lo ! the blare
Of cannon roars reverberant
From West Point near ; with fiery chant
Of joy in musket volleys rolled
Along the lines. The camp a fold
Of worshippers in temple walls
Becomes ; in prayer, lowly knelt, falls
The reverent host, whilst Gano prays,
Adoring the Ancient of days,
Jehovah Sabaoth, God of victory.
The supplication ended, see !
The risen host with music stilled,
As Billings' joyous anthem thrilled
The balmy April peaceful air.
The speeding day the patriots wear
Away with feasts and social joy
Till Eve her mantle gathers coy

And sombre round Day's loveliness.
Up from the south the warning stress
Of booming cannon sounds to arms,
And thrice along the line the charms
Of martial joy in lightning flash
Are loudly pealed around to dash
In thundered waves upon the hills,
Whilst ruby light the heaven fills.
Forth from the shrouded mountain peaks
Each beacon fire its message speaks
No more of danger, but of peace.
Nor shall the glowing summits cease
To light and cheer till they have rolled
Their radiance with tidings told
From town to town, from state to state,
From Newburgh at the Highland gate
To Lexington the famed and great,
Where sturdy patriots took their stand,
And fired the shot that freed the land.

XII.

With white-winged peace to war fare-
well !
Now dissolution sounds the knell
Of old association strong
And precious for the army long
Enrolled and led to conflict fierce,
Or steadfast when disasters pierce
The waiting heart. To keep alive
These memories, though peace may drive
O'er all the land dispersed the sons
Of Mars, the chieftains meet by Hudson's
Broad stream at Steuben's quarters,
placed
In Verplanck's house, that Fishkill faced,
And organize a band maintained
To-day by their first-born. They feigned
No secret purpose proud, averse
To liberty, but would rehearse
The cause of freedom, foster love
Of union, honor, and above
The lapse of time a brotherhood.

A name revered of hardihood
In danger, but in peace return
To civic toil they choose, and learn
From Roman Cincinnatus grand
To save and serve a grateful land.
Their chosen president is one
Like him of old, e'en Washington.

XIII.

Now Newburgh, shorn of olden arms,
Adorns herself with growing charms,
And Hasbrouck's house as sacred keeps.
There Uzal Knapp, last guardsman,
sleeps
In honor near the staff where Scott
Flung to the breeze the flag, whose spot
Of slavery has been erased.
A hundred years increasing graced
The land with power, but unforgot
The highland memories slumber not.
The solid tower of victory
Commemorates the chivalry,
And prose and verse the pageantry
That celebration kept of days'
Past excellence that passes praise.

And in that year a social bond
Was knit of recollection fond
And patriotic by the sons
Of Revolution Washingtons.

XIV.

With remnants of the famous host
The hero leads to southern coast
And city by the sea the way
Victorious, as Britain's day
Of power wanes, and darkling sets;
And in New York his farewell wets
The eyes of all with painful tears.
Before the congress he appears
To lay his sword, and then retires
At home to rest, until desires
Of union and of government
Recall the chief to represent
The nation in the chair of state.
Secure foundations of the great
And glorious future he had laid
When Time's fast flight but a decade
Of brief years had encircling sped,
And taken from the land its head.
A halo rests round his person,
And freedom knows one Washington.

Edward J. Burke

November 23, 1889.

THE LIBRARY OF A PHILADELPHIA ANTIQUARIAN

SOME OF ITS HISTORIC TREASURES

This is a bustling, iconoclastic, practical age. Every department of life is becoming intensely secularized, and antiquarians have little favor shown them. Still, here and there, are some quiet nooks where they can breathe their native air and feel thoroughly at home. A certain private library in Philadelphia is such a retreat, although but little known, as its owner avoids publicity, and in this sketch commands the writer to maintain for him his incognito. Its formation has been the labor of years, involving much research and exacting study, such as collectors only can understand and appreciate.

"Americana" is its specialty, but the collection is by no means limited to this branch of literature and learning; it embraces other works of great historic value. A glance along its shelves reveals to the visitor the fact that modern books in gaudy covers are notably absent, while old time-stained and original bindings are seen on every side. The earliest printed book we find is a copy of *The Epistles of Phalaris*, quarto, vellum, dated 1475, in excellent preservation, and almost as fresh as when first produced, seventeen years before the discovery of America by Columbus. The next is a beautiful copy of *The Soliloquy of a General and Penitent Sinner, in Seven Penitential Psalms*, printed at Nuremberg, 1479, in primer gothic type, with rubricated capitals, the color of the latter as bright as when issued; it is the product of the celebrated mediæval printer, Creuzner, who has received unbounded praise from all collectors. The execution of this volume is absolutely perfect, not a flaw to be found in its typography.

Another antique work of marvelous interest is a small quarto vellum of *Homer's Iliad* in the Italian language, printed in Padua in 1564. The earliest book in English is "*A dyaloge of Syr Thomas More Knyghte* : one of the counsayll of oure souerayne lorde the Kyng and chancellour of hys duchy of Lancaster. Wherin be treatyd dyuers maters as of the Veneration and worshyp of ymagys and relyques praying to sayntys and goyng o pylgrymage. Wyth many othere thyngys touchyng the pestylent sect of Luther and Tyndale by the tone by gone in Saxony, and by the tother laboryd to be brought into England." This is the first edition, small

folio, black letter, "Emprynted by Johannes Rastell at London at the sygne of the mermayd at Powlys gate 1529." Like many early printed books, the printer's name, device, and date appear on the last page of the volume. Johannes Rastell was brother-in-law of Sir Thomas More. This is an extremely rare volume, and lacks only one page of the preface. It is understood that the copy in the British Museum is far inferior to this. A recent writer describes it as a "work of remarkable skill, and has always been considered by Roman Catholics to be More's greatest achievement." Strange that such a book should be found in Philadelphia, yet there it was purchased.

Other gems in the collection are a quarto black letter of great rarity: *The poore man's Garden, wherein are flowers of the Scriptures, and Doctors, very necessary and profitable*, by John Northbrook, 1571, London: the title is in beautiful filigree border, seldom seen. Its typographical execution is excellent; and *The Felicitie of Man, or his Summum Bonum*, by Sir Richard Barckley, Knight, London, 1598: this is the rare first edition of a book the sentiments of which have always been admired, and repeatedly quoted. Two relics of the Stuarts keep these volumes company, first: *The New Borne Christian, or a lively Patterne and Perfect Representation of the Saint Militant and Child of God*, by Nicholas Hunt, London, 1631; a small quarto of four hundred pages. This book belonged to the unfortunate Charles I., and the royal arms on both the covers are stamped in gold. The inscription in a quaint hand reads, "A friendly guifte of the author residinge At Paules' wharfe in Bell Yeard, St. Peter's parish." It is in the original costly binding save the clasps, which are missing. The second relic is *The Sage Senator, Delineated*, by I. G., Gent, London, 1660," a small unpretending volume, once the property of Charles II., bearing the stamp on the covers, C. R., surmounted with a crown. Whether the royal owners ever perused these volumes is an open question; certainly they would have been better and wiser had they done so, and heeded the instructions therein given.

We find here a neat copy of a well-known work, Bishop Burnet's *Life and Death of Sir Matthew Hale*, London, 1682. On the fly leaf is written, *John Penn His Book. Pray send it home when read.* Its value is enhanced, because of having been the property of William Penn, and it bears the Penn arms, inscribed, William Penn, Esq., Proprietor of Pennsylvania, 1703.

The famous Plantin Press is fitly represented in a superbly printed copy of Ovid, bearing the imprint of "Christophori Plantini, Antwerp, 1583," in excellent preservation, and perfect throughout. An elaborate article on this renowned printing establishment appeared in *Harper's*

Monthly for August, 1890. From Scotland is a finely printed edition of Gray's Poems, from the press of Robert and Andrew Foulis, Glasgow, 1768. It is bound in contemporary green calf, and delicately tooled, a beautiful specimen of the binder's art. The type is large—especially made for this work. It was this Foulis press that printed the "immaculate Horace," the sheets of which were hung up in Glasgow University, and a reward of £20 offered to any one who should discover a single error. This volume is more interesting, by the enclosure inside the cover of a veritable twig from that "yew tree," beneath whose shade "heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap," immortalized in Gray's *Elegy*.

A Philosophic Treatise of the original and Production of Things, Writ in America in a Time of Solitudes, by R. Franck, London, 1687, is the title of an unpretending little book. The author was a captain in the parliamentary army, a mystic, and deeply tinged with Jacob Behmen's tenets. Whereabouts in America this enthusiast settled is not known, but it is supposed in Pennsylvania. It is an ingenious, weird, metaphysical production, and amply repays perusal. It is excessively rare, and thus far but one other copy is known to exist in America—in possession of the Long Island Historical Society. *The Baviad and Mæviad*, by Gifford, interesting as the American edition, printed in Philadelphia for William Cobbett, 1799, bears the following inscription in Cobbett's own writing: "To William Gifford Esq. This copy of his admired poem is most respectfully presented by his obedient servant, William Cobbett, the Publisher." It contains also the autograph of William Gifford. Another valuable and interesting work is the original, unexpurgated edition of William Penn's *Sandy Foundation Shaken*, London, 1668, for the heretical doctrines of which the bishop of London threw the unlucky author in jail. Its sentiments are unmistakable. It is significant that the Orthodox Friends condemn this treatise, and say little about it as possible, while the Hicksites, on the contrary, indorse and still circulate it. It has passed through several editions, modified to avoid offense. It is certainly far from evangelical and would not receive the sanction of our leading religious bodies. Penn was only twenty-four when he wrote it, young in years as well as theology, and like many authors of that era too much inclined to mysticism and ambiguity.

A copy of Baskerville's *Royal Folio Bible*, 1763, is one of the finest specimens of printing ever issued from the English press. The binding in this instance, however, is its chief attraction. It is doubtful if there is such another copy in America, in red morocco, gilt, elaborately tooled. No such work appears in these days; in the first place, it would be diffi-

cult to find competent workmen, and would consume more time in its manufacture than could now be spared for such purpose. Temples, altars, angels, high priests in their garments, harps, shawms, trumpets, birds, crowns, flowers, crosses—all appear marvelously clear and plain in this binding, arranged in just proportions and positions. The smallest parts are distinctly delineated. The tooling alone is an interesting study, and would excite alike the envy and admiration of the bookbinding craft. It is primer type, and filled with quaint copper-plates, four on a page. Another of Baskerville's fine imprints is *Barclay's Apology*, Birmingham, 1765, inscribed: "Deborah Morris, her Book, Presented her by Doctor John Fothergill." A quaint little volume is the Countess of Moreton's *Book of Prayer Rules*, London, 1746. It is from this manual that Horace Walpole quotes the words, "Will thou hunt after a flea?" It is found in the 13th Prayer for Pardon. A copy of the *Works of St. Everemond*, London, 1728, shows the armorial book plate of their early owner, the gifted Cowper, with the inscription: "*Fax Mentis Honestæ Glori*, William Cowper, Esq., Clerk of the Parliaments." *The Travels of Cyrus*, with the autograph of Brian Fairfax, the friend of Washington, and the Fairfax arms and motto, "Fare-Fac." Two "Breeches" Bibles are here. One, "Imprinted at London by Christopher Barker, Printer to the Queens Most Excellent Majestie, 1586," retaining the original embossed clasps; the other, printed by Robert Barker, 1611, contains the paragraph: "And they sewed figge tree leaves together, and made themselves *breeches*." Both Bibles have the words "buggerers." See 1st Corinth. v. 9. *An Epistle to All that profess the Light of Jesus Christ within To be their Guide*. By John Crooke, London, 1678, is a quaint Quaker tract. It is not generally known that some of the early Friends were strongly opposed to William Penn, because, to use the language of one of the malcontents, "he was more a scholar than a saint." Crooke was one of these, and in this tract uses the following language respecting Penn: "For from thence, a remnant came unto the ministration of the Prophets: therefore glorying and pride got up in these. Boasting in the *Gifted Man*, soon forgetting all dependance upon the opener." And yet had not such educated men as Penn and Barclay given tone and shape to early Quakerism what would it have come to?

The library has a large collection of "secret memoirs," which would require too much space for extended notice. An English author says of this class of literature: "Books of which the principles are, diseased or deformed, must be kept on the shelf of the scholar, as the man of science preserves monsters in glasses. They belong to the study of the mind's

morbid anatomy." Of these memoirs *The Life of Mrs. Robertson*, a granddaughter of Charles II., who was reduced from splendid affluence to the greatest poverty, Derby, 1791, is a sad and touching narrative. There is a complete set of the celebrated Annesley case, or the *Memoirs of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman, returned from Thirteen years Slavery in America*, 1742, the first volume of which is frequently met with, and is supposed to end the story; but, including the trial account, comprises three volumes. Connected with these are divers pamphlets on the subject. There was a few years ago, in possession of a physician in Lancaster county, a portion of a woman's skull, the daughter of an early settler, who, but for the untimely death of her lover, would have been the wife of this same "young nobleman." She was the mother of his child, and on his departure from Philadelphia to establish his claim as Lord Altham, he promised an early return to marry her. He died suddenly in London, and the sad event unbalanced the girl's mind, and three years later she also died, a hopeless maniac. The boy grew up and was killed in a frontier Indian battle. Here is also the *History in Miniature of the celebrated Clarissa Harlowe, Familiarized and Adapted to the Capacities of Youth*, printed in Coopers-town, New York, in 1795, one of the earliest productions of its kind in the country; and no small undertaking in a little remote country town ninety-five years ago.

In the Americana of our antiquarian may be particularly mentioned, the three Sower Bibles, quarto, 1743, 1763, 1776; different editions of the Sower Testaments; the scarce Ephrata Testament of 1787; and the famous "Aitken" Bible for which there is now such a craze. As there is an increasing demand and a decreasing supply the result may be easily divined. If this little volume depended simply upon the paper and typography for its reputation it would soon be thrown aside. The paper is flimsy and the type by no means sharp or clear; yet it marks an interesting event in our history, and honest Robert Aitken little thought how he immortalized himself when publishing it. "Aitken imprints" are now eagerly sought by Philadelphia collectors. Among them in this collection are the scarce *Psalms of David*, in metre, 1783; *Fletcher's Appeal*, 1794; *The Character, Manner, and Genius of Women*, 1774; *Crook in the Lot*, 1792; *Blair's Lectures*, quarto boards, uncut, 1784; *The Mourner*, 1781, once the property of John Dickinson, containing his autograph; the Hall and Sellers Testament, 1780, of which at present but one other copy is known to exist in Philadelphia, in the library of an eminent collector; a copy, in the original red morocco binding, of the "Proposed" Book of Common Prayer, Philadelphia, 1786, whose history is too well known to be repeated;

the London edition of the same, of which only fifty copies were printed for the English Bishops; and another rarity is Doctor Franklin's personal copy of the English Prayer Book, with his manuscript alterations and amendments, in his well-known hand.

The history of this last-named volume is curious. While in England in 1773 Franklin made the acquaintance of Sir Francis Dashwood, afterward Lord De Spencer. It was this nobleman who, with Wilkes, Doddington, and other libertines as bad as himself, established the order of mock monks of St. Francis at Medmenham Abbey. Their orgies were too shocking to be mentioned. Eventually De Spencer in a measure reformed and turned his attention to "improving" the Book of Common Prayer, and requested Franklin's assistance in the wonderful undertaking. In 1773 the joint results of their labors appeared, entitled "An Abridgement of the Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments," etc., etc., London, 1773. Says Franklin, in his *Autobiography*: "The book was printed for Wilkie, in St. Paul's Churchyard, but never much noticed. Some were given away, very few sold, and I suppose the bulk became waste paper." Of course in England it met with no favor whatever, but in America, when the proposed book was in preparation, some of Franklin's changes were adopted. Many years ago there was a copy in possession of Bishop White; later, Bishop Stevens had one, and the library of Congress another. The writer does not know of the existence of any more. The copy referred to in this collection is unique, being, of course, Franklin's original part of the revision. Franklin, always a radical in religious matters, made fearful havoc in his alterations. Column after column of the calendar disappeared with a single stroke of the pen—nearly the whole of the Exhortation, a portion of the Confession, all the Absolution, nearly all the Venite, exultemus Domino. Likewise, the Te Deum, and all the Canticle. Of the Creed all he retained was the following: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ His Son our Lord. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the forgiveness of sins, and the life everlasting, Amen." The copy used by Franklin is an ordinary 12mo, Oxford edition, 1745, printed by Thomas Baskett.

In connection with this should be mentioned a copy of *An Apology for Professing the Religion of Nature*, London, 1789, containing the Liturgy composed jointly by Franklin and David Williams, the latter as much an infidel as Franklin himself. The doctor, after his terrible castigation at the hands of Lord Wedderburn, took refuge in the house of Williams, who from a dissenting minister became a Deist, and sought diversion in

this second theological episode. Among other Liturgies are the early editions of Common Prayer, 1790-91, etc., and the King's Chapel, Boston, 1785 (Unitarian version).

A copy of *Memoires sur la vie et les Ouvrages de M. Turgot*, Philadelphia, 1782, Charles Thomson's personal copy, with his autograph, and manuscript notes in French, is singularly interesting. Was this actually printed in Philadelphia? A kindred work stands alongside, *Wakefield's Translation of the New Testament*, also Charles Thomson's personal copy, with his manuscript notes, doubtless in reference to his Septuagint. Here is *An Enquiry into the Duties of the Female Sex*, by Thomas Gisborne, Philadelphia, 1798, with the following inscription on the fly-leaves in the handwriting of the heroic and lamented General Pike, who fell at the siege of York, Canada, in 1813: "Zebn. Monty. Pike's compliments to Miss Dick and begs she will accept this small token of his esteem. I will not assert that the sentiments contain'd in this Treatise is the most exalted, pure, or instructive, but from the title should suppose it altogether worthy the attention of a young lady of virtue and reflection. I well know, Miss, there is not many young ladys. of my acquaintance would take the trouble to peruse it, but I have formed so high an oppinion of your good sense that I think you would not think anything to tedious by which you could either reape profit or interesting amusement. It is a maxim amongst the young gentlemen of the age that to address a young lady on the score of her talents and mental accomplishments is a ready way of insulting her, but I have taken the liberty to breake through the rule with you.

N. B.—As I have never perus'd this book, if it should not either hold good with your judgment or inclination you cannot censure me. Excuse this scrawle."

We notice a small, insignificant book, entitled, "*A Philosophical Analysis and Illustration of some of Shakespeare's Remarkable Characters. To which is added an Essay on the Faults of Shakespeare*, by W. Richardson, Esq., Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow, Philadelphia. Printed by William Spotswood, 1788." This is believed to be the first strictly Shakespearian work published in the United States. The first complete American edition of Shakespeare's works was published in Philadelphia in 1796. We find here also a little pocket *Calendrier Republican*, Philadelphia, De l'imprimerie de Benj: Franklin Bache, 1797, in its original blue paper binding. The printer was a fiery Jacobin, a grandson of "Poor Richard" and rich Benjamin. There is a pocket almanac printed by Franklin, Philadelphia, 1747; and a singular book, *Proposals to amend and perfect the Policy of the Government of the United States of America, or, the*

Fulfilling of the Prophecies in the latter days, Commenced by the Independence of America, Philadelphia, 1782, its author unknown. He quotes Daniel and Revelations, and tries to prove his work by theirs, or theirs by his, as the reader may best judge.

The first American edition of Milton's poems, published in Philadelphia by Robert Bell, 1777, is one of the rarest early American publications of its kind. Bell's store was in the street adjoining St. Paul's Church, where he issued a large list of the standard books of the day. He must have been a bold and enterprising man, having great confidence not only in himself but in the public to have thus launched out in the publishing business, when readers were few, books costly, the Revolution commencing, and the public mind absorbed in that momentous question to the exclusion of all else. Bell's books are a lasting monument of his industry and perseverance, as well as excellent specimens of the workmanship of that period.

Select pieces on commerce, morality, history, etc., etc., once the property of the Marquis Cornwallis, with his armorial book-plate and motto *virtus, vincit, invidiam*, is a quaint octavo volume. The first American edition of *Arabian Nights* is here, two small, dingy volumes, Philadelphia, 1794. When compared with the elegant modern editions the difference is almost incredible. A large number of books from the library of John Dickinson, each with his autograph, are noticeable, among which are *Paley's Evidences*, with Dickinson's notes on the margins. Also the *Journal of Thomas Chalkley*, printed by Franklin and Hall, Philadelphia, 1749. Besides those named are scores of works of lesser note, chiefly before 1800, all illustrative of our early history, including Pennsylvania inland imprints at Carlisle, Lancaster, Harrisburg, Washington, etc., etc., and a large collection of early American classics, some beyond a century old.

Leaving the books, a passing allusion must be made to divers interesting historical documents. The original agreement, in German, of the Frankfort Land Company and the settlement of Germantown, executed in Frankfort-on-the-Main, Nov. 12, 1686, and signed by the members and duly sealed, is in excellent preservation. The original indictment for felonious assault of that gay Lothario and roué, Frederick, the seventh and last Lord Baltimore, is written on a large vellum sheet, indorsed *Acquittal*. This was one of the great London scandals of the day, in 1768, and the trial fully reveals the baseness and depravity of this titled scapegrace. As he was the last, so he was the worst, of the Baltimores.

The original warrant is here signed by George III. and countersigned by Lords Bute and North, July 9, 1762, for the payment of £6,952 for the use of the troops under Monckton and Amherst. Also the original reso-

lutions of Congress signed by Charles Thomson, requesting the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut to furnish weekly one thousand head of cattle for the use of the army. The original commission to Admiral Rodney, appointing him commander in chief of the fleet to be employed about Jamaica and the Mississippi, to Cape Florida, signed by the Admiralty, January 23, 1771. The original commission, signed by George II., to the ill-fated General Braddock, appointing him lieutenant-colonel of the second regiment of Foot Guards, November 21, 1745. And the original commission, appointing George Johnstone Captain of the *Romney*. Captain Johnstone was connected with Lords Auckland, Carlisle, and Eden, the commissioners who attempted negotiations with Congress in 1778. It was this same Captain Johnstone of whom so much has been said, respecting his alleged attempt to bribe General Joseph Reed. Exceptionally interesting is the original manuscript agreement between Elias Boudinot and John Cleves Symmes for the transfer of two million acres of land in southwest Ohio, March 12, 1788, signed by both parties. Also the original account current between Dr. Franklin and his partner, David Hall, dated Philadelphia, February 1, 1766, showing a balance due the latter of £993 11. 6. This valuable document is made up with the greatest exactness; every detail, apparently, being given. It is closely written, and would fill two sheets foolscap. Some of the items are particularly interesting, as for instance, from 1752 to 1761, there were sent to Rhode Island by "B. F's orders," the large quantity of four thousand "Poor Richard Almanacks," and one thousand and nine hundred "Pocket Almanacks." "Cash paid for Baskerville Bible for Miss Sally, gilt in Turkey £10. Cash paid for Printing 300 copies of a Petition to the King £2 19. 9. Account of Almanacks printed and sold by D. Hall from 1752 to 1765.

Poor Richard's	141,257 @ 4d.	£2213
Pocket Ditto	25,735 @ 6d.	643 7. 6
German Ditto	5,187 @ 3½	69 11. 9

Account of Primers printed from 1749 to 1765, being 35,100 at 2½d. each £365 12. 6. 4000 Catechisms £75. Account of 9771 Poor Richards Almanacks for 1766, and 1000 Pocket Almanacks for £187 17."

Some idea may thus be formed of the enormous circulation of these "Almanacks." Little did Franklin then think of the high prices now paid for these by collectors. Accompanying the account is a long letter from David Hall urging Franklin to settle the amount due, £993 11. 6, without delay, stating that he had already written him two letters to which he had received no reply; adding, "As we are now both growing old fast,

and one, or both, may be taken off before the settlement is accomplished, I think nothing further need be said, etc., etc., etc.

Yours most affectionately, David Hall."

The letter is directed to "Benjamin Franklin, Esq., at Mrs. Stevenson's in Craven Street, London." Whether this long-standing indebtedness was ever paid, is not known. Franklin's ledgers, if still in existence, might however throw some light into this suspicious darkness. Another Franklin relic is an original receipt in Franklin's handwriting. "Phila. Nov. 8, 1756. Received of Mr. Thomas Parke Ten shillings for one year's *Gazette*.

Franklin and Hall."

As the Anti-Lottery Bill has recently been passed by Congress, the following, copied from the original lottery ticket in this collection, marks the revolution of the wheel of time and change of public opinion. "United States Lottery Ticket. Class the Third. This Ticket entitles the Bearer to receive such Prize as may be drawn against its Number, according to a resolution of congress, passed at Philadelphia, November 18, 1776.

G. Campbell."

Among a number of interesting Penn deeds is one for one thousand and eighty-four acres now in the city limits, the boundaries of which may be nearly traced as follows: starting from Ridge avenue and Fairmount avenue. thence along Fairmount avenue to the park, through the park to the Schuylkill, up the Schuylkill to a point a short distance above the bridge at Belmont, northeast to Ridge avenue, and thence down the same to the starting point named. The deed was executed July 10, 1718, by James Logan, Richard Hill and Isaac Norris. The price paid for this magnificent domain was £1,262 13. 04. As will be seen, it embraces Lemon Hill, Girard College, and the site of Francisville—the finest portion of the city.

Another deed signed by William Penn for a tract of one hundred acres on Crum creek and the Delaware river, was issued to Neals Matson. It was Margaret, the wife of this Neals Matson, who figured as defendant in the only trial for witchcraft that ever occurred in Pennsylvania. There is also a deed signed by Governor Dickinson for two lots on Market street near Ninth street December 10, 1783, with the singular tenure, "Paying into the Treasury, on the First Day of September in every year hereafter, one acorn if the same shall be demanded." We find a peculiarly worded deed for one ninetieth part of the Province of West Jersey, twenty-seven thousand acres, signed by William Penn and the other

trustees. This comprises two parchments joined—nearly six feet by five in size. "A Survey of the Northern Neck of Virginia," beautifully printed in copper-plate on vellum, exhibits the grant to Lord Fairfax, with the Fairfax arms—an original impression. This grant embraced five million acres, all the property of one individual, and not one acre of which is now owned by the family. Accompanying this is the deed for a tract of land signed by my Lord Fairfax, and an original copy of "Ogilby's Map of Maryland, 1671," showing that Lord Baltimore's grant extended to the 41st degree of north latitude, which, of course, includes the site of Philadelphia, and for which Baltimore so strenuously contended.

The wealth of this collection is very great, but our limits prevent further description at this time. If all the private collections in Philadelphia and New York could be placed on exhibition it would be useful to the student, the author, the historian, and to the antiquarian a feast indeed.

E. Powell Buckley.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MINOR TOPICS

THE LITERATURE OF CALIFORNIA

The following extracts from the latest volume just issued of the works of Hubert Howe Bancroft, *Essays and Miscellany*, vol. xxxviii., will interest a wide circle of readers. Mr. Bancroft writes:

"California has no rich aboriginal sources from which to gather inspiration and prestige for her literature; nothing beyond some puerile hieroglyphics on rock walls, and a few vague myths concerning faded tribes, and geographic points of interest, half intimated in the musical names transmitted to us. Nearly all the pre-American history of California, extending over three quarters of a century, turns on the missions; yet to this period and features little attention has been given by the new occupants, as compared with the flood of information on the decade beginning with 1846. This is pardonable in view of the stirring incidents herein grouped; but as their splendor passed, and observers recovered somewhat from the dazzling effect, they reverted to the quieter scenes of the past, round the cradle of their state, and saw there the heroic struggles of self-sacrificing friars, braving danger and enduring hardship for the saving of souls and the planting of civilization. Thousands of rude beings were undoubtedly made better and happier, even if they served mainly as stepping-stones for colonization; and thousands of somewhat higher beings were lifted to comfort and enjoyment in the farms and towns that sprang up along the path of the cross. This was the wand that transformed a wilderness into a flourishing territory.

The country did not possess a press until 1833; and of its productions, less than three score in all, seven attained to the respectability of book-form. . . . With the occupation of California by Americans, it was not long before the characteristic newspaper presented itself, beginning at Monterey on August 15, 1846, with the *Californian*, under the auspices of Walter Colton, chaplain of the United States frigate *Congress*, and Robert Semple. It was not an imposing specimen in its foolscap size, printed on rough paper with worn and deficient type, and with the rickety California press of 1833, now rescued from a garret. . . . Journalistic enterprise in California is commensurate with the phenomenal rise of the country. No state in the Union can now show so large an average of newspaper circulation among its inhabitants.

No country has probably roused so sudden, widespread, and intense an interest as did California when reports of her gold-beds flashed through the world. The discovery of Columbus did not attract half the attention; and the invasions of the Tartar and Crescent hordes failed to create the same excitement, even in Europe,

partly because news traveled slowly in those days, and overspread the world so gradually as to lose its effect. What scenes, what incidents, what budding fancies are not associated with this last great hejira and its halt at this earth's end ! Books innumerable have alluded to, or dwelt at length on, these romantic phases ; and not a periodical out of the thousands existing but has added to the halo surrounding the name of California. The most valuable of all material for the history of California lies in the thousand manuscript dictations and experience of those who helped to make the history of the country, and which I have been accumulating during the last quarter of a century. Many of the early settlers wrote or dictated matter which swelled into ponderous works, sometimes of four or five volumes, and covering all subjects, from sober history to romantic tales ; from reviews of natural features and industrial resources to social types and amenities. Some, like Salvador the Indian fighter, and Amador, a name commemorated in that of a country, tell their story in the blunt style of the mountaineer and soldier ; others, like Vicente Gómez, rely on pointed anecdotes and racy humor ; still others are intent on certain episodes ; Botello and Coronel on formality of style, at the expense of freshness and vigor ; while a large number sacrifice essential elements of history to the feeling of importance which pervades them in being called upon to estimate men and events. They are, above all, impressed with a desire to perpetuate their own achievements, to glorify the *ego* and proceed with their narrative, as if truth were an incidental rather than primary requirement. While prolix and full of details, they care little for exactness, and general ideas and plans are lost sight of in the aim to apply a certain coloring and to create effect. The humorous is not neglected, however, and the narratives are frequently enlivened with some bright sally or good story. But for all this, used with proper care and discrimination, they constitute the very foundation of California history.

For several years after the gold excitement everything concerning California was read with avidity, partly interwoven in novels, partly in equally alluring narratives of travel and life based on personal experiences, more or less colored, and due chiefly to the pens of eye-witnesses. . . . A great proportion of the several hundred manuscript contributions to my library by pioneers belongs to this class of historic biography, dealing more with tangible facts than abstract analysis or moral influence, but generally relieved by quaint drollery and piquant anecdotes. Their value to history is of the highest, bearing as they do on the different phases of California's unfolding. Few of such men have even attempted to give their memoirs in print, their direct or indirect articles in public journals referring chiefly to episodes. Perhaps the most important contribution among these is *Recollections and Opinions of an Old Pioneer*, by Peter H. Burnett, the first governor of the state. He describes the hard journey to Oregon and his career there as judge till the gold excitement lured him to California."

NOTES

WASHINGTON'S INTELLECTUAL STRENGTH—When Washington drew his sword beneath the Cambridge elm he stood forth as the first American, the best type of man that the new world could produce, with no provincial taint upon him, and no shadow of the colonial past clouding his path. It was this great quality that gave the struggle which he led a character it would never have attained without a leader so constituted. Had he been merely a colonial Englishman, had he not risen at once to the conception of an American nation, the world would have looked at us with very different eyes. It was the splendid dignity of the man, quite as much as his fighting capacity, which impressed Europe. Kings and ministers, looking on dispassionately, soon realized that here was a really considerable man—no ordinary agitator or revolutionist, but a great man, on a great stage, with great conceptions. To stand forward at the head of raw armies and of a colonial people as a national leader, calm, dignified, and far-seeing, requires not only character, but intellect of the highest and strongest kind. — *George Washington, by Henry Cabot Lodge.*

AN OLD POWDER-HORN—Found in a sand-hill, with an early map of New York state etched upon it. J. D. Lewis of Geneseo has a unique relic of revolutionary times, which he recently discovered in the possession of a family in the town of Leicester—a powder-horn that is believed to have been the property of some soldier in the army under Gen.

Sullivan, in his historic campaign against the Five Nations, after the Wyoming massacre, as it was found in the spot where the army encamped. The horn bears evidence of having been in use at a much earlier period in the colonial days, and that evidence is what makes the relic of peculiar interest and value. According to the story of the family where Mr. Lewis found it, the horn was exhumed nearly sixty years ago in a hillock of sand on the knoll known as Squakie Hill in the town of Leicester. It is highly polished, and etched on it is a map of New York state as it must have been not less than one hundred and fifty years ago.

It is not only a map, but has pictorial features that are interesting as indicating the situation and surroundings of different towns and cities. New York city is shown with several churches as the most prominent landmarks. The old-time Battery and its quaint buildings, with ships of war at anchor near them in the harbor, are faithfully depicted. Albany is shown as a walled or stockaded town, with a conspicuous building on a hill, evidently a state house, a fort with the British flag flying, and here and there a church. Many forts are shown in the Mohawk valley, all flying the flag of Great Britain. The principal rivers of the state are shown with no little accuracy, but the lakes of Central New York do not appear. Oneida lake is on the map, as are Lakes Ontario, George, and Champlain, with Ticonderoga, Forts George and Edward, and Crown Point. Wherever there is a fort the British flag

is flying, and the coat-of-arms of Great Britain is in one corner, showing that when the map was etched the state was still in English possession.

LETTERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON—Paul Leicester Ford of 97 Clark street, Brooklyn, New York, being engaged in the preparation of an edition of the writings of Thomas Jefferson, and desiring

to make it complete as possible, requests that any one possessing any of Jefferson's letters or manuscripts, will communicate with him; or if such persons will loan these to Mr. Ford for a few days, he will guarantee their safe return; or if they will have them copied at his expense, and will enclose a bill, he will most gratefully pay for the copying, and give due credit for such assistance in the work.

QUERIES

AUTHOR OF QUOTATION—Will some one give me the name of the author of "To err is human; to forgive, divine"?

WILLIAM WALDO

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

THE OLDEST OF THE ARTS—What is the oldest art, and where may its earliest specimens be found?

M. L. B.

HARTFORD, CONN.

REPLIES

FIRST RELIGIOUS PERIODICAL PUBLISHED IN THE WEST [xxiv., 71]—In the *Magazine* for March, 1887, page 253, it is claimed that the *Weekly Recorder*, published at Chillicothe, Ohio, was not only the first religious newspaper in the West, but in the world, antedating the *Boston Recorder* by a year and a half. The first number, of the first page of which a fac-simile is given, is dated July 5, 1814. The weekly issue of the paper is stated to have "continued without interruption, though with several changes of name and one change of place, being now the *Presbyterian Banner and Weekly Recorder* of Pittsburgh, Penn., now in its seventy-third volume."

D. F. L.

MANCHESTER, MASS.

Nations in modern history; one fought A.D. 451, and the other on the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th October, 1813, although in reality all of the hard fighting was confined to three days. The 17th, Sunday, was a day of comparative rest. This, known as the battle of Leipsic, is familiar to all historians as the "Volker-Schlacht," or "Battle of the Nations."

The first Battle of Nations, A.D. 451 (for which see as the most accessible authority Gibbon, iii. 437, 433, etc.) was fought on the *Campi Catalaunici*, somewhere near the present Chalons-sur-Marne, between Attila and Ætius. The exact date is not known, but—to use the Biblical expression—it was "fought at the time when kings go forth to battle" (2 Samuel, xi. 1; 1 Chronicles, xxi. 1). Most likely it was in the summer, because the Huns, having no magazines, had to wait until the spring grass had

THE BATTLE OF NATIONS [xxiv., 232, 325]—There have been two Battles of

grown sufficiently to nourish in some degree their "whirlwinds of cavalry." Consequently late spring and summer was the most fitting season for Hunnish campaigning. Attila had carried on his operations, capturing towns and wasting the country as he swept westwards, until he brought up before Orleans, which he was still besieging when the relieving army made its appearance. Attila then retreated, drawing to him all his scattered detachments, until he gained the vast plains of Champagne, best fitted for the evolutions of his enormous masses of cavalry. He displayed the highest kind of strategical ability in the retreat, concentration, and selection of the ground on which to fight out what he knew must be a conflict decisive of his career. Attila had under him as many, if not more, distinct nationalities as Napoleon carried with him into Russia, and Ætius commanded almost as many different peoples. There were troops who fought against each other as at Leipsic, belonging to the same nationalities, present in both armies; for example, Franks under two opposing brothers, and Goths under every one of these distinctive appellations.

When Bonaparte invaded Russia, in 1812, the enormous force that he commanded was styled "the army of twenty nations," and representatives of all these were still with him until after Leipsic, perhaps throughout 1813. His army contained French, Italians (Neapolitans or Sicilians, Romans, Tuscans, Venetians, Lombards, Piedmontese or Sardinians), Germans (Prussians, Austrians, Rheinbund—Confederation of the

Rhine—Wurtembergers, Badenens, Bavarians, Westphalians, Hessians, Mecklenburgers, Saxons, Pomeranians, who previous to his absorption of their country had been Swedish subjects), Poles, Danes, Dutch, or Hollanders, Belgians, Swiss, inhabitants of the eastern coast of the Adriatic (who, using a generic epithet, might not improperly be styled Dalmatians, since he made Marshal Marmont Duke of Dalmatia), Spaniards, Portuguese, etc. Opposed to him at Leipsic were Russians, comprising a number of races from remote Central Asia and from Siberia—some armed with bows and arrows—Poles, Prussians, Austrians, Swedes, English (principally represented by Bogue's rocket-brigade under Captain Bogue, which struck such terror into the French with their novel engines of destruction), and more or less numerous bodies from other nationalities.

Leipsic, 1813, may be said to have decided the fate of Napoleon; and after Chalons, 451, Attila was the invincible no more. Consequently Chalons and Leipsic are both justly to be styled "Battles of the Nations." ANCHOR

TIVOLI, NEW YORK.

PORTRAITS IN PASTEL [xxiv.]—According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, art. "crayon," "The art of painting in crayons or pastels is supposed to have originated in Germany in the seventeenth century." Johann Alexander Thiele (1685-1752) is said to have "carried it to a great perfection." So that it appears very possible that pastels were in use for painting in England as early as 1650. D. F. L.

MANCHESTER, MASS.

SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—
The first meeting of the season was held on Tuesday evening, October 7, the Hon. John A. King presiding. Letters from Prince Bismarck and M. Jules Simon of the French Academy were read by the secretary, acknowledging their election as honorary members. Prince Bismarck wrote as follows :

"FREDRICKSRUH, July 6, 1890.

DEAR SIR :

I have received your kind letter of the 5th of last month and the diploma of the Historical Society. This great honor is one more proof of that sympathy which, on the part of so many of your countrymen, has cheered me during my political life.

I beg you to accept my sincerest thanks for your hearty words, and to express my gratitude to the members of the society.

V BISMARCK.

TO MR. JOHN BIGELOW,

Foreign Secretary N. Y. Historical Society."

A fine copy of the rare first edition of the *Mohawk Prayer Book*, printed by William Bradford in 1715, was presented to the society. The librarian, Mr. Charles Isham, forwarded from London as a present to the society the first five volumes of the elaborate work now publishing by B. F. Stevens, entitled *Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives relating to America, 1773-1783*.

A communication from the trustees of the British Museum was also read, acknowledging the receipt of six artotypes

of a rare specimen of pottery belonging to the Abbott collection in the museum of this society. On motion of Dr. George H. Moore the thanks of the society were presented to President King for his liberality in providing the artotypes of the rare vase for presentation.

The paper of the evening on "Some Aspects of the Department of State" was read by Mr. Theodore F. Dwight, for many years the well-known librarian of the state department at Washington. It was an ably prepared and exceedingly interesting discourse, touching upon data of the first importance in the history of the department since its organization in a former century, and the fresh information thus gracefully presented was highly appreciated by one of New York's most scholarly and attentive audiences.

THE RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its quarterly meeting on Tuesday evening, October 7, President Horatio Rogers in the chair. Reports of great interest were read, the coming fortnightly meetings of the society discussed, papers announced for them, and the building enterprises of the society discussed at length. The meeting was largely attended, and warm interest manifested in the work of the society.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT ASSOCIATION held its twenty-fifth annual meeting at the United States Hotel, Saratoga Springs, on the 12th of August, President John H. Starin in the chair.

Secretary William L. Stone read letters from Hon. George William Curtis, E. T. Slocum, Hon. George S. Batcheller, E. J. Lowell, Hon. Warner Miller, Colonel D. F. Ritchie, General Horatio Rogers, Howard Carroll, General S. D. Kirk, and Mrs. E. H. Walworth, and a telegram from General John Meredith Read now in Paris, regretting their absence from the meeting. The secretary, as chairman of the committee on design, then presented his report, showing that two bills had during the present session been introduced into both houses of congress—the first read twice and referred to the “committee of the library,” and the second to the “military committee.” Hon. John Sanford’s letter to the secretary giving the status of both bills was read, and the report was favorable. Tributes of respect were paid to Hon. S. S. Cox, John M. Davison, and George L. Schuyler, deceased since the last meeting. Officers chosen for the ensuing year are: President, John H. Starin; vice-presidents, James M. Marvin and Warner Miller; treasurer, D. S. Potter; secretary, William L. Stone.

THE NEW YORK GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY held its monthly meeting on Friday evening, October 10, which was presided over by General

James Grant Wilson, the president of the society.

After the regular business meeting had been transacted, an interesting address on “Mahlon Dickerson of New Jersey, Industrial Pioneer and Patriot,” was delivered by J. C. Pumpelly, Esq., which was frequently applauded. At its close the thanks of the society were unanimously tendered to the orator of the evening. A number of new members were added to the roll of the society. During the past three months there has been quite an accession of books to the library shelves.

THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its first meeting after the summer vacation, at Utica, on the evening of September 29, Hon. Charles W. Hutchinson in the chair. Dr. M. M. Bagg announced a valuable addition to the library, and General Darling spoke of an album which had been presented by Colonel Watson of Clinton, for the purpose of collecting the photographs of the members of the society. Several new members were announced, and business of varied character was transacted. It was stated that Colonel William L. Stone of New Jersey would speak before the society on the 27th of October, upon “The Colonial Newspaper Press of Boston and New York.”

BOOK NOTICES

NARRATIVE AND CRITICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA. Edited by JUSTIN WINSOR. Vol. VIII. The Later History of British, Spanish, and Portuguese America. Royal 8vo, pp. 604. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1889.

"The Historical Chorography of South America," by the Editor, is a notable feature of the eighth and final volume of this great historical work. Dr. Winsor says: "With the discovery of Magellan, complementing that of Balboa, the general contour of South America was pretty well understood; and the southern continent of America, long before the northern, took its place in the new hemisphere with something like completeness." The explorations are traced of Pinzon, in the Spanish interests, who in 1590 sailed into that fresh-water sea which the Amazon spreads into the ocean, and filled his water-casks, while yet no land was in sight; also those of Diego de Lepe, who added something to the knowledge of the coast from below St. Augustine northward. "Meanwhile," says Dr. Winsor, "the Portuguese had established the claim under the treaty of the line of demarcation which makes Brazil the inheritance of the house of Braganza." The illustrations consist of maps in outline chiefly, although there are some reproductions of antique portraits and scenes, the section of a *mappe-monde* in gores early in the sixteenth century, and the curious view of an Antwerp ship. Dr. Winsor is also the author of an elaborate and scholarly chapter on "Spanish North America," which occupies, with its critical notes, one hundred and four pages in the heart of the volume.

"Canada from 1763 to 1867," by George Bryce, LL.D., is a contribution of great interest and importance, and is well illustrated with portraits. In the critical essay which follows, on the sources of information, is a fine view of Halifax, and a new map of Nova Scotia. The chief centres in Canada where important documents useful to the historian may be found are mentioned, Ottawa, the Mecca of Canadian historians, taking first rank; the new public library of Toronto; the Frazer Institute at Montreal; the young and hopeful "Society for Historical Studies," in the same city; and the most famous society in Canada, "The Quebec Literary and Historical Society." "Arctic Explorations in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries," by Charles C. Smith, and the "Hudson Bay Company," by Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D., receive attention in an article in another part of this magazine. "The Colonial History of South America, and the Wars for Independ-

ence," by Clements R. Markham, is an ably prepared and discriminating monograph. He says: "For more than two centuries and a half the whole of South America, except Brazil, settled down under the colonial government of Spain, and during the greater part of that time this vast territory was under the rule of the viceroys of Peru residing at Lima. The impossibility of conducting an efficient administration from such a centre, which was separated from its dependent parts by many hundreds of miles of mountains, deserts, and forests, at once became apparent."

Perhaps nothing in this noble volume, however, will be more acceptable to the intelligent scholar than the Appendix entitled, "The Manuscript Sources of the History of the United States of America, with Particular Reference to the American Revolution." This occupies fifty-six closely printed pages. It is followed by an essay on the "Printed Authorities on United States History," which will also be greatly prized. The volume closes with "A Chronological Conspectus of American History," occupying forty-six pages, and an excellent comprehensive general index. It was intended that the work should end at about the middle of the present century, but in writing of the several countries some convenient stopping-place had to be found. Thus it will be noticed that during the last forty years a few entries in the conspectus show that some events in this later period have been incidentally touched upon. The finished work is one of incomparable value to the scholar and to the country. No library is complete without it.

THE WORKS OF HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. Vol. XXXVIII. Essays and Miscellany. 8vo, pp. 767. San Francisco: The History Company. 1890. New York, 149 Church street. Frank M. Derby, agent.

In the first essay of this excellent volume, Mr. Bancroft treats of the characteristics and productions of the "Early American Chroniclers," the greater part of whom were Spaniards or of Spanish descent. He concludes that their testimony on ancient affairs taken as a whole, closely sifted and carefully weighed, is quite as worthy of credence as that from which history is usually derived. The fifth essay in this volume is a treatise on the subject of writing history, discussing its various aspects; and the sixth chapter is devoted to "Criticism." Mr. Bancroft says: "In no department of literature is there more skilled humbug employed than in criticism. The critic has a peculiar mission. He

must be wiser than all men, abler than all, and of more experience than any; for if he is not he is no critic. . . . 'I know of no tonic more useful to a young writer,' says Higginson, 'than to read carefully in the English reviews of seventy or eighty years ago the crushing criticisms on nearly every author of that epoch who has achieved lasting fame.' Wordsworth attempted to disparage Goethe without having read him; he stigmatized Dryden's musicode as a drunken song, and held Burns's productions in profound contempt. On the other hand, amidst a universal hiss of scorn, upon the wheels of its sarcasm the *Edinburgh Review* broke every poetic bone in Wordsworth's body."

"Work," "Social Analysis," "Nation Making," "Two Sides of a Vexed Question," "Mongolianism," and "The Jury System," are among the titles of the various essays which crowd into notice. The latter is one of the most interesting in the book. In relation to enforced unanimity among jurors, Mr. Bancroft relates: "In an important land case in San Francisco, which lasted over a month, on retiring to the jury room, probably not more than one or two of the twelve had determined on which side their vote would be cast. It happened that one of the jurors was agent for a line of steamers, and that the leading attorney for the defence was counsel for an opposition line. This wholly irrelevant circumstance prejudiced the case. In Mariposa, in 1850, court was held under a tree, and the jury retired to another tree to deliberate. Under the classic shade was brought one day an American for assaulting a Mexican. The trial over, the jury retired. 'Let's hang him,' said number one. 'Oh, no!' replied number two. 'He only stabbed a man; we can't hang him for that.' 'Send him to state prison for life,' put in number three. 'That'll do,' exclaimed half a dozen at once; and so it was concluded, all agreeing to it. 'It seems to be rather hard, after all,' ruminated number two, as the twelve started back for the court tree, 'to imprison a man for life for merely stabbing a Mexican; besides, where is your prison?' 'Let's acquit him,' said number one. 'Agreed,' exclaimed the rest; and so the man was set at liberty."

The "Literature of Colonial Mexico" forms one of the most readable of the chapters. It is an obscure subject, needing the light thus thrown upon it. It must be remembered that Mexico was the first city on the American continent to own a printing-press and to publish a book.

MILLIONAIRES OF A DAY. An Inside History of the Great Southern California Boom. By T. S. VAN DYKE. 12mo, pp. 194. New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlbert. 1890.

We have in this little volume the spirited story of a craze. There have been times of wilder excitement for brief periods, perhaps, but no boom appears ever to have had in immensity the like on earth to that which raged for two years in Southern California within the present decade. It involved an amount of money almost incredible, even to those who were in it. In the beginning it was spontaneous and apparently healthy, but presently the idea gained ground that men could make money out of the wind. Why should a lifetime be spent in getting rich? Even farmers caught the fever, and turned potato-patches into town lots for speculation. New cities were swiftly laid out to order, their principal resources being climate and scenery. Lots were sold at constantly increasing prices, from maps. Buyers never saw them, and never expected to go near them; but they did expect to sell them again to some one else, within thirty days, for twice what they had paid for them. "In a boom," says the author, "you can sell two twenty-five foot lots for considerably more than you can sell one fifty-foot lot. Smart folks, who think they know all about human nature, think they know better than this. But you will please remember that neither Solomon nor Shakespeare ever saw a first-class boom. The success of some of these paper town-sites was wonderful. At many a sale of the merest trash buyers stood in a line all night, and fifty dollars, and even a hundred, were often paid for places in the line in the morning. The instances in which two fools met would fill a volume larger than this." In the high tide of the boom the millionaires were very numerous. But the collapse was inevitable, and many a man learned that riches did not necessarily bring wisdom. The book is written in an engaging style and is readable throughout.

ILLUSTRATED AMERICANA, 1493-1889.

By JAMES F. HUNNEWELL. Square 8vo, pp. 37. Privately printed. 1890.

The studies which are presented in this beautiful volume have been read from time to time before the American Antiquarian Society, by their distinguished author, who now has reprinted them in a small edition of one hundred and fifty copies, for private circulation. Illustrated books on America form an important as well as interesting department in the history of two continents. America has had a fair, or what might be called full, recognition. Various kinds of engravings have been used in these works, often at great cost, and they describe buildings which in a marked way show national progress, and portraiture that records much more than the features of the subjects, and are a distinct contribution to knowledge. An account of such productions brought into the compass of this vol-

ume will be thoroughly appreciated by collectors and scholarly readers.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES CONSIDERED, WITH SOME REFERENCE TO ITS ORIGINS. By JOHN FISKE. 12mo, pp. 360. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1890.

In preparing this useful and concise manual, the author has had in view the historical method of exposition, and has taken great care to point out the origin of our political institutions in their present shape, and show the various steps by which they have become adapted to the current conditions. Every institution is the outgrowth of experience. Government is not a royal mystery, to be shut off, like old Deioke, by a seven-fold wall, from the ordinary business of life. The young should learn to understand it before they arrive at an age when liable to be called into its management. Writers and lecturers are too apt to deal with grand generalities, leaving the pupil with but a confused idea of the drift of their eloquence. Mr. Fiske, on the contrary, touches his themes in a clear, informal style, comparatively free from ambiguous phrases, which at once secures the attention and interest of the reader. He proceeds from the simpler forms of government to the more complex, and introduces questions into his chapters along the way for the exercise of the expanding mind of the student, and to send him occasionally outside the book for further information. One of the first lessons, the opening chapter indeed, is about taxation. Children are always hearing of taxes, but how few can define the term. Nothing could be more desirable than the way in which the author of this work explains how in every town some things are done for the benefit of all the inhabitants—such as building roads, schoolhouses, cemeteries, etc.—and that taxes are private property taken for those public purposes. He shows with much force that history has a practical bearing upon our own every-day life. We cannot forbear quoting some examples of the questions he propounds; for instance, "Under what conditions may taxation become robbery?" and, "Is it a misuse of the funds of a city to provide entertainments for the people, July 4?" also, "Mention some principles that history has taught you."

About half the volume is devoted to the study of the government of town, county, and city; then the colonial and state governments are

described; and finally we come to the completed structure, the government of the United States. It is a work to be commended with enthusiasm.

MARIE LOUISE, AND THE DECADENCE OF THE EMPIRE. By IMBERT DE SAINT-AMAND. Translated by Thomas Sergeant Perry. With Portrait. 12mo, pp. 314. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1890.

The period covered by this volume is the intensely dramatic decline of the French empire, 1812-1814. Marie Louise was on the pinnacle of her glory in the early summer of 1812. The author tells us that on "Sunday, July 26, the empress received, after mass in the palace, in the Apollo gallery, the great bodies of state, and persons who had been presented at court; then going into the ball-room, she gave audience, with her accustomed grace, to the princes who held high positions, the ministers, the high officers of the empire, the Grand Eagles of the Legion of Honor, and the diplomatic body." But Napoleon had not yet made Marie Louise a regent. While he was in the heart of Russia he governed France all the same, directing the affairs of the vast empire from a distance of seven hundred leagues. On the 15th of August the emperor's birthday was celebrated with great splendor, and the empress made a visit to the Tuileries, where an enormous crowd greeted her with enthusiasm. Presently clouds began to rise and the sky was threatening. Napoleon's disasters at Moscow are described by the author with graphic force: also Malet's conspiracy; Napoleon's retreat from Russia, with all its misfortunes; his return to Paris, and meeting with the empress at the Tuileries, on the evening of the 18th of December; and the calmness he exhibited in the presence of his ministers during the next few days. It was an eventful year prior to the fighting of the bloodiest battle of modern times—that of Leipsic—on which occasion Napoleon was nearly prostrated with surprise and grief at his defeat. He dreaded meeting his young wife, in whose eyes he had now ceased to be the incarnation of success. When he came suddenly before her she burst into tears, trembling with emotion. Then the little king of Rome was brought, and his father greeted him so tenderly that every one was moved by the pathetic spectacle. It was not long before the emperor was to take an eternal farewell of his wife and son, and the brilliant reign of Marie Louise came to an end. The story is admirably constructed, and the historic sketches sparkle with life and color.

MISCELLANEOUS

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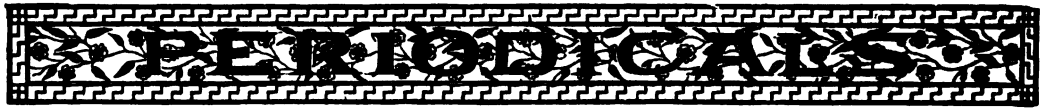
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MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

VOL. XXIV

DECEMBER, 1890

No. 6

THE ANCIENT TOWN OF FORT BENTON IN MONTANA

NAVIGATING THE UPPER MISSOURI RIVER

THERE are few towns in America whose growth in time of peace falls into periods of such distinct outline that the epoch of transition from one to the other can be fixed with the precision of a definite date. All cities have had dissimilar, often remarkable, stages of development. Bustling activity with its attendant cheer and confidence is followed by the gloom and depression of business stagnation, while beneath this surface commotion of "booms" and "collapses" the undercurrent of growth steadily expands. In most instances these changes are gradual and, at the time, perhaps imperceptible. To the historian alone, who from the apex of accumulating years enjoys a kind of bird's-eye view of the past, is the line of demarkation distinctly visible.

This general rule however finds a prominent exception in the history of the pioneer town of western Montana. The change from Fort Benton "the head of navigation" to Fort Benton a simple prairie village—a change which involved the future fate of the little town—was caused by an event which was not only observed and appreciated at the time, but was foreseen with apprehension years before.

Railway enterprise long ago laid its hands upon the internal commerce of this country, an ever-increasing proportion of which it has drawn to itself from year to year. It has hesitated at no barrier to its extension except the ocean itself. It has stopped the construction of projected canals and has impaired the usefulness of those already constructed. It has robbed the principal water-ways, like the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, of much of their legitimate traffic, while the business of the smaller streams has been practically wiped out of existence. The latter fate has befallen the once extensive commerce of the upper Missouri river. To Fort Benton that commerce was, admittedly her only *raison d'être*, and when on the 28th day of September, 1887, she first heard the locomotive whistle resound among her bluffs, she instinctively felt that a chapter of

her history was irrevocably closed. But notwithstanding its abrupt termination, that chapter is a very important one. Few towns, perhaps none of the small size of Fort Benton, have played so important a part in the development of the far west. For years prior to the advent of railroads it was the distributing point for a territory which extended from Wyoming far into the British possessions and west beyond the summits of the Rockies. Transportation by river, though slow and hazardous, was infinitely preferable to the slower and more hazardous system of overland hauling. It was certainly a circumstance of immeasurable value in the early settlement of that country that a navigable water-course existed which, without amelioration, would permit extensive shipments into the very heart of the West.

Fort Benton being the terminus of this line of transportation, the distributing point for this vast territory, and the export market for whatever the country produced, enjoyed for nearly a score of years a prosperity which is rarely the good fortune of so small a place.

The city is built in an open bottom where the bluffs, receding for a distance from the river, leave a suitable and protected site for the construction of a town. The river is here but a few hundred feet wide, and its water, flowing over a gravelly bottom, is of great clearness and beauty, in striking contrast to its turbid condition a hundred miles below. The soil of the prairies and bluffs is remarkably free from the rock through which the river both above and below has worn its course. The bluffs, which along the lower river are miles apart, here frequently approach to within a few thousand feet of each other, rising precipitously to a height of nearly three hundred feet.

The traveler whose curiosity may cause him to explore the river above Benton will find the valley gradually contracting, the bluffs growing rocky and more precipitous, and the current more turbulent and rapid. By the time he has reached the mouth of Belt creek, some thirty-five miles above Benton, these characteristics are heightened to a great degree. The bluffs no longer slope, but are perpendicular and jagged. They are no longer soil, but solid rock. The river valley has contracted to the width of the river bed, and the dark green color of the water is relieved by thousands of patches of white foam as the rapid current is broken by projecting rocks or interrupted by sudden cascades. Finally, as if the limit of endurance had been reached, relief is found in the presence of a perpendicular fall of eighty-five feet over which the entire river pours itself. Above the fall the now freer valley soon contracts, again encounters a fall, another and another and another, until finally it is but a faint



depression in the prairie. Here the river flows so smoothly that, with its fringe of cottonwoods, it looks like a placid lake and gives no intimation of its frenzied condition a few miles below. This remarkable series of cataracts, which in the space of a few miles makes an aggregate fall of over five hundred feet, forms the first serious obstacle to the upward navigation of the Missouri, and its existence undoubtedly determined the location of Fort Benton.

So far as existing records show, this part of the river was first seen by

THE UPPER MISSOURI RIVER.
RAINBOW FALLS (HIGH WATER).
RAINBOW FALLS (LOW WATER).

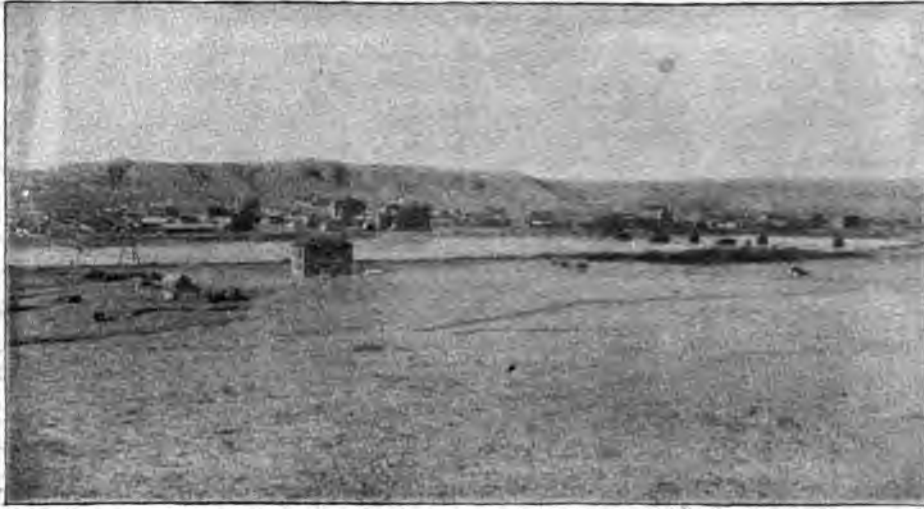


white men in June, 1805, when it was visited by the famous expedition of Lewis and Clarke. In the early years of the present century there were two lines of travel across the continent—the Montreal Fur Traders' route by way of the Great Lakes, Lake Winnipeg, the Saskatchewan and Flatbow rivers to the Columbia; and the New York and St. Louis Fur Traders' route by way of the Platte river, South Pass, and Lewis Fork to the Columbia, along which stream both routes extended to the Pacific. The location of these lines of travel, and the supposed hostility and savage nature of the Indian tribes between them, caused the intermediate country to receive very little attention from the early explorers. There can be little doubt, however, that the country had been entered before the end of the eighteenth century by the early French explorers, by the Spanish from New Mexico, and by the adventurous trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is indeed pretty well settled that Chevalier de la Verendrye, then French governor of Quebec, with a party of explorers visited this country in 1743, remaining there nearly a year. However this may be, to Lewis and Clarke belongs the credit of giving to the world the first authentic description of the country along the upper Missouri, and their expedition is the great initial point in that country's history.

Between the date of this expedition and 1827 the upper river was doubtless frequently explored, for in the latter year a trading-post was established at the mouth of the Marias river,* about twenty miles below the present site of Benton. In the following year it was abandoned and a regular stockaded post built eight miles above and named Fort Mackenzie, which stood fourteen years, and in 1842 was finally abandoned and burned as the result of a feud with the Blackfeet Indians. From this circumstance the site of the old fort is still called Fort Brûlé, or the *burned* fort, although, from the fact that the present inhabitants of that region pronounce the word *bruly*, as they do the word "coulée" *cooly*, probably very few of them have any notion of its origin. The frequent recurrence of these French names in places where the very existence of the people who understood that language has almost passed out of memory is a striking proof of the hardy enterprise of those early explorers. They were truly the pioneers of the northwest, but their labors and achievements have alike disappeared, except in the name of some mountain, lake, or stream, or in those mission schools which the zealous Jesuits long ago established for the conversion and education of the Indian tribes.

After the abandonment of Fort Mackenzie, a trading-post was established in the spring of 1843 at the mouth of the Judith river, one

* The "Marias" of Lewis and Clarke.



VIEW OF THE ANCIENT TOWN OF FORT BENTON.

hundred and twenty miles below the present site of Fort Benton, and named Fort Chardron from the trader in charge. It was occupied but one year, and in 1844 a post was built in a broad open bottom about eight miles above the present site of Benton and called Fort Cotton. In 1846 Fort Cotton was moved a few miles down the river, a stockaded post was built, and this in the following year was replaced by the adobe fort the remains of which are standing at the present day. The new post was named Fort Benton in honor of Missouri's distinguished senator, and from it the town takes its name. These posts all belonged to the American Fur Company founded by John Jacob Astor, who after the failure of his Astoria experiment confined his efforts to those regions drained by the headwaters of the Missouri. At an early date Astor sold out to Chouteau, Valle & Co. of St. Louis. The Chouteaus, pioneers in St. Louis, are intimately connected with the historic traditions of the northwest, and the name itself has been given to the county of which Fort Benton is the capital.

The American Fur Company did not, however, enjoy an undisturbed monopoly of the fur trade of these regions. It found formidable competitors in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, organized by General William Ashley of St. Louis in 1822, and in the Independent Traders, so called because they belonged to none of the great companies. In fact, a trading-post called Fort Campbell was built near Fort Benton and

continued a bitter rival of that post until in 1860 it was purchased by the American Fur Company. The latter company in 1865 sold out its trade to the great Northwest Company, who in 1877 closed up their business and leased the fort to the government.

Such are the principal facts connected with the founding of Fort Benton and its history as a fur-trading post. Its subsequent history is so intimately connected with the early navigation of the Missouri river that a short historical sketch of the latter is necessary to make the former complete.

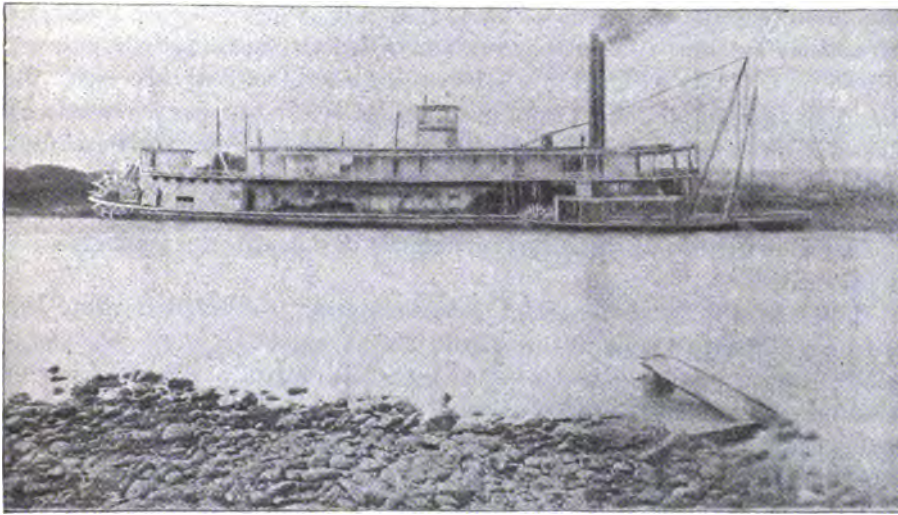
The belief in the practicability of extensive navigation of the Missouri river was, like the belief in all untried enterprises of importance, a matter of long growth. In the early days following the introduction of steam navigation on the Mississippi, there wanted not wise heads who pronounced steamboat navigation of the Missouri river, even as far as Kansas City, a simple impossibility. But the persistent experimenter, who in the end always gets the better of the equally persistent doubter, soon showed by practical demonstration that boats could ascend to Kansas City. The "head of navigation" was then transferred a little higher up, and again higher, until it was finally forced to Benton.*

The earlier freight traffic up the Missouri was carried on by the historic keel-boatmen, who rowed, poled, or cordelled their craft all the way from St. Louis to the remotest trading-posts. As the steamboat trade progressed up the river, the keel-boats would recede before it, confining themselves to that part of the river not yet reached by the steamboats. The trade was entirely in the hands of the fur companies, consisting of the traffic peculiar to that business, and was full of adventures not unmixed with suffering and misfortune. The Indians, in numberless ambuscades, picked off the boatmen whose graves now line the banks of the river from Benton to its mouth. The simple wooden crosses erected to their memory have long since decayed. Their names are forgotten, and the fact of their existence is fast becoming a tradition. Occasionally the intrusive pick crashes into a heap of bones which the workman recognizes as of his own species. This may arouse some discussion as to their identity, race, and probable circumstances of interment; then they are flung aside and the curtain of oblivion closes forever over the memory of the rugged *voyageur*.

In the year 1831 the first serious attempt was made to navigate with steamboats the upper Missouri river. The steamer *Yellowstone* in the summer of that year reached Pierre, the site of the present capital of

* The reader will do well to consult the maps in order to fix the exact location of Fort Benton in the memory.

South Dakota. In the following year the same boat reached Fort Union, above the mouth of the Yellowstone river. The *Assiniboine* followed her in 1833, and the latter boat in 1834 and 1835 reached Poplar creek, sixty miles higher up. In 1850 the mouth of Milk river was reached. In 1858 the *Chippewa* was built with special reference to the difficulties of upper river navigation. She was a stern-wheel boat of light draught, and with her it was resolved to make a thorough trial of the extreme upper river. The attempt was successful. The boat reached Fort Brûlé, twelve miles below Benton, on the 17th of July, 1859, forty years and two months after the first steamboat entered the mouth of the Missouri.* On



MISSOURI RIVER STEAMBOAT.

July 2, 1860, the *Chippewa* arrived at Fort Benton, followed a few hours later by the *Spread Eagle*. In July, 1868, the *Tom Stevens*, taking advantage of high water, ascended the river to the mouth of Belt creek, marking the highest point reached by any steamboat and unquestionably the most distant point from the sea which a large vessel has ever yet been able to reach by a single continuous water-course. This point lacks but a few miles of being four thousand miles by river from the Gulf of Mexico, and it has been reached by a single river unaided by artificial improvements.

But if the great distance of this point from the mouth of the river seems surprising, its elevation above the sea is none the less so. Could

* The *Independence* entered the mouth of the Missouri river May 15, 1819.

this vessel have followed the river course to the Gulf of Mexico and have retained the level of the river at the mouth of Belt creek, she would have passed about 1,300 feet above the northern Pacific bridge at Bismarck, 2,200 feet above the Eads bridge at St. Louis, and a landing-place of three times the height of the Eiffel tower in Paris would have barely accommodated her passengers at New Orleans. The river is like a great winding staircase of so gentle slope that huge boats, weighing with their cargoes a million pounds each, can climb from the level of the sea to the foot-hills of the Rockies.

As an example of inland navigation by a single river, the Mississippi-Missouri system stands without an equal. Other rivers may indeed excel it in the navigable capacities of their channels or in the actual amount of traffic they sustain. The Amazon river with its tributaries will undoubtedly form, when its capacities are developed, the most extensive system of inland navigation in the world. It is a tidal river, and ocean vessels can ascend it quite to the western frontier of Brazil. Among tideless rivers the Volga system probably leads in the actual amount of traffic it sustains—a traffic which equals or exceeds that of all the railroads in Russia combined. But neither of these systems equals our own in the respects above mentioned.

A person whose knowledge of river navigation is derived entirely from such magnificent voyages as those from New York to Albany would hardly call by the same name the process by which boats are worked up the Missouri river when the stage of water is beginning to get low. By combining the accounts of loquacious boatmen with a sprinkling of personal experience, it may nevertheless appear that these voyages, especially when hostile Indians infested the country and when herds of buffalo and other game roamed the valleys, were by no means devoid of interest. Let us follow for a time one of the best river boats making the trip from Bismarck to Benton early in July. The annual rise has gone, and the frequent contact of the vessel with the river-bottom suggests continual doubt as to the possibility of reaching the destination. The incidents of a day, with a moderate amplification of detail and personal impressions, might form a record something like this:

Three o'clock in the morning has scarcely passed when the noise of preparation resounds throughout the boat. In these high latitudes, and at this season of the year, morning and evening twilight can almost shake hands with each other across the narrow abyss of a few hours' darkness. It is already getting light; a glance at his watch satisfies the passenger that, whatever may be the captain's predilections, his own are still in the

direction of further sleep, which he proposes to get, so far as the noise of the machinery and the motion of the boat will allow. In this, however, he is only partially successful, and he soon dresses himself, gets a "boat" breakfast, and goes up into the pilot-house to bother the captain with questions and note the progress of the day. It may here be observed that an upper Missouri steamboat captain is a person of no small importance; at least, he so impresses one who is making a first trip up the river. Armed with an inexhaustible supply of anecdotes and tales of adventure, the accumulation of the whole race of boatmen for the past twenty years, he never gives one a moment's respite from the recital of *his* startling experiences. He is generally a pilot as well as master of the vessel, and frequently takes his place at the wheel. His knowledge of the river seems to you something marvelous, as his trained eye tells from the varied commixture of ripple and calm the location of the channel, the position of reefs and snags, as well as the depth of water above them, and you are almost inclined to believe him endowed with Neptunian attributes, had not the watery empire of that serene potentate been confined to the sea. Unfortunately for an office of such exalted dignity, the title of "captain" is appropriated by divers other less deserving members of the crew. In fact, it seems that any man who can exercise authority in any capacity, from the chief cook to the master himself, is entitled to the appellation.

But to return to our trip. In response to an inquiry as to the prospects of the day, the captain ominously shakes his head. The wind is blowing strong and the sand is seen drifting in clouds over the sand-bars along the valley in both directions as far as the eye can reach. These persistent prairie winds are very unwelcome to the pilot. They disturb the normal appearance of the river, the only guide in following its shifting channel, and when they blow athwart the course of the vessel, they are only too liable to force her against the shore. The captain is picking his way through a bed of snags near a grove of huge cottonwood trees which the aggressive action of the river is year by year undermining and transforming into these formidable obstacles to navigation.

Having safely passed this dangerous section of the river, a short run soon brings the boat to a "crossing," or in other words to a place where the river, after having followed one bank for a distance, crosses the valley to the other bank. These "crossings" are always much dreaded by the boatmen, for the river here divides into a series of smaller chutes, none of which may have sufficient depth for a navigable channel. The captain selects the chute which seems to offer the best prospects of success, but even his trained eye cannot remove all doubt, and he is compelled to call

in the service of the sounding-pole. The pole-man, standing on the fore-castle and throwing his pole every thirty seconds, draws out in a peculiar river brogue that has to be heard to be appreciated, "F-o-u-r feet, three-and-a-haluf, three-feet-large, three-feet-scant, two-and-a-haluf," whereupon the captain concludes that he has selected the wrong chute, and withdraws for a trial in a different place. In the meantime he calls attention to a dry gulch where he says the boat passed last year. The sight of this sandy valley, where already a tender crop of willows is starting up, excites a suspicion that the captain is amusing himself at the passenger's expense, and the latter hardly knows whether or not to consider himself imposed upon. But the assistant pilot noticing this incredulity quickly corroborates the captain's statement with a chain of circumstances which, for the time at least, compels tacit credence, and further experience shows that such phenomena are by no means rare.

The captain has by this time tried another chute, but with no better success. He now runs the boat to shore, makes her fast, takes a yawl and rowing crew, and, with a little sounding-stick five or six feet long, he carefully examines the whole river over the "crossing." Finally he returns with the unwelcome intelligence that the greatest depth found is but two feet, and, as the boat draws three feet, he stands in face of the problem of navigating a two-foot channel with a boat of three feet draught. An insolvable problem? Assuredly it cannot be other. But the captain is evidently of different opinion, for he has already entered upon its solution. Steaming the boat in the direction of the deepest water previously determined, he pushes her as far as she will go. Then the mate and crew lower the spars on either side, push them into the bar with the lower ends pointing down stream so that a pull on the lines will both lift the boat and pull it ahead, haul tight the lines, throw them around the capstans, apply the engines to the latter and proceed to "walk" the boat over the bar. Somebody has already driven a stake into the bar near the boat, by which to note the latter's progress. From this it is observed that she does really move, but as more and more of her weight is brought upon the bar, the engines begin to labor, the progress is imperceptible, and one begins to think that having gotten where it will be impossible either to advance or retreat the captain will be compelled to stop. But now the propeller wheel is set in motion, and strange to say with a backward revolution, as if trying to back the boat, while the engines are exerting themselves to the utmost on the spars to pull her ahead. Astonished at this apparent waste of power, the tyro in sand-bar navigation hastens to the captain and informs him that the engineer must have misunderstood his signal, as the wheel is

working with a reverse motion. The captain, unable to suppress a smile at this really pardonable ignorance, replies that the engineer's auricular training is quite correct, and that he has understood the signal perfectly. He then explains that the power of the spars is so much greater than that of the wheel, that the latter can make no impression against them; but that the reverse motion forces the water back under the boat and acts as a temporary dam, sometimes actually raising the water three or four inches, and lightening the weight on the bar just that much. Still incredulous, our novice returns to watch the stake in the bar. He observes that the boat *is* making better progress than before, and he concludes that navigation, even on the Missouri, has its scientific aspect.

Dinner-time comes and passes and it is nearly one o'clock when the familiar quiver of the boat announces that she again rests on the water alone and that another obstacle is passed. Now follow several hours' good progress. The captain, relieved of the necessity of continuous attention to the boat, is in his full adventure-telling element. He relates how at this particular point, in 1867, an Indian concealed on the bank endeavored to take his life. It is a difficult part of the river, where the channel comes close to the shore and the greatest care is necessary at the wheel. This the Indian seems to have understood perfectly, and had his aim been as good as his strategy, not only would the captain have been slain, but the pilotless boat might have been wrecked and thus helplessly exposed to the attacks of the treacherous savages. The captain never fails to point out the spot where the bullet tore through the pilot-house in such unpleasant proximity.

A little farther on is the place where in the following year he was compelled to stop his boat and wait for a herd of buffaloes to ford the river, lest if he should run through the line, their huge bodies might become entangled in the wheel and disable him entirely. Moreover, it afforded an excellent opportunity to pick out a few choice specimens for the kitchen—an argument for delay which to the listener seems much the more plausible of the two. The incident is only one of the many that are continually calling attention to the almost miraculous disappearance of a great species from the face of the earth. One recalls the muffling robe which used to be a *sine qua non* of every sleigh-ride; he sees the members of the boat-crew, as their duties give them leisure, individually busy with a knife or piece of glass giving to some rough pair of horns that exquisite ebony polish that converts it into a beautiful ornament; he sees the well-worn trails which many years will fail to eradicate from the prairie; he looks at the enormous heaps of bones and horns gathered to the

river bank for shipment ; he contemplates all these evidences that a great species once flourished here, but his eye in vain scans the prairie for a single remaining specimen. All comparative estimates based upon the known size of large herds of cattle indicate that the multitude of these animals was literally innumerable. Where are they now? Ages of geological history marked the decline and final extinction of the pterosaur and of the mastodon, while to the wanton amusement of the sportsman and the unbridled avarice of the trader, the annihilation of the American bison was the work of but a single generation. Familiar and frequent as are the evidences of its past existence, the species has now dwindled to a few sickly specimens which may still be seen in the zoölogical garden or in the traveling menagerie.

But what is that bunch of cloth, twigs, and dirt which rests securely in the arms of a gnarled and stubby cottonwood near the shore, like the nest of some huge bird? The captain says that it is an Indian's grave and that it was there when he made his first trip up the river. There come to mind the pictures of Indian burial-grounds in the books of early childhood, while a peculiar fascination draws attention from more pleasing objects around and rivets it upon this rude tomb. The more one contemplates it the more he feels that with all its uncouthness this mode of burial has much to commend it. Indeed, can we doubt that the "untutored mind" did well when it selected to mark the resting-place of its dust, not the meaningless stone but the forest tree, in itself an emblem of the simplest notion of a future life? To the Indian, heaven is but another earth. On questions of futurity he knows but one religion and practices but one philosophy—that of measuring the unknown by the known. That the sunshine of spring will clothe his memorial tree in fresh foliage is to him no more certain than that he shall yet dwell, with the identical companions, possessions, and pursuits of this life, in the happy hunting-grounds of the spirit land. His tomb will not endure like the graven granite of Greenwood, it is true, but it has already outlasted the generation that placed it there, and beyond that the finest monument is indeed "dull, cold marble," but nothing more.

The captain's attention is here directed to the cause of some unusual preparation on the boat. And well it may. A short distance ahead the foaming river is seen coming down a very perceptible descent. A rapid! And must the boat try that passage? No progress elsewhere. Spars will do no good there. The water is deep enough; its swiftness is the difficulty. Mindful of the mortifying failure of his attempt to instruct the captain at the late "crossing," our novice has already relinquished the


idea of offering any further solution for the difficulties of river navigation, so he simply awaits developments. The boat has reached the foot of the rapid and is making for the shore. The instant her prow touches the bank a dozen men leap ashore and start on the run up along the water's edge. The foremost carries a pick and spade and a few stakes; the second carries a large stick of wood little smaller than a railroad tie; the rest, at intervals of one or two hundred feet, are carrying a strong line which is being rapidly uncoiled on the boat. Having arrived well beyond the head of the rapid the men proceed to plant a "dead-man;" that is, they dig a trench three or four feet deep, large enough to receive the above-mentioned stick, and with a direction perpendicular to that of the river. The stick is buried, carefully staked down, the line is fastened to it at its middle, and then all is covered up with stones and dirt. The people on the boat have now thrown their end of the line around the capstan and are already winding it up and drawing the boat slowly but surely up the rapid. The whole operation has taken an hour, and by the time the party is back on board supper-time has arrived.

After this final refreshment the pilot-house is again sought wherein to spend a few hours of the close of day. The wind has almost entirely subsided, and the river surface, disturbed only occasionally by its own current, stretches away under the slant rays of the sun like a long thread of silver, broken here and there by the curving course of the stream, but ever reappearing until it is at last lost in the distant horizon. In the opposite direction it winds back for many a mile with a mirror-like smoothness, but not so bright as toward the sun. The boat is making the best progress of the day. Everybody is on deck to enjoy the sunset, and the tedious delays of the morning and afternoon are forgotten in the general exhilaration of the moment. If the boat can only reach some friendly supply of fuel to replenish that exhausted in the slow progress of the day, the general contentment will be quite unalloyed.

Sunset has already begun, and one of those perfect sunsets it is which seem to be the exclusive right of the western prairie. Sinking slowly behind the sharp line of some distant eminence, the sun, as if tenacious of life, casts back its crimson halo over half the sky, and seems determined that if he must go he will not let his going be forgotten. Twilight approaches, the vast halo contracts about the place where the sun has disappeared, covers his line of retreat, and protects him from the vanguard of a new light that is already darting its silver rays after him from the east. But there has just burst forth another light, straight ahead and perhaps a mile or two away. The glad expressions of the crew soon

announce that it is the signal fire of some Indian or wood-chopper who has caught sight of the boat, and who thus informs the crew that his wood-pile is at their disposal. A half an hour more and the boat is moored under the huge bonfire, by the light of which the crew close their day's labors in transferring the seasoned wood from the shore to the boat. It is after nine o'clock, and they have already put in eighteen hours' work. They never seem to complain. It is a boatman's life and they uncomplainingly accept all its hardships. The tired passenger for his part settles down to a game of whist, thankful for present progress and hopeful for better on the morrow.

But let us return to our narrative. As soon as the practicability of navigating the Missouri river as far as Fort Benton was demonstrated, the destined importance of the latter place as a distributing and shipping point became at once apparent. Overland transportation routes were established from Benton in all directions. In 1862 a road was finished to Walla Walla, Washington Territory, across the intervening ranges of the Rockies. In other directions around Benton the open prairie rarely required any special road-work to make it passable for freight wagons. In 1864 the town site of Benton was laid out. It was not, however, till nearly the close of the civil war that the upper river business received its first great impulse. It was then that the exploration and settlement of the Rocky mountain region began to command serious attention. Gold had been discovered there. The famous Alder gulch and Helena placers were disclosing their fabulous wealth. A large immigration from the south, "the left wing of Price's army," was settling in western Montana. Military posts were being established and villages were springing up. There was a sudden call for mining implements, supplies, and all the varied catalogue of things which civilization must have. As yet the Missouri river was the only line of transportation from the states, and this had been shown, as already narrated, to be capable of carrying large steamboats almost to the foot of the falls. Fort Benton, from her condition as a trading post, became at once a most important and extensive distributing point. The steamboat arrivals, which had never exceeded in number four or five a year, in 1866 jumped to thirty-six, and on the eleventh day of June of that year this distant frontier village could boast of seeing seven steamers unloading their cargoes at her levee.

A general system of land transportation was inaugurated. The most important company was the "Diamond R," , as it was called. It was organized at Fort Benton by John C. Roe of St. Louis, and by various changes of ownership it passed into the hands of Montana men. It soon

became a great company with a complete organization of agents, issuing its bills of lading to all points both in and out of the territory. At one time it employed no less than twelve hundred oxen and four hundred mules, besides a large number of horses, and the sustenance of these draught animals during the working season is said to have been a source of no slight income to the small farmers of that section.

These were the halcyon days of Fort Benton. She soon became a wealthy town. Costly brick buildings were erected and business houses established; her trade, considering the size of the place, was simply phenomenal. To the traveler passing over the neighboring prairie, where the eye in all its vast range can discover no human habitation except, perhaps, some ranch house of the meanest construction, and coming suddenly to the brink of the river bluffs overlooking the town with its great business houses, its numerous banks, its large hotel, court-house, and school building, and a complete city government with a mayor, aldermen, and board of trade, it is a matter of unfeigned astonishment that such an aggregation of business should be found in such a place.

This period of prosperity continued without check until 1870, when the Union Pacific reached Ogden. A freight line four hundred and sixty-five miles long was at once established from this point to Helena. The check on the river transportation was, however, slight, and the latter continued to flourish until 1880 when, on the ninth day of March of that year, the Union Pacific (the Utah Northern) laid its first rail on Montana soil. This blow was soon followed by a heavier one in 1883 when the Northern Pacific line was completed. The Canadian Pacific was also well under way at the same time.

It will thus be seen that the vast country of which Fort Benton had been the distributing point was largely cut off by the railroads. The natural result of this state of things soon followed. River transportation dwindled. The steamboat companies prepared to close out their business and withdrew their boats to St. Louis for sale. The "Diamond R" Company began to sell off its stock, to the great discomfiture of the farmers to whom it had given a market for their produce. Still there was a considerable country for which Fort Benton was yet the most convenient market, and several steamers continued to ply between Bismarck and Benton until in 1887 the completion of the Manitoba road (now the Great Northern) from St. Paul to Helena dealt the final blow to the once great business of river transportation.

Not only at Fort Benton, but all along the river down to the mouth of the Yellowstone, the baleful effects of the railroads are painfully apparent.

The settlers along the bottoms, deserted by the steamboats, have sought the railroads, and their ranches are going to ruin. The deer and other wild game, once frightened away by the continual blast of the steam whistle, are now returning to their ancient pasture-grounds. The solitary woodman who in winter gathered his stock of fuel, certain of a market with the returning spring, and the genial tribe of boatmen whom the lively commerce of a quarter of a century reared up along the valley, alike bewail the sudden collapse of their fortunes. The lonely ranchman who still lingers in those parts has ceased to strain his eyes toward the depression in the eastern horizon where the great river runs into the sky, for he no longer sees the curling smoke which tells him that the first boat of spring is near and that the severe monotony of winter is at an end. Original wildness has regained her primeval empire. But for a few deserted huts and still fewer yet occupied, the wrecks of a few abandoned steamboats, the mutilated remains of works by which the government has sought to control the course of the turbulent river—and Lewis and Clarke might say that it was but yesterday they cordelled their boats up these same rapids through the changeless prairies of the undiscovered West.

Fort Benton thus stands, as she has stood since 1887, on an equal footing with other similar towns, the market for a small tract of surrounding country. Of course, her previous great prosperity has given her a present importance which she would probably not have had without it. Her future growth will surely depend upon different agencies than in the past. Many years will elapse before she will again see a thriving river commerce terminate at her levee. Her hope will be in the development of the country along the river; and could the river itself be made to contribute to that development, it would yet prove a greater blessing to Fort Benton than it has in the past. To see that great volume of water flowing down to the ocean while the rich prairie soil is parching in a rainless climate, makes one wish that the government, instead of spending its money to contract the river channel, would rather try to scatter the waters upon the adjoining lands. By a strange misapplication of terms, streams are often said to *water* the valleys through which they flow, as if the exact opposite were not generally the case. But what greater boon could be conferred upon the Missouri valley than to make this misapplied expression a true one even to the extent of draining the last drop from the river-bed? Here is a water-supply whose capacity for irrigation purposes is absolutely inexhaustible. No reservoirs are needed. Nature has herself built reservoirs in the ice-locked mountains where she holds the accumulated snows of winter, turning them into moisture and sending it to the valleys when

the soil-tiller's "need is the sorest." The question of thus utilizing the forces of nature may never, for many years certainly will not, receive serious attention. The river will flow on undisturbed by the state, except that from year to year a few dams and dikes and shore protections will be built, a few gravel bars dredged away, and a few snags removed, all to make way for a commerce which, in sufficient magnitude to justify governmental appropriations, exists only in the imagination. But the dwellers of the valley being periodically pacified by these paltry pittances from the public purse, the paramount problem of making the river build up that country and convert these arid and barren wastes into productive farm-lands will go on unsolved.

Yet who can doubt that this is the true office of the mighty stream to the valley through which it flows? A highway for commerce? Why, a single track railway along the valley, which could be built at a mere fraction of the expense of permanently "improving" the river, and which would be "navigable" the year round, would be of infinitely greater value as a highway for commerce than the river is likely ever to be. When a systematic project is adopted for the irrigation of the Missouri valley with the waters of the river itself, then and not till then will we see a revival of commerce along the valley. Then we shall see there thriving gardens and fields of grain like those that dot the foot-hills of the Rockies all over the great mountain region, while new villages will spring up, not to decay after a season of temporary prosperity, but to flourish permanently with a growth and activity equal to those of the palmiest days of Fort Benton.

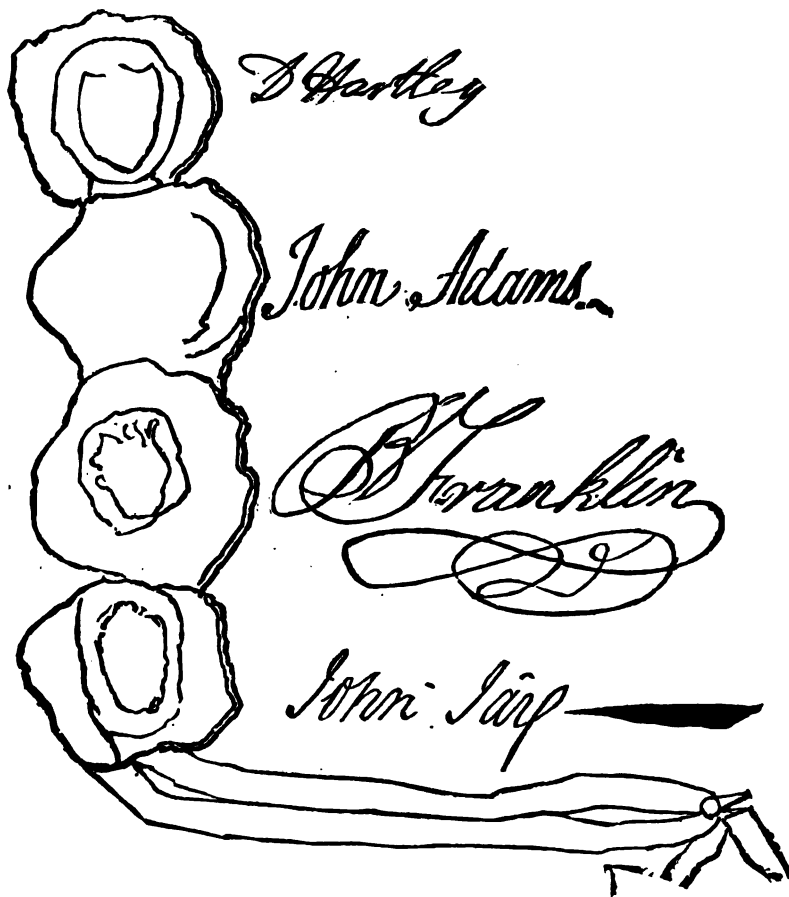
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.



DAVID HARTLEY AND THE AMERICAN COLONIES

ENGLAND'S SIGNER OF THE DEFINITIVE TREATY OF PEACE

The final act in the series of events which restored tranquillity to five great nations—and peace to the world—on the 3d of September, 1783, possesses a dramatic interest beyond the mere portraiture of the men who placed their autographs upon the notable document. We can see the



FAC-SIMILE OF THE SIGNATURES UPON THE DEFINITIVE TREATY OF PEACE.

[From the original in the State Department, Washington.]

vast British Empire, through its chosen representative, bowing to the divinity of a new liberty in a new world.

David Hartley had not only distinguished himself in parliament by his mediations for the good of America, but in all the differences of opinion attending the conduct of the war to overcome the Revolution had commanded the respect and confidence of contending parties about him. He was a statesman of learning, a man of well-known integrity, sincere without ostentation, of lofty benevolence, and belonged to the highest type of the old English cultured Christian gentleman. As champion of the rights of the colonists, he endeavored at all times, by personal effort and wise counsel, to soften the policy of England and to accord to America, through his deep sense of justice, the privileges that the people were clamorously demanding. It would appear from the history of the times that the home government, through its incoming and outgoing ministry, failed to discern the real trend of events. But David Hartley was early in the field with a petition to parliament asking that the grievances of the colonies, then deepening in tone and growing in number, be considered, and that such legislation be immediately entered upon as those grievances severally demanded. In support of his resolution, he said : *

"For one hundred and fifty years the united colonies were left to themselves upon the fortune and caprice of private adventurers to encounter every difficulty and danger. During this period of their establishment in all the difficulties belonging separately to their situation, in all the Indian wars which did not immediately concern us, we left them to fight their own battles and to defend their own frontiers. We conquered no country for them; we purchased none; we cleared none; we drained none; nor did we make a foot of land in all the inhospitable wilderness—to which they at first retreated—habitable for them. What, then, did we do? Precisely nothing toward their support while in their state of infancy; but as they rose to be considerable by their own perseverance and by their unparalleled industry, we then began to keep watch over their increasing numbers, in order to secure the profits of their labor to ourselves; we took especial care that they should enjoy none of the advantages of a free commerce with other nations, but obliged them to receive their whole supplies from us at our own price, and upon our own terms. With regard to the great objects of commerce we permitted them to *do this* and forbid them to *do that*, just as it suited the caprice of the

* This quotation from David Hartley's eloquent speech will be read with interest, as it is almost inaccessible at the present day.

ruling powers; but at the same time, in all our acts, the interest of *this* country was the avowed object.

Now, when they have surmounted the difficulties and begin to hold up their heads, and show a distant glimpse of that empire which promises to be the foremost in the world, we claim them as property without any consideration of their own rights, and as if they had been paupers bred up by national bounty and provided for by national expense. We arrogate to ourselves the sole direction of their political economy and the sole disposal of their well-earned property.

Moreover, it ought not to be forgotten that as soon as the rapid progress they had made in cultivation had discovered the value of American plantations, and had inspired rival nations with a desire of imitating their example and emulating their vigor and their industry, and that partly by policy and partly by force the enemy began to surround the ancient settlers and encroach upon their boundaries, that then, when the common interest made their cause a common cause, and war became necessary, they then, even in the opinion of this house, bore more than their proportion in that war, and were chiefly instrumental in its success; and so sensible was parliament at the time of the zeal and the strenuous exertions of the colonists that it actually voted considerable sums by way of compensation for their liberality and service. How strange, then, must it seem to them to hear nothing down to the year 1763 but encomiums on their *active zeal and strenuous efforts*, and no longer after than 1764 to find the tide turn, and from that year to this to hear it asserted that they were a burden upon the parent state, and that at least forty millions of the national debt were contracted on their account—an assertion as void of truth as of common sense.

It was not upon their account that the war was declared. It was not their trade, but the trade of Great Britain, that was at stake. Every ship from America is bound to Great Britain; none enter American ports but British ships and British subjects. Their cargoes are your cargoes, your manufactures, your commodities; their navigators your navigators, ready upon all occasions to man your fleets and strengthen your hands against whatever power dares to declare itself your enemy. Why, then, charge them with the expense of a war in which they were only your assistants, and in the spoils of which they had no participation? In the conquest of that war they never thought of declaring to you what to keep or what to give up, little dreaming that the expenses of the military governments that were reserved were to be charged to their account."

Mr. Hartley concluded by saying that "the sincerity of his intentions

L E T T E R S
O N T H E
A M E R I C A N W A R.

A D D R E S S E D

To the Right Worshipful the Mayor and Corporation,

To the Worshipful the Wardens and Corporation

of the Trinity-House,

A N D

To the Worthy Burgeſſes

of the Town of KINGSTON UPON HULL.

By DAVID HARTLEY, Eſq;

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

For the Town of KINGSTON UPON HULL.

L O N D O N:

**PRINTED FOR ALMON, PICCADILLY; KEARSELEY, FLEET-STREET; DILLY,
BOULTRY; CRUTWELL, BATH; AND MULLET, BRISTOL.**

MDCCLXXVIII.

and his zeal to prevent the effusion of fraternal blood were his best apology."

This speech was delivered in the house of commons a few months prior to the decision of the home government to secure by force what it had expected to accomplish purely by peaceful measures. At that very hour the councils of the colonies were in session to decide upon such action as the serious attitude of affairs seemed to demand; and, although quickened by the eloquence of Henry, Lee, Randolph, and by the graceful and persuasive Otis, Pendleton, Samuel Adams, Jefferson, by the commanding Rutledge, by Richard Bland unrivalled among his contemporaries as a logician, it is doubtful whether the principles for which they were struggling and risking their lives had on either continent a more vigorous advocate than David Hartley.

In looking over the debates in parliament, covering the period between 1775 and 1779 inclusive, and subjecting them to cool and unbiased criticism, it is exceptionally remarkable that a majority was secured for so many long years capable of defeating the appeals of the colonists, and so strangely indifferent to the eloquence and energy of their English friends. David Hartley was by no means alone in opposition to the policy of the crown; amid the noise and confusion of debate, many influential voices were heard from time to time—that of Pitt, Fox, Chatham, Burke, and others—while in the house of lords America found staunch friends in Earl Grafton and Earl Richmond, Lords Rockingham and Camden. But the speeches of Hartley, and his letters on the American war, addressed to the mayor and corporation of Kingston-upon-Hull, privately printed at the time—an exceedingly rare work, with the author's autograph attached to each letter—comprehend some of the ablest and most convincing arguments of the period.

David Hartley was the descendant of a long line of scholarly and philanthropic men who were closely connected with the nobility of England. His father, Dr. David Hartley (born 1705, died 1752), was of world-wide celebrity as an author and a metaphysician. His great talents were specially directed to mental science, ethics, and theology. His work on the mind, entitled *Observations on Man*, on which his fame rests, occupied his thoughts for sixteen years. It was published in 1749. The intellectual atmosphere in which he lived, says an eminent English writer, was "that of Edmund Law, Warburton, Dr. Butler, and Jortin, who were his intimate associates and fellow-laborers, both in these fields and in that of ecclesiastical history." He was also the personal friend of Pope and Young. In person he was of medium size, fair complexion, with animated,

(32)

regiments over-running all America, that 50 or 60,000 men have been baffled for two years together; one entire army taken prisoners, the remainder retreating and besieged. Then we regret in vain, the headstrong folly of ministers, who have betrayed the unsuspecting confidence of Parliament, by their ignorance, arrogance and misrepresentations. The experiment has cost us the loss of America, with 30 or 40,000 men destroyed, and thirty or forty millions of money wasted, which even if it had procured success, would have been little better than ruin; but the final defeat after all, has brought the nation into disgrace, and has delivered us stripped of our men and money, and of our best friends and resources, in almost a defenceless state, to the ancient rivals of our prosperity and honour. These sentiments have made a deep impression upon my mind, and conduct. Zealously attached to the honour of my country, I have lamented to see it fall a sacrifice, to the gratification of an ill-judged pride. Moderation and justice, are the truest guardians of national honour.

I am,
With the greatest Respect
and Consideration,
GENTLEMEN,
Your much obliged, and
faithful humble Servant,

D. Hartley.

SODBURY,
Sept. 13, 1778.

*To the Right Worshipful the Mayor and Corporation,
To the Worshipful the Wardens and Corporation
of the Trinity-house,*

A N D

*To the Worthy Burgesses
Of the Town of KINGSTON UPON HULL.*

FAC-SIMILE OF THE CLOSING PAGE OF DAVID HARTLEY'S FIRST LETTER IN THE RARE WORK, OF WHICH NOT MORE THAN THREE COPIES ARE NOW KNOWN TO EXIST. THE TITLE-PAGE IN FAC-SIMILE APPEARS ON PRECEDING PAGE OF THIS NUMBER OF OUR MAGAZINE.

handsome, expressive features. He was polished and gay in society, eloquent in conversation, and in character singularly typical of the century in which he lived—always ready to aid and comfort others. He was a prac-



DR. DAVID HARTLEY, 1705-1752.

[From an exceedingly rare print.]

ticing physician, and is said to have "exercised the healing art with anxious and equal fidelity to the poor and to the rich." His son David, who was to become so thoroughly associated with the destinies of America, was

born at Bath, England, in 1729. He grew into a thoughtful lad, and even in his tender years was the constant companion of his studious father, who embraced every opportunity to impress upon the young mind the reality of life and the necessity of crowning it with noble aims and deeds. He was graduated from Merton college, Oxford, and afterward became senior fellow of that institution. He had determined on a professional career, but subsequent events, many of which were of political character, together with the death of his father, prompted him to relinquish this purpose and devote his time and energies indirectly to the interests of the state, and directly to the welfare of our common humanity. As he advanced to middle life, while not diminishing his efforts to ameliorate the condition of the poor and suffering within his immediate reach, he consented to serve as a member of parliament for Kingston-upon-Hull, and was promptly elected. His abilities were soon recognized. He was honored with a membership of the committee on ways and means, a position which afforded him the coveted opportunity of learning the plans of the government, and of concentrating his best thought upon the future of the American colonies.

When the suggestion was made a little earlier in the history of the country to that astute servant of the kingdom, Sir Robert Walpole, that a direct tax should be laid upon the American people, not only did *he* regard such an act as extremely hazardous, but confessed he was wanting in moral courage to give it execution, and resolved to leave the enunciation and application of such a principle to one who had less regard for the commercial interests of England. Not that the colonists were opposed to the system of taxation: what they objected to was the right of England to impose taxes without the persons paying those taxes in some way having representation. They believed that parliament derived its authority from being a representative body, and it did not represent America; they were the subjects of the king, and occupied a portion of his domain—the wilderness of the West—a domain not under the control of parliament. It was right and proper that parliament should exercise the powers of legislation and of commercial control, but it should not meddle with the question of their internal taxes. The relation the colonists felt they sustained toward Great Britain was not one of distinct national councils, but a unit in sovereignty. America had as many separate parliaments as there were states, each sovereign within its limits, and all had one king; the authority therefore of a transatlantic parliament could not possibly be admitted. Unhappily this theory had found little support in England, and still less in the minds of those bearing the burdens of the government. As

a result of antagonistic views discussion was provoked in both lands at the same time far more intemperate than the occasion required, and seemingly with no purpose on the part of the home government to give the opinions expressed by the colonists just consideration. David Hartley maintained that taxation was proper and needed for the support of a government, but to tax a people for revenue without representation was an invasion of the most sacred rights, the logical outcome of which would minister to the destruction of an empire rather than to its preservation. Consideration should likewise be shown to a people who had extended the domain of a kingdom, and invested its arms with a new and brilliant lustre. It was right that troops should find a temporary home in a new land for the preservation of its border, and if needed for the due enforcement of authority, but their pay should not be derived from the people protected when the nation at large received the benefit. Nor were commercial interests to be lost sight of; in sharing those interests the immediate participators in the same should not be set at naught. The individual life among a new people should be shared at least by a part of the people, nor be wholly drawn off and made to flow in other channels; gains and successes involving great personal sacrifice should revert in a measure to the parties making that sacrifice. The growth and development of a people did not come from unrighteous oppression, but in allowing them the exercise of the fullest action under law, and a sense of responsibility. A mother is supposed to suckle and not rob her child of its life-giving energies. Prosperity should evoke consideration, not condemnation. Liberty is inherent, not conferred. In fact, the independence of the colonies, in Mr. Hartley's opinion, seemed to be a foregone conclusion from the time that he had given their claims his careful study. His words in this connection are impressive:

"With respect to the independence of America, I call it an inevitable case, because it is generally considered as an event which would be detrimental and dishonorable to this country. My own opinion is far otherwise. I think the friendship of America, which is now the rising world, and which will in a few short years be multiplied a hundred-fold, would be of infinite recompense in exchange for an irksome dominion, onerous to them, barren to us by our haughty and supercilious conduct, which will only bring us defeat and disgrace. If, instead of a suspicious and selfish system of administration toward our colonies, we had from the first taken them by the hand to lead them with paternal affection to natural greatness and independence, at the time of their maturity we should have fixed the hearts of America to ourselves forever. What have we now before us but

the prospect of defeat in the attempt to fix an irksome dominion perpetually upon them, with the loss of their affections, and of all those peculiar advantages which this country alone of all European states has derived from free and flourishing colonies, which would have been daily growing in magnitude and importance, in proportion to their boundless increase in the new world."

In an address to his constituents, who had become uneasy under the state of affairs, and many of whom had given moral support to the home government, he arraigned the ministry in the following terms:

"What crimes had America been guilty of? They had been condemned unheard, all their civil rights had been subordinated, their judges had been pensioned during pleasure, their juries had been garbled, the free debates of their assemblies had been controlled, their charters had been confiscated, their property had been taken from them. They had presumed to represent their grievances and to crave redress by their petitions. When all these addresses and petitions were rejected unheard, and they were attacked by force of arms, they did likewise presume according to the first law of nature to resist in their defense."

In a subsequent address, as more fully explanatory of his position, he remarked: "I beg to explain for myself, that in the very beginning of these troubles the question which influenced my conduct was the consideration of the injustice of the foundation of the war on the part of this country. I did, and do still, and ever shall, believe it to be unjust and contrary to the principles of the British Constitution to tax unrepresented colonies in a British parliament, who are to save the money of their constituents and of themselves in proportion as they tax those who are unrepresented; and this moreover without any consideration of the then existing monopoly of the American trade, which stood in the place of taxation and was a full equivalent. I say this because I would not have my denial of the fact attended with a long series of proofs, together with some apparent industry in the investigation, to imply on my part an admission of the criminality of the charge had it been true."

Lord Camden in 1776 laid before the house of lords a petition praying that it adopt such measures for the healing of the present unhappy dispute which had now grown to violence. Mr. Hartley in referring to that resolution observed: "I think if any one fact can more unequivocally bring to test the vindictive, relentless, and inexorable spirit which dictated the sanguinary measures of administration against America, it is the non-compliance with a proposition so equitable as this was. The refusal was the clearest declaration for unconditional submission or no peace. It is

that vindictive spirit which condemns without trial, confiscates their public charters and private property unheard, rejects their petitions and remonstrances, contemns their offers of peace and constitutional dependence, sends an army of fifty thousand men to cut their throats, with negroes and savages to assassinate and murder them. It is that vindictive spirit which, devoid of every human feeling due to fellow-creatures as well as to subjects, will not even deign to tell them what submission it is that is required of them."

Did America in the formative period of her government have a better friend or a more determined advocate? In the month of May, 1777, he drew up a petition to the king pleading with his fellow commoners to "make a gift of independence to the Americans, and the immediate suppression of hostilities." Both the ministry and the commons, however, remained deaf to this appeal. Among other expressions on this memorable occasion, the following is to the point: "The ministry give what garbled evidence they please, they suppress evidence likewise at their discretion. If any documents are moved which might be explanatory of the views, tempers, forces, connections, public proceedings, numbers, and disposition of the persons discontented and in arms, any such motion is sure of meeting with a negative. If a hint is dropped that the Americans are cowards, that they are wretched and helpless, that they are discontented with their leaders, that two or three regiments would subdue the whole country, that the king's standard once being set up the whole body of the people would fly to it, or any other of the many fallacies which have led us into disappointment and disgrace, a confident majority would not brook any doubt." At a later date Mr. Hartley said: "What restitution shall now be thought due to America for all the blood of theirs which ministers have cruelly and wantonly shed, and for all the devastation which they have committed to the utmost stretch of indignant fury! If the magnanimity and the justice of the British nation be not extinguished; if the agonies of childless parents, the desolation of widows, and tears of orphans can touch the feelings of their heart; if the bitter woes of cruel and unmerited injuries committed upon the defendants of their own blood can move them to vindicate the violated rights of humanity against the devices of wicked ministers and cruel counsellors; if the ties of common interest and consanguinity were ever dear to them, or if the renewal of friendships and fraternal affection be still grateful to their hearts, hear the last and just appeal of America."

The speeches of Mr. Hartley during this troublesome period, troublesome alike to the colonists as to the parent government, abound in similar

expressions and are colored with the same inflexible courage. While the war proceeded, few questions of more importance came before both governments than the exchange of prisoners taken upon the high seas. Early in 1777 England was informed by the continental commission that more than one hundred British seamen prisoners were under their control, and sought to know whether an exchange could be agreed upon, the more so as many of the Americans taken by his Majesty's forces were suffering treatment inconsistent with the rules of war. Lord Stormont replied to the commission, "The king's ambassador receives no application from rebels unless they come to implore his Majesty's mercy." With true American spirit, this reply was returned to Lord Stormont as an indecent paper, and for mature consideration.

The theory advanced by the English government was that American sailors were not held by them as prisoners-of-war, but every one of them was confined upon a writ, issued by a magistrate, for high treason. This problem was attended with severe difficulties on the part of the colonies, from want of ships to confine captives, and the unwillingness of France to lodge them on her shores. Later, France granted this privilege, to the inexpressible relief and happiness both of the colonial government and the unfortunate prisoners. As these prisoners numbered about one thousand, and were giving the government of France some uneasiness, Franklin, then within her borders, wrote to Mr. Hartley stating, with some warmth, their plight, and asking "if he would not take into his hands the distribution, among those who needed it most, of a sum of money, or, failing that, if he could not engage somebody else to do so." With characteristic promptness and energy, Mr. Hartley entered upon this service, and wrote to Dr. Franklin in reply on Christmas day (1777), as follows:

"A correspondence set on foot with a view of procuring relief to the unfortunate prisoners on each side, and of setting a new example of benevolence to the world—to civilize even the laws of war when the case will admit—is not only irreproachable, but stands in the highest degree of humanity and merit. Such a proposition recommends itself to a reception with a double share of goodness and alacrity, not only for the humanity of the immediate objects, the softening the rigors of captivity, but likewise for the further and more enlarged view of consequences, introducing one act of communication between this country and America which shall not be a matter of exasperation. Mutual acts of generosity and benevolence may soften animosities, and, by disposing the respective parties to a favorable opinion of each other, may contribute to bring forward some reasonable plan of accommodation. Upon these views and principles, I

have made application to Lord North, that the two parties shall mutually send or employ a commissioner to take care of the unfortunate prisoners. I did my endeavor to recommend it to government as a national act of generosity and liberality, to be avowed as such in preference to any private subscription for their relief, however large or munificent, from a full conviction (whatever may be the fate of war) that acts of national kindness and generosity alone can make any impression on the heart of America. I am now expecting with anxiety the event of my application, which I will subjoin to this so soon as I receive it."

A full year passed before anything was practically done by which the parties interested obtained the desired relief. In the meantime Mr. Hartley visited Paris with the idea of talking with Dr. Franklin on the topic of peace, when he assured him he had the most serious hope that the efforts which he had made in behalf of America's prisoners would prevail.

A few months after his return to England he wrote thus to Dr. Franklin:

"June 5, 1778.

I hope we shall at length get forward with our exchange of the poor prisoners which has been so many months in negotiation. I am authorized by the administration and the board of admiralty to make the following proposition: That you send to me the number and rank of the prisoners which you have on your side to deliver, upon which an equal number shall be prepared for the exchange on this side. It proposed that each party shall send their prisoners to Calais, and there the exchange be made. Be so good as to send me your answer upon this proposition, which I will lay before the board of admiralty, and will contribute all that is in my power to facilitate the exchange."

This correspondence between Hartley and Franklin is most interesting not only as a matter of history, but in revealing the great sympathy and tenderness cherished by these two distinguished philanthropists for the oppressed and unfortunate of both nationalities. That the hopes of both, though greatly retarded, were fully realized, the following letter of Dr. Franklin to Mr. Hartley plainly records: "The first cargo of prisoners is arrived and exchanged. . . . Accept my thanks for your unwearied pains in this affair. Let me know if you can whether it is intended to send another hundred immediately. . . . In this case I should assemble from the different prisons those who are to be returned for them, that the cartel ship may find them ready and not be obliged to wait for them. We have still a great number in Spain."

After the defeat of Burgoyne and during the negotiations for the French treaty, concluding that now a favorable hour had arrived for granting to America what she had so frequently demanded, Hartley wrote further to Dr. Franklin, asking whether the moment had not come for the colonies to make some specific proposition to parliament, with assurances appended to the same that they should be carried out. Even if preliminaries could be entered upon sufficient to warrant the suspension of hostilities, he believed that there was such a lurking affection between the two nations as would result in overtures of peace and reconciliation. He felt also that if such a purpose was secretly made known, if not advanced enough for publicity, nothing but good would be the fruit thereof. When subsequently Lord North brought in two bills (February 17, 1778), one declaratory regarding taxation, and the other appointing commissioners with considerable powers to treat with congress the provincial assemblies, Washington and others, the scheme was received with jeers from the opposition, and with surprise and dejection even by Lord North's own supporters. Mr. Hartley seized the opportunity, however, to enter upon a new correspondence with Franklin. He writes:

"I told you that better times would come. They are come. . . . I hardly can describe to you the substance of what passed in the house of commons last night. Lord North came before the house in explanation of his proposition, in which he has done justice to those dispositions for peace and for a settlement of America.

If the bill corresponds to what has been announced it will give full powers to the commissioners for a cessation of hostilities, treaty, peace and perpetual union with America. . . . He gave me full assurance that I shall not be interrupted in any correspondence with you. He told me that I could not serve my country more essentially than by cultivating every intercourse which might forward peace. He expressed his full approbation of my going to Paris to have a conference with you. I am confident that peace is now practicable."

As a result of this correspondence, and still having uppermost in his mind the interests of the colonies, Mr. Hartley visited Dr. Franklin. Among other matters discussed, Dr. Franklin was asked whether America, to obtain peace, would grant superior advantage to Great Britain, and enter into an alliance offensive and defensive; also, in case of war against France, would America ally with England? On Mr. Hartley's return to London for further official advice, he formulated a proposition under six heads and submitted it to Dr. Franklin for consideration. Proposition first was to withdraw all the fleets and armies; second, to proclaim

a cessation of all hostilities both by sea and land for five years; third, all prisoners on either side to be discharged immediately; fourth, a free and open trade to be established without any molestation on either side whatever; fifth, all mutual intercourse and mutual nationalization to be restored as formerly between Great Britain and North America; and lastly, a treaty of peace, alliance, and commerce to be negotiated between the two countries. For valid reasons Dr. Franklin declined the above propositions, bade for the time a most affectionate adieu to Mr. Hartley, and awaited for terms more in consonance with what he believed America, and not what England, might propose.

During the early months of 1782, when there was much skirmishing by the English government in relation to a contemplated peace with America, Hartley and Franklin were in constant correspondence. The following letter from Franklin, in possession of the Hartley family, is of interest:

"Passy, Sept. 8, 1782.

My Dear Friend:

I wrote you this morning, enclosing three letters for friends in England. If you have not yet started I know that you will be gratified to hear that his Majesty's ultimate instructions, of which I have been in possession some days, but just now is a secret, are most favorable for peace.

The 4th article reads, in case you find the American commissioners not at liberty to treat on any terms short of Independence, you are to declare to them you have authority to make that concession. To so sincere a lover of mankind, this to *you* will indeed be gratifying news.

With esteem and affection, I am, my dear friend,

Ever yours,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

David Hartley, Esq. M. P."

October, 1782, was finally devoted to the subject in earnest, and at the request of Franklin, Jay drew up the articles of peace. Several months were consumed in negotiating the "preliminaries." The provisional treaty was signed in January, 1783, by the ministers of the three nations—France, England, and Spain—and the American commissioners.

A definite treaty between Great Britain and America was now in order, and it is not surprising that David Hartley should have been selected by his sovereign to conclude the negotiations on the part of Great Britain, and consummate the final triumph which his own persistent efforts had contributed so largely to accomplish. Fox wrote to Franklin, April 19,

1783, that Hartley had "the full and entire confidence of his Majesty's ministers upon the subject of the mission." His appointment was most acceptable to all parties. John Adams said "Hartley's commission under the king's own hand was very magnificent." It bore the great seal in a silver box, the king's arms engraven on it, and ornamented with two huge golden tassels. He presented it to the American commission, assembled in Mr. Adams's rooms in Paris, May 19, 1783.

For three months the representatives of the two nations worked diligently—the new empire, comprehending territory greater than that of all Europe, must necessarily have time to adjust a commercial system of its own. The final action of all the courts and nations waited on the issue of America's negotiations with England. About the middle of August Hartley received definite instructions from his court, and when France and Spain had, on the 29th of the same month, declared their preparations complete, the arrangements were made for the Americans to assemble in Mr. Hartley's apartments, and the definitive treaty of peace was signed by Mr. Hartley, John Adams, Dr. Franklin, and John Jay, on the 3d of September. What this important treaty involves, the rights and privileges it confers, and the principle it acknowledges, are well known to every informed student of general history. It should ever be remembered in this connection that, on the ratification of this treaty, not only was America preserved from the designs of neighbors who coveted her domain, but saved also from the necessity of seeking foreign alliances for safety, and left absolutely free to form and perfect such a national government as her peculiar conditions required, and whatever the wisdom of her people might be able to suggest.

Mr. Hartley's sagacity, zeal, and unflinching devotion to the rights of conscience and of liberty were greatly appreciated by the American commissioners. Franklin wrote him just before facing the perils of his homeward voyage:

"Passy, July 5, 1785.

To David Hartley, Esq., M.P.

I cannot quit the coast of Europe without taking leave of my ever dear friend Mr. Hartley. We were long fellow labourers in the best of all works, the work of peace. I leave you still in the field, but having finished my day's task I am going home to *go to bed*: wish me a good night's rest as I do you a pleasant evening. Adieu! and believe me as ever yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN
in his 80th Year."

On the 27th of October, 1785, Franklin wrote to Mr. Hartley from his Philadelphia home, acknowledging a gift, saying: "I received from Havre de Grace six copies of your print, which I have brought with me hither. I shall send one to Mr. Jay, and give the others among some friends who esteem and respect you as I do."

These six large mezzotint prints were engraved after the painting by Romney, which represents Hartley seated by a table, on which lies the definitive treaty of peace, his right hand resting near the scroll, in the background the pen and ink with which he is about to write his autograph; from one of these prints, in possession of the writer, the portrait is made which accompanies this article—as the frontispiece to the magazine.

Mr. Hartley's friendship and admiration for Mr. Jay, with whom he was frequently in correspondence respecting American affairs, were most cordial and enduring, of which the following letter is an illustration:

"London, March 2d, 1784.

My dear Sir:

I return you my best thanks for your much esteemed favor of 22d of February last and particularly for those very friendly sentiments which you are so good as to express towards me. I assure you that similar sentiments are most sincerely reciprocal on my part. Your public and private conduct has impressed me with unalterable esteem for you as a public and private friend. I shall be very sorry to be deprived of any opportunity of seeing you before your departure for America, but I am in hopes that your ratifications may arrive time enough to give me an opportunity of exchanging the British ratifications with you personally as well as with our other friends. The real pleasure it would give me to see you again before your departure is an additional motive of anxiety to me to wish the speedy arrival of the American ratification. Upon the earliest notice of such arrival I shall immediately apply for the dispatch of our ratification: if I should not have the good fortune to see you again I hope you will always think of me as eternally and unalterably attached to the principles of renewing and establishing the most intimate connexion of amity, intercourse and alliance between our two countries.

I presume that the subject of American intercourse will soon be resumed in parliament as the term of the present act approaches to its expiration. The resumption of this subject in parliament will probably give ground to some specific negotiation—you know my sentiments already. As to the little matters of money which you mention in your letter I will take and settle them. I thank you for your enquiries concerning my

sister. She continues much in the same way as when you were at Bath—that is to say as we hope in a fair way of final recovery though very slowly. My brother is very well and returns you thanks for your obliging remembrance of him: he joins with me in sincere good wishes to yourself and family and to the renovation of all those ties of consanguinity and friendship which have for ages been interwoven between our respective countries.

I am, Dear Sir, your very sincere

& obliged friend D. HARTLEY.

P. S. I beg my particular compliments & good wishes may be expressed for me to Mrs. Jay, and for all her present and future connexions and concerns in life, & to our venerable old friend Moses."

During the public life of Mr. Hartley the horrors of the African slave traffic awakened attention in England, and many philanthropists were engaged in trying to solve the problem of how to check its progress. In later days some of them saw the reward of their efforts and the fulfillment of their highest hopes. But what Wilberforce and even Pitt and Brougham debated and enforced with imperishable words, Mr. Hartley originated. He was the first to move in the house of commons that the African slave-trade be abolished, "as a violation of the laws of God and the rights of man," and the fire which he kindled has never died out. Freedom is Heaven's gift to man, the inheritance of the race, and sooner or later all people, of whatever zone or nationality, shall know its blessings. Mr. Hartley was an untiring student of the sciences, and wrote several works of importance, of which "*An account of some experiments made with plate, the description of the manner of application, and an estimate of the expense,*" was published in 1776, and "*An account of the method of securing buildings and ships against fire, as presented to his Majesty,*" arrested the attention both of the government and the public, and led to the formation of measures friendly to safety and human life. In similar studies and philosophic investigations he devoted the closing years of his life. He died at Bath in 1813, aged eighty-four.

Mr. Hartley was a large, fine-looking man, of imposing presence, amiable, gentle, dignified, and of courtly and pleasing address. His long fellowship with the eminence, erudition, and statesmanship of his day rendered him an exceptionally agreeable companion. While corresponding with Franklin in the early part of their acquaintance, in his efforts to prevent a needless war, John Adams went so far as to intimate that he was simply an English spy, and cautioned the American commissioners against communication

with him. Nothing that he ever did, however, justified any such suspicion. While loyal to his government, and anxious and proud wheresoever its influence became extended, he would never purchase such desirable attainments by any form of duplicity. Falsehood and deception may have their missions, but in his judgment not even a kingdom should be secured by a wrong. Truth was no mean pillar in holding up the world. His convictions were always deeply grounded, and the product of generous, pure, and conscientious thought.

The happiness and prosperity of our common humanity were the most potent factors in his creed. In one special feature he was distinguished above all his contemporaries who supported or controverted his views—that was in the melody of his voice: amid the excitement of debate and throes of feeling, he never forgot that words were as fully entitled to a rich garb and musical utterance as when speaking on milder and less important occasions. In this respect he challenged the admiration of his foes as forcibly as he won the applause of his friends. In his charities he was liberal, discriminating, and systematic, and he rejoiced when any cause involving true benevolence was brought to his notice. His sympathies were always on the side of the oppressed, and he labored with enthusiasm wherever any great and permanent good was likely to be accomplished, and in every field of endeavor he was preëminently loyal to his convictions. Under the principles which he so heroically avowed in parliamentary halls America has indeed become what he predicted—"the Rising World."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Joseph M. Hartley". The signature is written in dark ink and features a large, sweeping flourish at the end.

THE INSTITUTION OF THANKSGIVING DAY, 1623

GROWTH OF BOSTON ANTICIPATED

As "Thanksgiving" has now become a national festival, the manner in which it was first instituted has a peculiar interest. In the autumn of 1623, after the fruits of the harvest were gathered in, Governor Bradford sent out a company for game, to furnish dainty materials for a feast. God had blessed their labors, and this was to be a feast of thanksgiving. So they met together and thanked God with all their hearts for the good world and the good things in it.*

The Puritans felt the vast importance of sacred things, and were strenuous in carrying out their principles. They were careful to leave off labor at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon to prepare for the Sabbath. They went to church, heard sermons twice a day, each two hours long, heard prayers and sang psalms of proportionate length, and enjoyed it. The tithing-man passed round with his staff of office, on the one end of which was a brass ball, on the other a tuft of feathers: with the former he tapped the heads of the men who fell asleep during the sermon; with the latter he gently tickled the faces of the drowsy women.

They were not (in 1645) so democratic as to make no distinctions in social life. The term "gentleman" was seldom used; the well-born and the well-bred by courtesy received the title of *Mr.*, while the common folk were dignified with that of *Goodman* or *Goody*. These titles were sometimes taken away by the court as a punishment. It is recorded that *Mr.* Josias Plaistow robbed an Indian of corn, for which he was sentenced to lose his title of *Mr.*, and thenceforth to be known only as *Josias*. Their luxuries were few indeed, but the women prized none more highly than that of *tea*. In those days it was customary for them to carry their own china cup and saucer and spoon to visiting parties. To be the possessor of a "tea equipage of silver," was deemed a worldly desire, to be sure, but not of an objectionable kind; it was commendable.

The people were prosperous. Industry and self-denial had wrought wonders. Says an enthusiastic chronicler of the times: "The Lord hath been pleased to turn all the wigwams, huts, and hovels the English dwelt

* From the excellent *Concise History of the American People*, by Jacob Harris Patton, A.M., Ph.D., published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

in at their first coming, into orderly, fair, and well-built houses, well furnished many of them, with orchards filled with goodly fruit-trees, and garden flowers." The people had numerous cattle and herds of sheep and swine, and plenty of poultry; their fields produced an abundance of wheat, rye, oats, barley, and Indian corn; and they could furnish fish, lumber, and many commodities for export. "This poor wilderness hath equalized England in food, and goes beyond it for the plenty of wine; and apples, pears, quince-tarts, instead of their former pumpkin pies. Good white and wheaten bread is no dainty; the poorest person in the country hath a house and land of his own, and bread of his own growing—if not some cattle."

These good things were not obtained without labor. Of the thirty-two trades carried on, the most successful were those of the coopers, tanners, shoemakers, and ship-builders. "Many fair ships and lesser vessels, barques, and ketches were built." Thus the chronicler anticipates the growth of Boston, which, "of a poor country village, is become like unto a small city; its buildings beautiful and large—some fairly set with brick, tile, stone, and slate—orderly placed, with comely streets, whose continual enlargement presageth some sumptuous city." They had their soldiers, too, and a "very gallant horse troop," each one of which had by him "powder, bullets, and match." Their enemies were graciously warned that these soldiers "were all experienced in the deliverances of the Lord from the mouth of the lion and the paw of the bear."

Though there has been associated with these colonists a certain austere manner, chilling the heart of cheerfulness, yet let it not be forgotten they had their innocent pleasure parties, especially when the neighbors joined to aid each other in harvest-time or in house-raising. The farmers and their families were accustomed to go in groups at least once a year to spend a season at the sea-shore and supply themselves with salt and fish. They usually went at the close of harvest, when the weather was suitable for camping out. If they rejected the festival of *Christmas* as a "relic of Popery," they instituted *Thanksgiving*, and enjoyed it with as much relish as the entire nation does to-day.

Jacob Harris Patton

LA SALLE'S HOMESTEAD AT LACHINE

Where is that block of four hundred and twenty acres of land on the lower Lachine road, reserved in 1666 by Robert Cavelier Sieur de la Salle as a homestead for himself? *

Samuel de Champlain established while governor of French Canada, between the years 1609 and 1615, three fur trading posts; one at Tadousac, one at Three Rivers, the other at the head of the Lachine rapids, the old Sault St. Louis, which for nearly fifty years was the most important trading post in the whole colony. This was about thirty years before the foundation in 1642 of Montreal by Maisonneuve, and fully fifty years before the appearance of La Salle at Lachine. The post established by Champlain at the head of the rapids was built upon the present Fraser homestead farm, on the exact site where the ruins of Fort Cuillerier may now be seen, ruins which have been often designated as those of La Salle's home. Close by stood the old English king's posts, the most celebrated military point in Canada during the war of 1812, the transferring post of navigation prior to the building of the Lachine canal. Every British soldier, every British regiment sailed westward in bateaux from this post and returned here at the end of the war. A full account of the post and of all the buildings about it at the time of its evacuation in 1826, was given in my *Sixth Summer Morning Walk around Montreal*.

The writer is one of the very few now living who can recall and picture in its almost primeval beauty the shore of the St. Lawrence river from the foot of the La Salle common to the Windmill point. The scene within these two short miles embraces the La Salle common of 1666, the English king's posts of 1812, the intended homestead of La Salle, the ruins of Fort Cuillerier built on the site of Champlain's fur trading post of 1615, the old Penner farm, the St. Lawrence bridge, and the present novitiate of the Fathers Oblats built on the spot on which Fort Remy of 1689 stood—within the ground of the palisaded village of old Lachine laid out by La Salle in 1666. There is not another historic two miles on the whole river front of the noble St. Lawrence from Gaspe to Kingston to compare with this in its interesting places connected with the early history of Canada.

* The priests of the seminary of St. Sulpice, feudal owners of the island of Montreal, granted La Salle a tract of land at an exposed and dangerous place, to which, in mockery of his schemes, was afterward given the nickname of Lachine. These schemes involved no less than the discovery of a way to China across the American continent.—EDITOR.

All Canadian readers, and others who take an interest in La Salle, will be pleased to know that in placing before the public an account of this property in 1884 I offered the site for a monument, still open to public acceptance. Canadians should bestir themselves and do something worthy the memory of so great a man, the brightest figure either in Canadian or American history. Lachine is the only place in Canada in which he had a home. Two and a quarter centuries ago this Frenchman, then an adventurous youth, left Lachine in his bark canoe on a romantic voyage of discovery. He traversed, or rather coasted, all our great inland lakes, traveled through dense forests untrod by civilized man, sailed down turbulent and unknown rivers, even reaching the mouth of the grand Mississippi. Where does history exhibit another such a character? Canada should be proud to do honor to her La Salle, and Canadians should vie with each other in paying a tribute of respect to his memory. Truly La Salle has left his footprints on the sands of Canada. Will Canadians allow them to be blotted out?

La Salle, it is true, needs no monument along our river. No storied urn, no animated bust, to perpetuate or transmit to future generations the great deeds of his life. This whole northern continent of America, boundless and vast, bears unmistakable traces of his travels. His discoveries and explorations were all made in the interest of old France, the land of his birth, the country he loved. Therefore, so long as the noble St. Lawrence winds its course seaward and our great inland lakes exist as feeders thereof, or the great and broad Mississippi rolls its mighty waters to the main, these river banks and lake shores, if all else were mute, will silently testify to the memory of that youthful hero.

Scotchmen above all men are jealous of family traditions, holding them nearly as sacred as Holy Writ. When this homestead came into the possession of my grandfather in 1814, the interesting tradition was handed down to him through the former French occupants, the Cuilleriers, the Lapromenades, and others, that on the exact site where then stood in 1814, and still stand the ruins of Fort Cuillerier, was Champlain's fur trading post of 1615, and that the three farms of the present Fraser estate, having a frontage on the lower Lachine road of nine acres by a depth of forty-six and two-third acres, a block of four hundred and twenty acres of land bordering and adjoining the La Salle common of two hundred acres, was the veritable four hundred and twenty acres reserved in 1666 by La Salle as a homestead for himself. These three farms of the present Fraser estate are still intact, the common adjoining them is still well known, and the ruins of Fort Cuillerier built on the site of Champlain's fur post exist to

mark the spot. I maintain that these farms comprise the actual block of land selected by La Salle. No other on the road named between the eastern boundary of the old English king's post and the present Windmill has any pretensions to being called La Salle's intended homestead, except this one particular block. It is not to be supposed La Salle lived altogether at his intended homestead during his short residence in Canada of three years. He was preparing it for a permanent home, and dwelt part of his time in a log house in his palisaded village, a fifteen minutes' walk distant, or thereabouts. Our best authority on Canadian history, particularly on old French Canada, is Parkman. He says, "La Salle set apart a common two hundred arpents in extent, for the use of the settlers, on condition of the payment by each of five sous a year. He reserved four hundred and twenty arpents for his own personal domain. He had traced out the circuit of a palisaded village and assigned to each settler half an arpent, or about the third of an acre, within the enclosure." These facts cannot be disputed; the reserved homestead must have been as well-known to La Salle himself as the common ground is now publicly known, and to a man of La Salle's taste for the beautiful, what more attractive spot could he have chosen? Here, be it remembered, was a trading post fifty years old, and the most important one on the continent.

Between the years 1673 and 1676 Cuillerier converted the old fur post into a fort constructed of wood, and later on, between 1689 and 1713, the present stone building was constructed and used as a trading post by the Cuilleriers. At this important place in 1689 Vaudreuil on his return from the scene of the massacre of Lachine rested with his five hundred men before going to Montreal. Imagination fondly stoops to trace the picture of those far-off days nearly three centuries ago, when Champlain stood at the foot of the present Fraser hill, at the head of that once beautiful little bay—now destroyed by the water works' basin—which stretched down to the eastern boundary of the English king's posts, and was the first smooth water from which a canoe could shoot out to reach the channel of the river above the rapids. We see him surrounded by his escort band of wild Iroquois, their canoes hauled up on the quiet shore beneath the shade of the far-spreading primeval elms, ready to embark, to sail down the Lachine rapids. There was not a foundation stone then laid in this now great city of Montreal. The novelty and the excitement of the perilous voyage must have made him oblivious to its danger.

La Salle was seigneur of Lachine and the founder of the palisaded village consisting of fourteen acres, seven acres front by two deep, between the present crossroad and the windmill. To this village he transferred

the fur-trading business from Champlain's old fur post. But from all we can gather it does not appear that La Salle was a man of business or of trade. Jean Millot, a trader of Ville Marie, Montreal, was the leading spirit and afterwards purchased La Salle's rights to the village. It is a curious fact that after La Salle departed and the attempt by Millot to establish the fur trade in the palisaded village had failed, Cuillerier arrived and re-established the business at Champlain's old post, and the Cuilleriers and their successors carried it on for nearly a century. There is not now, and there has not been for the past hundred years, a vestige remaining of the "palisaded village" of 1666; buildings and palisades were all constructed of wood, and have long ago crumbled and mingled with the dust of ages.

Who planted those almost giant pear-trees, said to have been two hundred years old in 1814, when my grandfather took possession of this old homestead? How old were they in La Salle's day, and did he partake of their fruit? They must have been planted by the people in charge of Champlain's trading post long before the days of the Cuilleriers. I can easily mark the spots on which fifty-two of these trees stood in my young years. One was so large and so open in the heart that the largest man on the farm could stand upright inside of it. I have never since seen elsewhere such pears—French pears—as that tree bore. They ripened about the middle of August, and the *pomme gries* were double the size of any now produced; the *famues*, and the *Bourasa* with its leather-like skin, were a treat in midwinter; and the *bon Chretien* pear was delicious.

During my grandfather's lifetime, as well as my father's, this old home was known to every Highlander in Canada and the far north. It was the resort of the Scotch gentlemen of the Hudson Bay company; and the Simpsons, the Raes, Mackenzies, Mackays, Keiths, Rowands, and McTavishes, for some years during my mother's life used to walk down to the old homestead on a Sunday afternoon, after service in the Scotch kirk, to enjoy a real Highland treat of "curds and cream and oaten bread," with pears and apples in season. And the young gentlemen could there expatiate freely over the scenes of their early homes in the Highlands of Scotland, in their own mother tongue, the Gaelic. My mother was courteous to them because she had a brother, Paul Fraser, serving in the northwest, who afterwards became a chief factor in the Hudson Bay company. The Highlanders of Glengarry made this their stopping-place when they came down to Montreal in winter-time with their sleigh-loads of butter and pork. I have seen six double sleighs arrive at once. The men would leave their loads until they found sale for them in Montreal, then drive in and

deliver the goods. There was always plenty of food for man and beast, with a true Highland welcome. Such were the grand old days of Canadian hospitality. Captain Allan, the father of all the Allans and the founder of the Allan's line of steamers, for several years paid annual visits to the old Fraser home, obtaining his supplies of *pomme gries*, which he carried to Glasgow, then to the West Indies, back again to Glasgow, and to Montreal the following spring, the apples keeping quite sound. Few people are now living who saw that antique homestead before the west end kitchen addition was built in 1829, with its "Normandy stairway" (outside) and its old French window, or door, opening into the flower garden and pear orchard. The old "slave house" stood within thirty feet, to the west of the house; and the stone building now used as a barn, standing behind the house, was a mystery to all visitors, as it had gun-holes on the front, rear, and sides. It was formerly a storehouse we suppose, but why the gun-holes? There were remains of palisades behind that old building, which ran down to the rear of the ruins of Fort Cuillerier. The front of the farm, three acres by two in depth, must have been palisaded in 1689, when Vaudreuil encamped there with his five hundred men the night after the massacre of Lachine. The old stone wall, ten feet high, three acres in front by four deep, seems to have been built in the days of the Cuilleriers.

The writer is preparing, after an absence of nearly fifty years, to return to the old homestead, to seek shelter within its antiquated walls, to live under the shadow of its far-spreading ancestral elms, and to watch over the growth of a promising young pear orchard, as the exiled Acadians of old returned to live and die amid the scenes of their young days upon the shores of the Basin of Minas.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Fraser". The signature is written in dark ink and features a prominent, sweeping underline that extends across the width of the name.

A TYPICAL OLD-TIME MINISTER

REV. BENJAMIN TAPPAN, 1720-1790

The Puritan minister was a marked man in his day and generation. There was about him something of that "divinity that doth hedge a king." He was the centre not only of the religious but of the intellectual and educational influences of the neighborhood. Distinguished from his fellow-citizens by a clerical garb, and usually characterized by a dignified not to say somewhat austere bearing, he was universally respected, and by many, more especially of the younger sort, held in something like awe.

The ministers of the Puritan churches were required to be college-educated men, and were thus placed at quite a remove from the major part of the community in an age when opportunities even of a common-school education were limited. They were often, too, men of wealthy or aristocratic connections, and generally persons of weight of character. Their position in the community, their influence in public affairs, and their life-long term of settlement served to make them a distinct class, especially in the country towns. Accustomed to a deference which it is almost impossible for us to conceive, it is no wonder if their manners seemed sometimes haughty and repellent, except with equals or near friends.* They were men, however, almost without exception, who did honor to their profession by their studious, frugal, exemplary lives. As a rule, they were

"The support and ornament of virtue's cause."

If here and there one found entrance into the ministry whose abilities were below mediocrity, there were others, like Thomas Shepard of Cambridge and Nathaniel Ward of Agawam, whose scholarship was known and recognized not only throughout the colonies but in the mother country, and who were the peers of jurists and statesmen. On the whole, the Puritan ministry was entitled to the veneration which was accorded it.

* *Memoir of the Rev. Samuel Hidden, Tamworth, N. H., ord. 1792.* "At one time, going to Ossipee to preach, he passed some men laboring near the roadside. They saw him passing, and took off their hats in token of respect. One man, however, did not observe him until he had passed beyond him. He felt that he had offered an indignity to the man of God. Observing Mr. Hidden to stop some ways beyond to converse with a stranger, he ran along the field beyond him, and there busied himself until he should pass by. Soon he rode up, and the man made a most respectful bow, 'hat in hand.'"

The Rev. Benjamin Tappan of Manchester, Essex county, Massachusetts, whose ministry of forty-five years closed by his death one hundred years ago, was a good representative of the best type of a Puritan clergyman. He was the son of Samuel Toppan of Newbury, Massachusetts, born in 1720.* He was graduated from Harvard college when it was a veritable "school of the prophets," in 1742, settled at Manchester as successor to Rev. Ames Cheever, December 11, 1745, and died May 6, 1790.† As in all similar instances in that province at the time, and for many years afterward, Mr. Tappan was called and settled by vote of the town. The time of the separation of church and state in Massachusetts was still far in the future. The town called the minister, voted his salary, built the meeting-house and parsonage, set apart ministerial lands, made arrangements for ordinations, even to the supply of rum deemed necessary on such occasions—in short, transacted all the business involved in ecclesiastical relations that was afterward transferred to the parish. The ministerial tax was levied on the taxable property, irrespective of creed or religious preference.

Mr. Tappan's relations to the church and town appear to have been cordial throughout his ministry. As a mark of confidence and esteem, he was voted for three successive years a gift in addition to his salary, amounting in 1769 to £46. The records show a mingled dignity and consideration on the part of both pastor and people.

As Mr. Tappan's ministry covered the troublous period of the Revolution, with many years before and after, when the country was in an extremely depressed financial condition, it is not surprising to learn that at one time the impoverished people were unable to pay the stipulated salary. To the credit of the minister, we are told that "he maintained uninterruptedly and with faithfulness the ministrations of his pastoral duties." Such a course must have strengthened the ties that united pastor and people in those "times that tried men's souls."

His theology was evidently of the type generally prevalent in the "standing order" in New England in the latter half of the eighteenth century. He appears to have belonged to the more conservative school. As none of his sermons are extant, all that is known must be a matter of inference. About 1760 a controversy arose between Mr. Tappan and

* Thus the name is spelled on the records until altered by Benjamin Tappan. Samuel was grandson of Abraham Toppan, who came from Yarmouth, England, to Newbury in 1637, and died in 1672. He married a daughter of the celebrated Rev. Michael Wigglesworth of Malden, the author of a lugubrious poem on "The Last Day."

† The original documents respecting the call, now yellow and worn with age, are in the possession of a great-grandson, Mr. William H. Tappan of Manchester.

Rev. John Cleaveland of Chebacco,* which has left its record in some correspondence, preserved in a rare tract written by Mr. Cleaveland, and entitled after the manner of the time, "A Plain Narrative," etc. Boston, 1767.† The case in brief was this: Some persons in Manchester, among them the celebrated Edward Lee, "the apostolic fisherman," had for some time been attending Mr. Cleaveland's ministry, alleging that Mr. Tappan's preaching was Arminian. Some had gone so far as to join the church in Chebacco, a grave offense in the eyes of our fathers, who considered the parish a kind of ecclesiastical preserve to be jealously guarded against ministerial and other poachers. Mr. Tappan, moreover, was one of the New England ministers who were not in sympathy with Whitefield and what were known as the "new measures," while Mr. Cleaveland was an ardent supporter of the revival movement. Mr. Tappan complained of the interference, as he considered it, with his rights as minister of Manchester, and it seemed likely for a time that a serious and lasting strife would be the consequence between the neighboring parishes. The language of Parson Tappan in some of his letters bears a tinge of acerbity that, considering all the circumstances, is perhaps no occasion for wonder. Mr. Cleaveland appears to have been a man who had "the courage of his convictions," was skilled in debate, and a firm and decided but courteous controversialist. The case was a typical one. It was but a skirmish of outposts. Yet the conflict which a half century later convulsed and in many instances divided the churches of New England was already impending.

In common with most of the ministers of the Revolutionary period, Mr. Tappan was an ardent patriot. He not only counselled resistance to the oppressive measures of the king in council and gave two of his sons to the continental army, but when the British cruisers were menacing the shores of Massachusetts bay he carried his musket with him to meeting, leaving it at the foot of the pulpit stairs. If not a "fighting parson," it appears that it was only because the opportunity was wanting. Of Mr. Tappan's manner and style of preaching not even an anecdote remains. We can imagine him in knee-buckles and small-clothes, in bands and wig; he is said to have been stout and well built, and fancy pictures him as somewhat grave and sedate. No portrait of him exists. We are led to infer that he had few of those personal peculiarities which tradition is wont to preserve. Nor have we any means of rehabilitating the old

* Formerly a parish of Ipswich, Massachusetts, incorporated as the town of Essex, February 5, 1819.

† Copies of this tract are in the library of the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, and of the Essex Institute, Salem, Massachusetts.

parsonage with its active, intelligent, busy life. If its walls had had the power of speech, what eloquent tales might they have rehearsed of those eventful years in our history as a town and a nation from 1745 to 1790.

Dr. Ezekiel W. Leach, in his manuscript history of Manchester, says of Mr. Tappan: "His character as a scholar was very respectable, as appears from the testimony of his professional brethren, among whom, as among the people of his charge, he was highly esteemed and his death deeply lamented." And Dr. Leach, who was born in 1809, must have known many in his youth and early manhood who were the parishioners and acquaintances of Mr. Tappan. That he was a man of strong character is shown not only by his hold for so many years upon the town, but by the character of his descendants. Of these it is said by William H. Tappan, in his history of Manchester,* that Mr. Tappan "had eleven children, among whom was Benjamin, an eminent citizen of Northampton; David, who was made Hollis professor of divinity at Harvard college in 1792, and who died in 1803, [of whom] Dr. Holmes remarks, 'His death threw a gloom over his bereaved family, over the university, the church, the commonwealth, and the country; '† Samuel and Amos became successful educators, and Ebenezer and Michael were in the army of 1776." Ebenezer is said to have been "the last survivor of the soldiers of the Revolution in this town." A grandson of Mr. Tappan, Rev. D. D. Tappan, died in Topsfield, Massachusetts, January 15, 1890, at the age of ninety-two.

Many of his descendants still live in Manchester, to the third and fourth generation, and not a few have been persons of influence in different walks of life. Among others may be mentioned Arthur and Lewis Tappan of New York, both well known for their connection with anti-slavery and the cause of freedom in the territories; Rev. William B. Tappan, long connected with the American Sunday-school Union, and author of the favorite hymns "'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow," etc., and "There is an hour of peaceful rest," etc., and others; William H. Tappan of Manchester, notary public and ex-senator, author of a history of Manchester above referred to. The family has always been distinguished for intelligence and public spirit.

The house in which Mr. Tappan lived, long known as "the old red house," and said by tradition never to have been painted any other color, stood on the east side of School street, opposite Friend court. It is described "as a fine old house in early times, the walls being plastered with mortar made of burnt clam-shells and sand." It was of "the long

* *History of Essex County, Massachusetts*. Philadelphia, 1888. Vol. II., pp. 1249-1298.

† *Vide Lempriere's Univ. Biog.*, Vol. II, p. 695.

sloping roof style, probably built about the time of the first parsonage house," in 1685. It was purchased by the town in 1745 for Mr. Tappan; connected with it were about five acres of land on the northerly side of Saw Mill Brook. The demolition of this house a few years ago was greatly regretted by all who have a regard for "the ancient landmarks which the fathers have set." A small room, without any means of heating and with only one window, on the ground floor to the left of the side door, was pointed out by tradition as Mr. Tappan's study. If a facetious clerical visitor, on "exchange," had ventured to say to the occupant, as was once said by a wag to a notable character, "Why, there is not room enough to swing a cat in it," Parson Tappan might no doubt have replied gravely, "I do not swing cats." On one occasion the writer craved permission to enter the little sanctum, but found, as he might have expected, that a "prophet's chamber" does not necessarily impart a prophet's inspiration. Much as the removal of such a house is to be regretted as a matter of sentiment, it is perhaps better that it should not have longer survived its usefulness, to be occupied by unsympathetic tenants.

Mr. Tappan lived and died among his own people. He was buried in the old burying-ground on Summer street. The common stone above his grave is in good preservation, and the lettering quite legible. It bears the inscription, presumably written by his son David:

In Memory of
BENJAMIN TAPPAN, A.M.,
late pastor of the church in Manchester,
who expired May 6, 1790,
in the 70th year of his age,
and 45th of his ministry.

Every age is to some extent the product of the ages that precede it. The generations overlap each other in their influence as well as in their physical life. "One soweth and another reapeth." Like the Israelites in Canaan, we enter into possession of houses that we builded not, and wells that we digged not, and vineyards and olive-yards that we planted not. We owe a great debt to our Puritan ancestry. Few and fragmentary as are the facts which have been preserved respecting the life of the old-time minister, and shadowy as his figure may be to us, his character is still molding the life of the community after the lapse of a hundred years.

D. P. Linsley

MANCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

GLIMPSES OF EARLY MICHIGAN LIFE

IN AND ABOUT KALAMAZOO

Among the pioneers of southern Michigan life had little variety and no thrilling incidents. Yet the history of each town furnishes material of special interest. The soil was easy to cultivate, the best of wood for building and fuel purposes was close at hand, the climate was favorable to the production of all varieties of grain and the ripening of fruits, and the natural water-supply was not excelled anywhere in the world.

It was the broken ties of fond associations—the parting with dearest of friends, that made emigration to Michigan in the “thirties” so hard. Fortunately the brave men and women brought with them to their new homes the culture of their former eastern or southern life, and their quiet, gentle manners offered no inducement for the influx of that wild, coarse element which has so frequently characterized newly settled countries. Traces of these good beginnings are still to be found after a lapse of fifty-eight years, in the continued demand for intelligence and refinement among persons ambitious for social prestige—wealth and its accompanying glitter not being considered sufficient in itself to gain its usual influence in one of these little towns, which is so often to be deplored in our large cities.

Many of these early settlers had known affluence and its consequent advantages, but from various causes had decided to seek new homes in a new state. Meeting for one purpose in the wilds of Michigan, though from different sections of the country, they formed friendships which make the attachments of our more modern civilization seem cold.

The region in and about Kalamazoo at this time (1832) was beautiful beyond words; none but those who beheld it can conceive of the peaceful beauty of the prairies, the rolling hills, and the oat-openings. James Fenimore Cooper gives an excellent idea of the appearance of this country. During the summer it was like one extended garden, the ground being covered with flowers; and such small fruits as strawberries, blackberries, wild plums, and grapes grew in rich profusion. The custom of the Indians of burning the rank grass and vegetation of the prairies and openings destroyed all the underbrush and accumulation of the past year, leaving it in almost as perfect condition as an English park, which accounts

in a great measure for the wide view to be secured through the woods, the fire burning the lower branches of the trees as well as the underbrush, leaving nothing to obstruct the vision.

Wolves and bears made only occasional raids on the small herds the pioneers brought with them, but when they found the flocks unguarded by the wearied owners, it was always the *prizes* of the flock which were carried off or injured. The Indians as a rule, were friendly, and the people came to rely upon the word given by a Pottawatomie as implicitly as that given by a white man. An Indian of this tribe on one occasion bought of our family a bag of flour, and promised to pay for it with venison after so many moons, I believe seven months. The purchase had slipped our minds, when early one frosty morning in walked our Indian friend, true to the appointed hour, with a large haunch of venison. For years the doors of the early settlers' homes were strangers to bolts and bars; and it was not an unusual occurrence to find of a cold morning Indians rolled in their blankets on the kitchen floor enjoying the heat from the great fireplace in front of which they had been quietly sleeping, having noiselessly crept in after the family had retired—and with a grunted salutation they as silently took their departure at early break of day.

Learning through years of business experiences with these Indians their many good qualities, it will ever remain an open question in the minds of Michigan pioneers whether the Indians have not been sinned against as much as sinning; especially when the Bronson people recall the cruel order for these red men to relinquish the reservation that our noble republic had given them "to hold as long as grass should grow and waters run." The memory of the heart-rending cries and moans of these poor Pottawatomies while they were visiting the places of their dead for the last time arouses a bitter feeling in the minds of many in that little settlement who witnessed it, and knew how unnecessary and cruel was such a mandate.

The first person I met on my arrival in Bronson (now Kalamazoo) was a young Indian girl of about fourteen years; she ferried me across the river to the village. She was large and muscular, with rosy cheeks, and hair which at one time might have been yellow, but was now sadly faded, making it apparent she had seldom known other than nature's covering for her head. She wore a coarse cotton dress of copperas color; the sleeves came just to the elbow, leaving exposed a strong wrist; the neck of the waist was cut quite low, and was fastened behind by a large brass button; the next fastening to this dress was another brass button on the broad belt, and both glistened in the sun as her body moved to the stroke of her

paddle. Each moment, it seemed to me, would be the last of her buttons, for I expected to see them fly as did "Peggotty's," while the girl bent to her work; but I learned afterward that these buttons were the safe and crowning glory of this young woman's attire; by them she was known the country round as "Big Button Sall." She was kind and good-natured, always ready to assist in sickness or trouble; in her wild, free life she had learned much which she could tell the new-comers, and she would carry a friend in her canoe to where the grapes grew in abundance overhanging the river, or inform them of the secret places where the choicest berries ripened. Her family, like many of the early settlers, left as soon as civilization made a demand for a change in their habits.

For a time the earliest church meeting was held in the "Kalamazoo House" kitchen, as often as the circuit rider made the town a visit, which occurred about once in four weeks. This was one of the few occasions when one's best clothes, brought from the civilized world, might be worn.

The extemporized seats for these religious gatherings were made of split logs, the round side up, the flat side being laid on blocks placed at wide intervals. The sermons were of the good old orthodox school, and gave the handful of listeners food for thought of the most vivid character; and between the torments we were encouraged to believe we might endure in the future, and in the very present torture of the slippery round seats, there was not much danger of the speaker having an indifferent audience. After the slab schoolhouse was built church services were held there.

The summer of 1834 found the village increased to twenty houses, and though some of these little homes were built for large families not one of them could boast of more than three or four rooms; yet all or nearly all the families were willing to take in the temporary guest, or board the forlorn bachelor who was vainly endeavoring to make a home for himself. And how eagerly would the word pass from house to house when an emigrant wagon was seen approaching. The new-comers received as warm a welcome as though they had been old acquaintances, gladly in turn answering the eager questions of the homesick pioneers about the old home life that seemed so far away. By the time the wagons were unloaded and the inmates housed, every inhabitant in the settlement knew the quantity and quality of the personal possessions of the strangers.

The year 1834 is styled by the pioneers as "the year of the great blow." The storm occurred October 18 and made sad havoc in the little community; many families were left without a roof to their houses, and their furniture was torn to pieces and scattered to the winds. Many were terribly bruised by the falling timbers and chimneys; others barely escaped

with their lives, bearing scars to this day, eloquent marks of the dangers of a tornado. Those who could found shelter with friends whose homes were fortunately outside of the track of the storm; others took refuge in the schoolhouse, which served as both court-house and church. Sixteen slept in this little building for a time, cooking by a neighboring stove, their own stoves all having been destroyed by the storm.

It was not long before new dwellings took the place of the ruined ones, as all the neighbors lent a helping hand to those in distress. The time occupied in building a house was short. The lack of glass restricted the number of windows, and the luxury of plastered walls was yet in the future; grand staircases were formed by driving pegs into the wall. The process of erecting a barn or house was rendered quite a social affair, those invited to assist being served with a grand dinner in honor of the occasion. A long temporary table was set in the yard on the shady side of the house—and such good things as were placed upon it! Tender little roasted pigs were placed standing on a big blue and white platter at one end of the table, a large venison pie at the other end, while choicely cooked vegetables were arranged between; these vegetables I am sure were larger and better than our hot-house gardeners raise to-day. Coffee sweetened with maple-sugar and large twisted fried-cakes formed the dessert, with the addition of melons of enormous size, if in season. The love of the beautiful was evidenced in the ever-present bouquet of wild flowers, ferns, or autumn leaves, though it was only too often a difficult matter to find a receptacle for them, crockery being so scarce that only the most urgent needs could be supplied.

Though the work was almost constant and very hard, often falling on shoulders unaccustomed to labor, yet there is not one of these brave pioneers living whose face, should you allude to those days past and gone, will not lighten and brighten and expand in a pleasant smile as—

“The thoughts come and idly turn
The leaves of memory's sketch-book.”

Even among those who were building new homes with but little mechanical assistance, and feeding the many mouths without other aids than nature's raw productions, were found many opportunities for social intercourse and innocent gayeties. For instance, few brought with them to the new country refined sugar, and those who did guarded it jealously, only producing the luxury on rare occasions; thus the main dependence for the necessary supply of saccharine was on what the Indians made, or our own manufacture of maple-sugar. During the sugar season the

bare, leafless woods rang with the merry voices of young people while they gathered the sap to be brought into the temporary camp for "boiling down." During one of these "sugar bees," which had lasted for several days, fatiguing every one with the night work of watching fires and stirring the big caldron of boiling sap, a young lady who had recently come from the East insisted upon taking a share of the night work among the sugar-makers; after considerable persuasion on her part, her two brothers who were to watch with her consented to go into the little hut near by and lie down for a short time, the young lady promising to call them when they were needed. For a time all went well; the moonlight was charming, and the air soft and sufficiently warm to admit of a free run of sap. When she found it unsafe to keep a large fire, and had stirred the slowly thickening syrup until her arms ached, she found she had nothing to do but gaze into the subdued flames or among the trees and their dark shadows. She began suddenly to realize the loneliness of her position; the intense silence became oppressive, and all the stories she had ever heard of the horrors of a wilderness came to her mind with startling vividness. As the moon sank lower and darkness deepened, it took all the strength of spirit she possessed to keep from calling her tired brothers who were sleeping in the shanty a few rods away. At length, incited by an unconscious impulse, she glanced up into the leafless boughs of a tree against the trunk of which she was leaning, and saw two big burning eyes gazing down upon her; with a masterly effort she swallowed the choking sensation in her throat, and kept breathlessly still for an instant, then, gathering courage, to make sure she was not deceived she looked up again. Oh, heavens! the eyes were bigger and nearer her than ever! What could it be? The darkness might hide the form of an Indian, a panther—or did wolves climb? Just at that instant a large piece of bark was thrown violently down, followed quickly by another, and with one wild yell and a bound for the shanty, the young girl landed by her brothers' side, almost dead with fright. When the source of her scare came to be investigated, it proved to be a very lonesome owl just rousing himself for his night's entertainment.

Gathering wild plums, which grew in great abundance and made excellent preserves, was another source of recreation for the young people, as were also picking berries and nuts, and fishing; many a time has the writer of this sketch gone out for a few hours of a cloudy morning to some one of the numerous little lakes about the settlement, and caught enough pickerel and bass for a dinner for the entire village. There were occasional social gatherings for wool picking, but owing to the scarcity of

crockery, few having more than enough for their immediate family wants, the number invited was necessarily limited.

Evenings after the day's hard work was over were usually spent around the large fireplace. By the light of the blazing logs and one tallow "dip" some member of the family would read aloud, while the women knit and sewed and the men contrived some household or farm utensil. In our own home circle we read all of Scott, Burns, Cooper, Pope, Tom Paine, Plutarch's *Lives*, Gibbon, and a few other books brought from home, until the characters and thoughts of the writers became more familiar to our household than the mere titles of their works are to many families of to-day who have access to the best libraries. These few books were passed from house to house in the settlement and eagerly read, and by the time they were returned to their owners they were so well thumbed as to be almost illegible. For the children *The Scottish Chiefs* and *Alonzo and Melissa* were worn literally to fragments by repeated readings, and with sorrow they were consigned to the flames only after the opening and closing chapters had entirely disappeared, and some of the important middle leaves, under the handling of young fingers.

The years 1834 and 1835 were perhaps the hardest for those who caught the ague, whole families being prostrated at the same time, with no one to hand the aching, burning sufferers a drink of water. It was a period when man's fellowship to man appeared in its best and brightest light: the kind neighbor who had become acclimatized would pass from house to house where the sick ones lay alternately shaking and burning, and offer them the cooling drink and sympathizing voice; and what was better still, when the chills were over these angels of mercy would assist in preparing the oceans of food the dread disease invariably demanded. Midst all these trials of sickness and hard labor there were many happy moments for the little colony, and though the society was necessarily restricted in the extent of its pleasures, still the enjoyments sought were those of refined people. Few of the old settlers are living who will not remember our beautiful "green," made smooth and clean from having been for years the old tenting-ground of the Indians. Long after the Indians left it this place was where young people met to walk, talk, and court under the branches of the native burr-oaks. One charming moonlight evening several met by invitation at the residence of Colonel G. A. O'Brien and his lady, thence the host and hostess and their guests adjourned to this beautiful "green" for an improvised dance. At that time there were no regular musicians; yet ever ready for an emergency, as pioneer life demanded, one of the guests, Dr. E. A. Atlee, handled the violin with as

much grace as though he had made it the business of his life to play for dancing, satisfactorily discoursing the music for the stately minuet and other dances. Long will live the memory of that scene as witnessed by one of the number present—the old gentleman in his picturesque costume of small-clothes, black silk stockings, knee buckles, deep waistcoat, cut-away coat, and broad-brimmed hat, throwing his whole soul into the spirit of the moment; his head well back, bringing into relief his clean-shaven, handsome face. By his side stood his little wife, watching the light movements of the dancers as they flitted to and fro in the shadowy light of the moon. When they had finished dancing the doctor turned with courtly grace to his wife and said: “Madam, I have done my humble best for the entertainment of the guests, can you not also contribute something?” She complied by singing in a sweet, clear, rich voice a German ballad. Perhaps the same song under other circumstances would not have left so deep an impression, but the entrancing beauty of this July night—the knowledge that only within a few years had the surroundings known other than the footsteps of the red man—added to the effect; the most perfect silence reigned, not a sound that was familiar to city life broke upon the melody; it was the juxtaposition of the culture of civilization with the hush and solemn beauty of nature, which made this event so memorable.

To attend a ball or party during the winter occasioned great exertion on the part of the belles. In looking over the experiences of two or three of the young women as compared with those of modern times, the pioneers do not wonder that “the young people of the present day do not know how to enjoy themselves; no such balls are given now as then.”

If the attaining of the unattainable, surmounting all sorts of difficulties to achieve an end—in other words, “if things dear-bought and far-fetched are more valuable,” then those winter balls must have been the very quintessence of parties, and the maidens invited must have been the most favored of damsels. Imagine a society belle going to a ball some ten or twelve miles distant, riding over a rough road which must be experienced to be understood, in the middle of winter, wearing her best party gown of white muslin, low necked and short sleeves! She was, of course, well wrapped and bundled, but the comfort was generally secured at the price of ruining the fresh appearance of the dress. These merry maidens were generally taken to parties in “jumpers”—home-made conveyances which for the beaux of 1832 were what the present natty little cutters are to modern young men—a very much prized vehicle in which to convey one's best girl for a drive. It consisted of two long bent hickory poles for runners and thills combined; four holes were burned in the runners, into

which were firmly fastened four stakes or supports for the cross-pieces which held the box or body of the sleigh; the box was usually made of rough boards, with a board across the top for a seat, but happy was the young man who could proudly invite his young lady to a drive in a crockery crate rather than in the ordinary rough box.

In no phase of life is the social element, in its truest and best sense, so well developed as in these narrow circles, where each is dependent on the other for all that makes life pleasurable. Who has not felt utter isolation, oppressive and perfect loneliness, in a crowded city thoroughfare? In looking over old letters and journals which vividly recall past experiences, it is surprising to find how constant was the interchange of brotherly feeling; the hand of good-fellowship was extended to one and to all. In this hurried, feverish, business life, how strange it seems to remember that once an invitation to tea implied an afternoon visit, beginning at one or two o'clock and returning home by the light of the moon; if invited to spend the day, one was expected as soon as the morning's work was done. Neither was it necessary to wait for an invitation, especially when it was known that a sister neighbor had an extra hard day's work before her; a number would frequently join together into a sort of surprise party, and with many hands and happy stories make light and pleasant that which had seemed such a heavy burden to the housekeeper. It was not until what was known as "wild cat times," when everybody went speculation mad, that this agreeable social feeling began to decline. The land-speculation fever brought to Michigan many who had no interest in establishing homes or improving the country—merely a floating population, that bane of social existence. Stages would bring and carry these people; bringing, but alas! not taking away the germs of discontent created.

The little village is a miniature embodiment of the growth of our country; as the town grew in numbers it lost much of its social character, and there was great longing for the free and happy days departed. We are thankful that this pioneer life contained nothing of the wild, adventure-some spirit of the Oklahoma settlers; nor the poverty, the uncertain crops, the dreary stretches of the frozen, wind-swept country of Dakota; nor had these settlers forsaken home and country for conscience' sake as did our forefathers, willing to suffer that they might be free. Viewed in these comparative lights, the pioneers of southern Michigan had very few hardships to endure.

Mary V. Gills

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

OUR OLD WEBSTER'S SPELLING-BOOK

It lies before me—the genuine article ; not the identical copy I used and was brought up on, long time ago, but of the same edition. It is nearly as old as I am, and has come spelling its way along down through two-thirds of a century, to these odd times. How long it has lain in the Boston Antiquarian bookstore where I found it thirty-five years ago, I cannot tell. It is an institution—yes, a university. It has trained and strained more heads than any other book of the kind ever did, or perhaps ever will. Later editions have been sent out ; but give me the *old* wine, which to my liking is better. Very plain, even homely in outward appearance. Never mind. Homely people are generally the best. The back of the cover is of coarse linen cloth—very coarse—threads within sight of each other. The sides of cover are of layers of brown paper, with an over-all of thin blue paper. The paper and pages within look as if they might have come from a mill using bleached straw and slacked lime, with a little sulphur thrown in to give the tinting.

And now as to the *contents*, the meat and marrow. Quite a book in size—one hundred and sixty-eight pages. The preface we did not have to read. But the next half-dozen pages, “Analysis of Sounds,” we in our school had to commit to memory and recite. This amazed us, and does still. Just to think of a child eight or nine years old required to recite understandingly the opening sentence: “Language, in its more limited sense, is the expression of ideas by articulate sounds.” You might about as well set a child to comprehending those vast themes, verities so important, but how profound, viz.: The wherefore of the why, the thingness of the this, and the thusness of the though. Makes one think of Horace Greeley, who, after reading a grandiloquent communication sent to him for the press, said of it, that it “obfuscated all his intellects, and circumgumfrigobrichisticated all his comprehensibilities.”

And come to the A B C page. In my times of old we children learned our A B C's at school, and not at home from lettered blocks and other knick-knacks as in these latter days. Some of those first days at school were quite impressive to the looker-on and listener. High day when we advanced to table No. 2—bag, big, bog. But the almost dizzy elevation when we ascended and attained to—baker, brier, cider, crazy. It is very observable this placing *crazy* after *cider*. Here are fact and

philosophy, cause and effect ; indeed, a temperance lecture entire. . . . In my ancient times the spelling lesson was *studied* column by column from the spelling-book, and spelled by the classes old and young standing on the floor—the scholar taking his place, and keeping it if he could the month in and out, without having his head cut off every night, a rather discouraging operation to an aspiring lad or lass. One winter is remembered when a boy kept such headship all through the term, and carried off the great prize—a punched and pendent silver ninepence, tow-string and all. At a noted spelling-match in a neighboring town, visitors were invited to give in their names and take part in the contest. Sides were chosen. Came out *even* at eight o'clock P.M. Another choosing up. Came out *even* again at nine. "Let us have this out." One from each side must go upon the floor and spell for the side. Against aforesaid boy was placed an older person, a teacher who had taught school four summers. Plied and pumped with the spelling-book fore and aft, and aft and fore. "The combat deepens." By and by the word *apropos* was put to the fairer and gentler, and she spelled it "appropos," putting in too many *p*'s, and the boy getting it right carried off the glitter.*

And what a day that was when we stood on the hill-top of human greatness and grappled with our first reading lesson ! "No man may put off the law of God ;" "my joy is in his law all the day." See that boy in his mighty wrestlings to spell out the words ! Lips move vigorously ; brow knit ; book turned this way and that, to give room for the great idea to come in ; his whole frame writhing and screwed down hard and tight to the supreme task. Perhaps he will "fetch it," perhaps not ; but will come out of the throes as an older boy did from the word *picturesque*—pronouncing it *picture-squee*. But don't you give that small boy up. There is promise for him in such energy and bent as that.

Then a succession of easy and familiar lessons. But come to the *fables* and the *pictures*. Here is richness. Putting on the spectacles of my ancientness, I have been looking anew through the old spelling-book to see how, on the whole, the old friend would appear to one in these latter days to which it and I have come down. Grandly, sir, is my ready answer ; never before handsomer than now—I mean the book. And so will it appear to *you*, from the glance or the scrutiny, if you be the sensible man I take you for.

A. M. COLTON

* These charming reminiscences of the Rev. A. M. Colton, extracted from *The Old Meeting-House and Vacation Papers*, recently published by Worthington Company, will touch many a tender chord in the memory of readers familiar with the old New England spelling-school.

SOME LITERARY STATESMEN

When, some years ago, bluff 'old Senator Cameron referred to the newspaper men of the capital as "them — literary fellows," with an expletive supplying the blank, he unwittingly bestowed a cognomen which has ever since stuck by the tribe.

It is not the purpose of this article to treat of the particular class of writers to which the Pennsylvania statesman immediately referred, but rather of those members of the literary guild to be found in the great official household, of which he was himself an honored and exalted member. There has been more or less of the literary instinct in our congress ever since the days of the illustrious Benton of Missouri, when he gave to the world his ponderous *Thirty Years' View*, being principally a *résumé* of public events during the period of his service in the senate, which extended, as he was accustomed to say, through "six Roman lustrums." Indeed, it may be stated that this instinct has been manifest in our national legislators during the whole history of the government, from the pamphleteering days of 1790, down through the intermediate era of heavy leaders and three column communications, to the present time.

Whether there is something in the atmosphere of legislative halls conducive to the growth of this literary spirit, or the inspiration comes from the manifold and splendid opportunities which our libraries and scientific institutions in the capital afford the literary worker, it is not material to inquire. The only purpose of the present writing is to glance briefly at the work in this field a few of our statesmen are doing in the present, or have done in the immediate past.

Of those placed in the past tense unfortunately by the hand of death, the mind at once reverts to the late Samuel S. Cox, so long known to the political and the literary world by his title of "Sunset Cox." The story of how this cognomen attached to him early in his career, from a bit of florid writing in the columns of an Ohio newspaper, has been told again and again. It is conceded by friend and foe alike that he was one of the brightest all-around men who ever graced the halls of our national legislature. His statesmanship was equaled by his keen and delicate wit, and these in turn did not surpass his learning and scholarly attainments. During a most busy life he found time to give to the world many books, among which may be mentioned *A Buckeye Abroad*, published by G. P. Putnam of New York in 1852; *Eight Years in Congress*, from 1857 to 1865,

from the press of D. Appleton in 1865; *A Search for Winter Sunbeams* in the Riviera, Corsica, Algiers, and Spain, from the same press in 1870; *Why We Laugh*, published by Harper Brothers in 1876; *Free Land and Free Trade*, from the Putnams in 1880; and from the same in 1882, *Arctic Sunbeams, or, From Broadway to the Bosphorus by Way of the North Cape*; and *Orient Sunbeams, or, From the Porte to the Pyramids by Way of Palestine*. Then came *Three Decades of Federal Legislation*, from the press of the Reids in Providence in 1885, being personal and historical memoirs covering the long period of his service in the house, and perhaps his most important work. The list closes with *Diversions of a Diplomat in Turkey*, from C. L. Webster & Co., in 1887, and *The Isles of the Princes, or, The Pleasures of Prinkipo*, from the Putnams in the same year.

Among the statesmen of the present congress no one takes a higher place as a *littérateur* than the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, the representative from the sixth Massachusetts district. He was a writer of books before he became a legislator, and his reputation to-day, both as a man of letters and as a law-giver, is one to be envied. He is a graduate of Harvard, a Doctor of Philosophy, was for three years Harvard lecturer on American history, also a lecturer in Lowell Institute, and has been in turn associate editor of the North American Review and the International Review. His *Short History of the English Colonies* was planned while he lectured at Harvard, and was afterward delivered in the Lowell course. His published works embrace *Life and Letters of George Cabot*, the author's great-grandfather, published in 1877; *Albert Gallatin*, from the Scribners' press in 1879; *Ballads and Lyrics*, from Houghton, Mifflin & Company in 1880; *Last Forty Years of Town Government*, J. R. Osgood & Co., in 1881; *A Short History of the English Colonies in America*, from the Harpers in the same year.

Then came his *Alexander Hamilton*, and *Daniel Webster*, in 1882 and 1883, being two notable contributions to the American Statesman series. From the same press came in 1884 *Studies in History*, comprising eleven notable subjects; and in 1889 he published *George Washington*, another of the American Statesman series. But perhaps the crowning work of Mr. Lodge in the field of letters has been the editing of the works of Alexander Hamilton, brought out in 1886, in nine superb volumes, from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. *The Short History of the English Colonies*, already mentioned, is also a most marked and valuable contribution to our literature, covering as it does, in a manner never heretofore done, the story of the colonies from the foundation of each, down to the time when they were fused into one by the fires of the revolution.

Another remarkable contribution to the historical literature of our times from our statesmen who write, is that from the pen of the brilliant young member from Tennessee, the Hon. James Phelan, who represented the Memphis district in the fiftieth congress, and was re-elected to a seat in the present body. His *History of Tennessee—The Making of a State*, published in 1888 by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, met a reception from the public and critics alike of which the veriest veteran in the field might well be proud. It tells the story of the gifted author's adopted state, from the cabin of William Bean on the Watauga, in 1769, down to the outbreak of the war. With the true writer's instinct he has been quick to seize upon the salient points spread richly over a field that has virtually lain fallow for a hundred years. The founding of "The Watauga Association," the first commonwealth beyond the mountains, and its successor, "The Lost State of Franklin," two of the most remarkable and romantic episodes of southwestern history, receive their full measure of attention in the earlier chapters. Especially is the book rich in describing the political life of the state during the quarter of a century immediately preceding the war—the years of the rise and ascendancy of the great Whig party in the state—those halcyon days of barbecues and joint debates, where the grove was the forum and the people were the umpires—those days when there were political giants in the land, the memory of whose fierce encounters upon the hustings is still kept green around the hearthstones of the hardy and long-lived mountaineers. The book has passed the dead line of the first edition, and is still in constant demand.

The same author has also produced a school history of the state, richly embellished with maps and engravings. This work is brought down to the present time, and is being generally adopted by the schools of Tennessee. Mr. Phelan contributed the articles upon Andrew Johnson, Sam Houston, and some others, in Appleton's *Cyclopedia of Biography*, recently published. He is also proprietor of the Memphis *Avalanche*, one of the most prosperous papers in the south, though he has not written anything for it since entering actively into the field of politics. He is a hard student, takes a keen interest in the current literature of the day, and looks confidently forward into a future which his friends unhesitatingly pronounce full of richest promise.

Another legislator who has done work of special excellence is the Hon. M. A. Foran, who represented the Cleveland district in the fiftieth congress. During his term of service he wrote a novel entitled *The Other Side*, a social study based on fact. It is dedicated to the workingmen and working women of America, and, as indicated by its title, is a study of

those questions of society, of labor and capital, which have of late years attracted so much attention alike from the general public and the law-giver. Mr. Foran was amply able to deal intelligently with these questions, being a cooper by trade, a lawyer by profession, and a legislator by the grace of his people. The book was published by a Washington firm in 1886, and has had a wide reading.

The country at large is accustomed to think of speaker Thomas B. Reed in his capacity of politician and statesman—as the leader of his party upon the floor of the house. He is known to friend and foe alike for his ready wit, his rapier-like thrusts in the arena, his biting sarcasm in debate, when the foeman is worthy of his steel. During the busy years of his long term of service in congress he has found little time to devote to the pursuit of letters, and yet that he has literary ability of a very high order is amply proved by the various contributions he has given to the public through the periodical press. His principal articles have been: *Grover Cleveland's Acceptance, Alaska*, and *The St. Louis Convention*, published in the North American Review; *Rules of the House of Representatives*, in the Century; and *The Protectionist's View*, in Belford's Magazine. In 1885 he delivered an oration before the alumni of Colby University at Waterville, Maine, and in the following year an oration at the Portland Centennial, both bearing the very highest evidences of scholarly attainments and the true literary instinct.

The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, though not a member of the legislative branch of the government, is none the less entitled to a prominent place in the list of our statesmen who have the literary gift. For some years before his appointment to a place upon the civil service commission in Washington he was one of the leaders among the younger men in the councils of his party in his state and city, and during this time he served one term in the legislature at Albany. Judging from the work he has accomplished within the past few years, his has been a most busy life. In addition to his manifold interests at his eastern home, he has given much time and attention to business affairs in the far west, and in addition has found time to write no less than seven works, aside from contributing largely to the periodical press of this country and England. His published volumes are: *The Naval War of 1812, or, The History of the United States' Navy During the Last War with Great Britain*, by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1882; *Hunting Trip of a Ranchman*, from the same press in 1885, being sketches of sport in the northern cattle plains, and superbly illustrated by Frost and others. In 1887-1888 he contributed *Thomas Hart Benton*, and *Gouverneur Morris*, to the American Statesmen series already mentioned.

Then came his *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*, brought out in 1888, by the Century Company, and illustrated by F. Remington; and in the same year *Essays on Practical Politics*, by the Putnams. Perhaps his most important work is his latest, entitled *The Winning of the West*, in two large volumes, with maps and illustrations, and also bearing the imprint of the Putnams. It portrays in graphic language the history of our western border from 1769, when the tide of emigration first reached the summit of the great Appalachian chain, down to the close of the revolution, when, thanks to such men as Boone and Kenton, Sevier, Robertson, and the Shelys, General George Rogers Clark, and a dozen others of like heroic mould, the inchoate nation along the sea-board found itself in possession of an empire beyond the mountains, that had hitherto belonged to the Anglo-Saxon in theory only. Of his magazine work, Mr. Roosevelt has contributed articles on hunting to the Century, St. Nicholas, and Outing, and essays on social and political subjects to various periodicals. *Some Recent Criticisms of America*, dealing with Matthew Arnold, Lord Wolseley, and Sir L. Griffin, is one of his latest essays.

Another congressman who has been working in the field of letters is the Hon. W. D. Owen, the representative from the tenth district of Indiana. He has published two books: the first, under the title of *Success*, in 1877; the second, called *The Genius of Industry*, in 1882. Mr. Owen is a minister in the Christian church, and teaches a Bible class in the Sunday school of his denomination at Washington.

Of literary legislators in the senate end of the capitol, the Hon. Gilbert A. Pierce, senator from the new state of North Dakota, is entitled to mention. Among his published works are, *Zachariah the Congressman*, which first appeared as a serial in a newspaper, and afterward was brought out in book form under the title of *Peggy, a Country Heroine*; and about the same time, *A Dangerous Woman*; *Being the Experience of the Hon. John Biles, M. C.* But perhaps his most important production in the way of book-making is *The Dickens Dictionary*, published in 1872 by J. R. Osgood & Co. This work is a key to the characters and principal incidents in the tales of Charles Dickens, and is a most valuable work of reference to every student of our English-American literature.

Senator Pierce has written two plays, one of which, *A Hundred Wives*, has been quite successful. As indicated by its title, it deals with the questions of Mormonism and polygamy. He has also contributed magazine articles to the Atlantic Monthly and other periodicals, as well as verses to the magazines and newspapers—these latter being modestly denominated by him as “merely ephemeral trifles.” In speaking of these matters the

senator-author says: "Of course, like all scribblers, I have many manuscripts, some completed, and others in various stages of development, lying around in desks and trunks and cabinets, waiting for a resurrection trump, which I fear will never sound."

The writer has seen somewhere, at some time, a statement in print to the effect that the Hon. John J. Ingalls has a book in course of preparation, which he expects to print some time in the future. In reply to an inquiry as to what foundation there might be for such rumor, the distinguished Kansas statesman writes: "I have never published a book, and have not even kept a scrap-book." Whatever may be the senator's literary intentions, which are certainly not extensively revealed in the foregoing, the reading public can have no doubt that he could write a book if he wished—a book which would cause the members of the public aforesaid to tread upon each other's heels in their eagerness to buy, for no man in either branch of the national legislature has the English language more completely at his control. He can mould it at will into a rapier or a claymore—a weapon for a contest of wits, or a broad-sword for a two-handed argument. He has contributed articles to the North American Review, and perhaps other periodicals, since becoming a senator.

There are many congressmen who at some time or another in their past lives have been newspaper men, but the one who now and then becomes a congressman, by the way of intermission from the arduous duties of the tripod, is the Hon. A. J. Cummings of New York city. He is a newspaper man from instinct and from life-long training. It is said that in the course of a rather adventurous life he has set type in nearly every state in the Union. He has been a writer upon the New York Tribune, the Sun, and manager of the Express. He was editor of the Evening Sun when elected to the seat he now holds in the present congress. He represents this paper in the capitol, and is in a position to gain the inside facts in regard to every matter of legislation that comes before either house.

Another writer who should not be overlooked is the venerable chaplain of the house, Rev. W. H. Milburn. Away back in the fifties he published *Ten Years of Preacher Life, or, Chapters from an Autobiography; The Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-bags, and Other Lectures; and The Pioneers, Preachers, and People of the Mississippi Valley*. He has also been a contributor to the periodical press.

Are the walks of statesmanship conducive to literary life, or does literary life lead to legislative halls?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Milton J. Adkins.

MINOR TOPICS

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S SILENT JOURNEY

In Dr. Patton's valuable *History of the American People* there is a graphic description of the removal of President Garfield in July, 1881, from the executive mansion in Washington to the cottage at Elberon where he subsequently died. We quote the paragraph entire for the benefit of our appreciative readers :

"The President lay at the White House for sixty-six days, and often apparently at the verge of death. It was essential that he should be removed from the debilitating influence of that climate to an atmosphere more cool and more health inspiring. Long Branch on the ocean shore was decided upon. The Pennsylvania Railway furnished the train and its equipments, their most commodious and sumptuous car and three others. The nation's invalid was placed on board by tender hands, and the train at 6.30 A.M. moved quietly off and even when under full speed with scarcely a perceptible vibration. So admirable were the arrangements, the right-of-way was given over six roads, a pilot-engine preceding the train by twenty minutes ; and lest the patient should be disturbed, not a bell was rung nor a signal-whistle blown. The train for a portion of the time made seventy miles an hour, stopping only to replenish water and fuel. Along the route, especially through the cities, the people in sympathizing crowds stood silently by as the train passed, and none the less was this interest manifested at the minor stations. This feeling was not limited to the multitudes that saw the train gliding along swiftly and almost noiselessly as if conscious of the burden it was bearing, but the telegraph, as if in sympathy, laid aside business to carry messages over the Union from almost every station passed, telling the hour and the condition of the patient as reported by the physicians on written slips of paper which were thrown from the train. Thousands upon thousands in the cities watched these bulletins as they appeared every few minutes. At length, after passing over nearly two hundred and forty miles, the cottage was reached, and in less than ten minutes the President was safely carried within. Here were witnessed similar manifestations ; crowds of people had assembled and were silently awaiting the arrival of the train, and also carriages filled with summer visitors from the neighboring watering-places, while in shore lay twenty or thirty pleasure yachts, whose decks were covered with spectators."

MRS. CUSTER SURROUNDED WITH BUFFALOES

CAMP LIFE IN KANSAS TWENTY YEARS AGO

When we were encamped on Big Creek, Kansas, buffaloes were all about us ; the Kansas Pacific railroad had been completed only to Fort Hays, and the herds

were still roaming in immense numbers along the line. They frequently crossed the track in front of a train, but they were so intent upon getting away that the sharpest, most continued shrieks of the whistle did not turn them from their course; the leaders in a move are very faithfully followed by the herd as a rule. The engineer was often obliged to whistle down the brakes to avoid accident. I remember standing among a group of officers at one time, resting after a charge into a herd. We were on a divide, where the horizon was visible in every direction. One of the group said to me, "Turn about, Mrs. Custer, and notice that you are surrounded with buffaloes." It was as if the horizon was outlined with a dark rim. The officer continued, "You are looking now upon a hundred thousand buffaloes." . . . I have been on a train when the black, moving mass of buffaloes before us looked as if it stretched on down to the horizon. Every one went armed in those days, and the car windows and platforms bristled with rifles and pistols, much as if it had been a fortification defended by small-arms instead of cannon. It was the greatest wonder that more people were not killed, as the wild rush for the windows and the reckless discharge of rifles and pistols put every passenger's life in jeopardy. No one interfered or made a protest with those travelers, however. They were the class of men who carry the chip balanced very lightly on the shoulder, and rather seek than avoid its jostling. I could not for the life of me avoid a shudder when a long line of guns leaning on the backs of the seat met my eye as I entered a car. When the sharp shriek of the whistle announced a herd of buffaloes the rifles were snatched, and in the struggle to twist round for a good aim out of the narrow window the barrel or muzzle of the fire-arm passed dangerously near the ear of any scared woman who had the temerity to travel in those tempestuous days. Sometimes the whole train was abandoned for a time, engineer and all going out for sport. There was no railroad competition then, and only one train a day was run; therefore, there was no attempt to keep a correct schedule. We rarely used the railroad, even if it was near, when once out in camp. Our own mode of travel seemed preferable.

In going on hunts the officers were not obliged to ride far before coming upon herds of grazing buffaloes, and sometimes the animals even came in sight of camp. Once I remember we were entertaining a distinguished Eastern journalist. He wanted to return with the record of a Nimrod, but he was too much exhausted from overwork to attempt riding, and he said with regret that he feared he would be obliged to go back without seeing a buffalo, and be unmercifully teased by his friends in the states into the bargain. We plied him with questions as to Eastern progress, for, reading of new inventions put into use since we had come West, we could not quite understand from the newspaper accounts their practical application. I well remember how glad I was out there, when the first elevated road was built in New York to have it carefully explained to me; for the papers, after all, take it for granted that every one lives in the heart of civilization. As our guest lounged under the shade one day we heard a shout near, the dogs rushed barking

to the stream, the men ran at breakneck speed in the same direction, and one of our own people called back "Buffaloes!" Here was a chance, for, when this Mohammed could not go to the mountain, it bore down upon him. The stream was then low, so that with help we could go over on logs and stepping-stones; and, standing on the other bank, we saw a splendid chase. The officers, always ready to do what they could to entertain strangers, had driven the herd as near our tent as possible, and the buffalo singled out to be killed was shot so near us that we all saw it.—*Following the Guidon*, by ELIZABETH B. CUSTER.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

[Original Lines]

BABY CHARLIE'S WANTS

Slanta Kaus! Slanta Kaus!
Up in the chimney there!
Bwing me a wocking-horse
And a little arm-chair,
And some skates and a sled,
A whip and a weindeer;
I'se 'scaped out of bed,
Nursey don't know I'se here;
'Cause I'se 'fraid you'd miss
My bit of a stocking;
It's the smallest one, this!
What's that you are talking?

Yes; 'twill hold lots of things,
Fill it full as you can.
I want balls, knives, and strings,
And a little snow-man.

What makes you skweam "Who! who"?
I don't think it's perlite,
I'se telling secrets to wou;
I'se little Charlie Bwight.
I don't like wour cwoss woice,
Please do wis-sper to me,
Dear, good old Slanta Kaus,
Up there in the chimney.

LITTLE RANDOLPH'S FAITH

This remarkable little boy of four years had been a cripple, and in charge of eminent surgeons lashed in a wire frame for upward of twenty months.

Mamma, will you tell Santa Claus
My baby days are over?
I wish to have him know, because
He'll some new gifts discover.
Show him, mamma, my pretty vest
Which you brought home to-day!
Please, I should like a mustache next,
Like papa's, black and gray.

And such a cane as cousin Lew,
And some cravats like Si;
Not those with loop-holes coming through
But just the kind to tie.
And then I'll wear upon my head
A real stove-pipe hat;
And when I leave this wiry bed,
I'll have a ball and bat.

And I must have some boots, you know,
 Because I'm now four years—
 How soon shall I begin to grow?
 Mamma, why all your tears?
 I wish you'd send the doctors off,
 They always make you cry;
 I'm getting well quite fast enough
 Without their standing by.

You say that God's afflicted me,
 And that He's always near;
 Now, if I'm good as I can be,
 What is there, pray, to fear?
 Will not He care for me the same
 As though I ran about?
 And if my legs are in a frame,
 Can He not take them out?

HANG UP MY STOCKING

Hang up my stocking, mother;
 What if I am sixty years old?
 He'll put in something or other—
 Santa Claus knows me of old.
 I used to help him prepare
 His basket for our little home,
 And I never thought of my share
 Before our children were grown.

Hang up my stocking, mother;
 I wonder what he will put in!
 Life has been all bills and bother—
 Now a new life I'll begin.
 Hang up my stocking, mother,
 And beside it hang your dear own;
 He'll put in something or other—
 Gifts are not for children alone.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

How sweet the oft-told story
 Of the Heaven-born child,
 Jesus, the heir to glory,
 Who from a manger smiled.
 Blessed Jesus, we will ever
 Chant Thy wondrous love.
 Blessed Jesus, we will ever
 Chant Thy wondrous love.
 Stars were with wonder shining,
 Nor would they take their flight,
 Until angelic voices
 Proclaimed the Prince of Light.
 Blessed Jesus, ever loving
 Came on earth to dwell;
 Blessed Jesus, ever loving,
 Came on earth to dwell.
 Shepherds the vision followed
 To a stable lowly,
 And gifts and incense offered
 The new-born Son of Glory.

Blessed Jesus, ever loving,
 Came on earth to dwell;
 Blessed Jesus, ever loving,
 Came on earth to dwell.
 Let children sing the story,
 So precious to the heart;
 And to the highest glory,
 For the future's peaceful part.
 Blessed Jesus, ever loving,
 Came on earth to dwell;
 Blessed Jesus, ever loving,
 Came on earth to dwell.
 Sweeter, each year, the story
 Of the Heaven-born child,
 Jesus, the heir to glory,
 With His maiden mother mild.
 Blessed Jesus, we will ever
 Chant Thy wondrous love;
 Blessed Jesus, loving ever,
 Coming from above.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

THOMAS JEFFERSON TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR

[Contributed by Ferguson Haines]

Monticello. Sep. 5. 1801.

Dear Sir.

I inclose for your consideration a paper addressed to me from Lieut. Landais of the Artillery, to consider & decide whether anything & what should be done in consequence of it. I formerly referred to your consideration the petition of John Rowe, confined in jail for having counselled or procured a soldier to desert: he was sentenced to 3 months imprisonment & to payment of costs. his 3 months expired near 2 months ago, and he is detained & likely to be so for costs. You will be pleased to consider the expediency of pardoning him, but there is one circumstance meriting attention. he says the bill of costs is 88 D. When the bill of costs against a prisoner amounts to such a sum, the probability is that either the fee bill authorised by law is monstrous, or that there is extortion. in the latter case we should have it punished, in the former make it the occasion of referring to Congress to review their fee-bill. I will pray you to have a copy of this bill forwarded to me. perhaps the one given into the prisoner will be considered as the best evidence.—I have duly received your favor of Aug. 12, and sincerely sympathize with you on the condition of your daughter. I hope the signs of amelioration have continued and ended in perfect re-establishment. where the cause has been so momentary & every subsequent impression tending to recall the mind to its former state, I should hope the first effect could not be a permanent one. letters written to me after your receipt of this will find me at Washington, where I shall be punctually on the last day of the month. accept assurances of my sincere esteem & high consideration.

Th. Jefferson.

The Secretary of War.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER

[From the MS. collection of William L. Stone]

GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER TO COLONEL ELIAS DAYTON

German-Flatts, August 8th, 1776

Dear Colonel,

Your favor of the 5th Inst. I had the pleasure to receive on the next day. I am happy to learn that your Scouts have discovered no signs of an Enemy in your

quarter. I wish there may be none. I thank you for the Honor you have done me in calling the Fort [Fort Stanwix, built in 1758] by my name. As I cannot consistent with delicacy announce this to Congress, would it not be right for you to do it, & to General Washington too?

It does not appear to me from the Resolutions of Congress that I am empowered to appoint the Paymasters to the Regiments. I shall soon be informed of their Intention, and if the Appointment is in me, I shall most certainly confer the office on your son.*

Capt. Patterson and Ross have presented me a Petition. Major Barber will advise you of its Contents, and of my answer. I hope the latter will meet your approbation. In my Letter of the 18th Ulto. I directed you upon the receipt of certain Intelligence of the approach of an Enemy thro. Lake Ontario, that you should cause the Timber on the Banks of Wood-Creek to be felled into it &c. You will please to observe that before you fall the Timber into the Creek, I mean that your intelligence should be such as to give you the strongest reason to believe that any Enemy crossing Lake Ontario intend to come your way.† This will be left [to be] determined by their coming to Oswego, or landing in some other part of the Lake in the vicinity of that place. In such case, any roads by which Cannon could be conveyed should also be rendered as impassable as possible. Should you at any time gain Intelligence of the approach of an Enemy, you will not only dispatch an Express to me describing the rout they take, or you judge they may take, but also send the same information to the Officer commanding here and at Johnstown, and to the Committee of this County. It will be proper for you to furnish the Officer of Artillery with such a number of men as will be fully sufficient to work the Cannon in case of an attack, and they should be constantly exercised in that Business. This will not only be an advantage to the Regiment in case they should be, at any time, under the necessity of marching with Field Artillery, when no Artillery men may be at hand, but be of Service to the cause in General by having so many more men capable of that duty; and therefore I also wish that one or more of your officers should also be instructed in the management of Cannon.

In case of a vacancy in the Regiment I shall with pleasure promote Mr. Younglove [Surgeon Moses Younglove], as he bears so good a character. Yesterday our Speech was delivered to the Six Nations. They are now in Council preparing an Answer, from which we hope to gather their Intentions.

Adieu, my Dear Colonel.

I am, with every friendly wish,

Your Obedt. Humble Servant,

Colonel Dayton"

Ph. Schuyler

* The reader will not fail to note that the policy of "You tickle me, and I'll tickle you" was not unknown even at this early day! W. L. S.

† It will be seen that Schuyler already foresaw the expedition of St. Leger the succeeding year. W. L. S.

CADWALLADER DAVID COLDEN TO GOVERNOR TOMPKINS, 1814

[Contributed by Major-General J. Watts de Peyster]

[MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB, *Editor of Magazine of American History*. In looking up some facts connected with the war of 1812 in the second volume of your *History of the City of New York* I found on page 649 a reference to the appointment of Cadwallader David Colden, the cousin of my grandmother Jane de Lancey Watts, to the command of the uniformed militia companies of the city and county of New York. You give the date of appointment as of 2d September, 1814. I have within a few days found Colden's original letter of acceptance, which is so modest and dignified that I send a copy of it for your Magazine.

J. WATTS DE PEYSTER.]

New York, Sepr 16th, 1814

Sir,

I have duly reflected on the offer your Excellency did me the honor to make this morning. I should not for a moment have hesitated to accept so honorable and respectable an appointment, had I not been fearful that an intire want of experience in military affairs rendered me unfit for the office. But encouraged by your Excellency's assurance that by suitable efforts I might render myself as well qualified as some others who have similar stations, I have determined to accept the Commission, and can only assure your Excellency, that I will do all in my power to render myself worthy of the rank you have offered me among the defenders of our Country. I am ready to receive your Excellency's Commands. I have the honor to be with great respect your Excellency's obedient humble servant

Cadwallader D. Colden

To Governor Tompkins.

NOTES

THE UNITED STATES FLAG—The 4th of July, 1864, will ever remain a memorable day to those who at that time were prisoners of war within the stockade at Macon (Georgia). The prisoners had crowded in and around the central structure to listen to some speeches in commemoration of the nation's birthday. Captain Todd of the eighth New Jersey infantry displayed a small United States flag, four by six inches—about the size of a man's hand—which he had managed to keep secreted upon his person. The effect was indescribable. The air was rent with cheers, shouts, and cries. Tears in streams crowded down the cheeks of great, rough, shaggy men as they hugged each other and yelled at the sight of the banner. Those near enough reverently kissed it, and men at some distance away climbed upon the backs of others to get a view of it. "Hold it up!" shouted a voice, "don't be afraid; hold it up so that we can all feast our souls upon it. The rebs won't dare to molest it. Hold it up! for while there is a man of us alive to defend it with his hands, neither the Southern Confederacy, the powers of earth or hell can touch it." The "Star-spangled Banner" and "Rally, round the Flag" were sung. During the singing some of the older guards were seen leaning tremblingly over their muskets and crying like children. The enthusiasm and noise became so great that the long roll was sounded by the Confederates outside, the artillery was manned, the infantry stood to their guns, and the commandant ordered us to disperse to our quarters and remain quiet.—Robert

Clark & Company's *Prisoners of War and Military Prisons*.

THE INDUSTRIAL FUTURE OF THE SOUTH—*Public Opinion*, the eclectic weekly published in Washington and New York, offers a first prize of \$50, a second of \$30, and a third of \$20 for the best three essays on the interesting question, "The Industrial Future of the South." This is a timely topic, and great interest will be awakened in the competition. The prizes are to be awarded by a committee of three business men of national repute, who will not know the names of the writers until the decision is made. The essays must be limited to three thousand words, and must be received by December 15. Full particulars may be had by addressing *Public Opinion*, Washington, D. C. The *Washington Post* says: "The industrial development of the South during the last ten or fifteen years has been the most interesting feature of our national growth. It may be doubted if in any age or country its parallel has been witnessed. The authentic statements of the industrial growth of that section, as they have been published from year to year, have attracted world-wide attention and excited a profound interest—an interest not confined to business circles, but extending to all intelligent observers of public events. It is a great theme—so great that only a broad mind can comprehend it; but inasmuch as it has been frequently and ably discussed in the press of all sections, and in many commercial conventions, it is reasonable

to suppose that the invitation of *Public Opinion* will call out a large number of valuable papers, throwing new light on a topic that is becoming more and more attractive to all citizens whose patriotism is not limited to any one part of our common country."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LOVE OF SOLITUDE—In the *Journal of Sir Walter Scott*, covering the years from 1825 to 1832, which has recently been published from the original manuscript, we find the following paragraph: "Few men leading a quiet life, and without any strong or highly varied change of circumstances, have seen more variety of society than I; few have enjoyed it more, or been *bored*, as it is called, less by the company of tiresome people. I have rarely, if ever, found any one out of

whom I could not extract amusement or edification; and were I obliged to account for hints afforded on such occasions, I should make an ample deduction from my inventive powers. Still, however, from the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being alone to waiting for visitors, and have often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill to avoid dining with company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood I saw this would not do, and that to gain a place in men's esteem I must mix and bustle with them. Pride and an excitation of spirits supplied the real pleasure which others seem to feel in society, and certainly upon many occasions it was real. Still, if the question was, eternal company without the power of retiring within yourself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, 'Turnkey, lock the cell!'"

QUERIES

COLONEL MAINWARING HAMMOND was a member of the council of Governor Berkeley of Virginia in 1642. Thomas Willoughby was also a member at the same time. What can be ascertained of the ancestry of Colonel Hammond? Who was his wife?

The widow of Colonel William Willoughby, commissioner of the British navy, and mother of Deputy-Governor Francis Willoughby of Massachusetts, left a legacy in 1662 to her "sister Jane Hammond of Virginia," the mother of Captain Laurence Hammond of Boston. Mrs. Jane Hammond is said to have been the wife of Colonel Mainwaring Hammond of Virginia. Can this fact be

established? Can the family name of Mrs. Jane Hammond be ascertained?

A tradition has come down in the families of Deputy-Governor Francis Willoughby of Massachusetts, and Thomas Willoughby of Virginia, that there was a relationship between them. Is any proof of this known to exist? This information is much desired by Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Salisbury of New Haven in the preparation of their large work of Family Histories and Genealogies, which is nearly completed.

WASHINGTON'S AIDS-DE-CAMP—The following list of the aids-de-camp of Washington was made after some little

research by an officer of the army stationed here. Thinking it may be of interest, and that if not quite accurate it may be corrected, I send it to the *Magazine*.

1. Colonel Robert H. Harrison.
2. Colonel Richard K. Meade.
- 3.* Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel B. Webb.
4. Colonel Alexander Hamilton.

5.† Colonel Teuch Tilghman.
Lafayette was volunteer aid.

DAVID FITZGERALD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

MOTHER, GOOSE—Who was the real Mother Goose in history? Will some one enlighten me?

ALBERT WARBURTON
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REPLIES

AUTHOR OF QUOTATION [xxiv. 402]
—In reply to the query of your correspondent as to the author of the line, "To err is human; to forgive, divine," I would refer him to Pope's *Essay on Criticism*. Pope, though irritable in disposition, and at times almost cynical, also wrote the beautiful lines,

"The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

Among the many names applied to Pope were the "Interrogation Point" on account of his crooked body, and "That true deacon of the craft," by Scott, from the beauty and masterful style of his poetry.

E. W. WRIGHT
VICKSBURG, MISS.

BRYANT, NOT WOODWORTH NOR WORDSWORTH [xxiv. 308]—*Editor Magazine of American History*: I find

* Webb was promoted to the command of the Third Connecticut Regiment, which was mostly raised by him. His place was filled by Hamilton.

myself under the necessity of making a correction. The author I had in mind was Samuel Woodworth, the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," and not the former poet laureate of England. But I have since discovered that if I had given the credit right, I would still have been wrong (to indulge in a very poor Hibernicism), for the lines were written not by Wordsworth nor yet by Woodworth, but by nature's own poet, William Cullen Bryant.

My only excuse is, that I saw them years ago credited to Wordsworth or Woodworth, and they were seemingly so appropriate to the theme in hand that the quotation was made without the usual verification. I hasten to make the correction, because it is always better to confess than to be convicted.

MILTON T. ADKINS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

† Colonel Tilghman, who had been assistant secretary since August, 1776, became aid-de-camp in 1781, his commission dating back to April 1, 1777, at Washington's request.

SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—A stated meeting of the society was held on Tuesday evening, November 4, President King in the chair. The report of the librarian called especial attention to a valuable memorial of colonial New York, consisting of the original commission with the great seal attached, and instructions and orders issued in January, 1702-3, by Queen Anne to Lord Cornbury, the governor of New York. This interesting relic was purchased for the society through the liberality of six of its members.

The announcement was made that the eighty-sixth anniversary of the founding of the society would be celebrated on November 18, and that the address would be delivered by James C. Welling, LL.D.

The paper of the evening, entitled "The Historic Name of our Country," was read by Professor Moses Coit Tyler, LL.D., of Cornell university, to a large and appreciative audience. He said: "Fifty years ago a celebrated scholar said to John C. Calhoun: 'How strange it is that our country, so rich in everything else, should have no name.' Calhoun replied: 'We have no name because we are not a nation, only a collection of states which are not united.' Calhoun made a mistake. We are a united people and a nation, and are entitled to a distinctive name. The 'United States of America' is unsatisfactory to many people, because it is a mere proposition of constitutional law and not a name. Other countries, they say, have single names, like 'England' or 'France,' and the citizens of

those countries call themselves 'Englishmen' or 'Frenchmen,' but how shall we call ourselves? To say 'American' does not distinguish our country. Some say 'United States history' to distinguish it from 'American history,' but we are not the only united states in the world.

We want a name for a watchword, one name that shall signify to the Old World what a great country is beyond the sea. Never before has any nation been without some particular and significant name. During the early years of our country a name was given, 'Columbia.' Ten or twenty years after the Revolution many thought we would be called 'Columbians.' So strong was the feeling, that the first ship that carried the flag around the world was named *Columbia*. King's college was changed to Columbia, and the country is dotted with the name. With all the struggle to have the name, it does not seem to be the name of our country. No one thinks of us as Columbians. Another name was tried by Washington Irving. He wanted to call the country 'Alleghenia' after the Alleghenies, or 'Appalachia.' The New York Historical Society took up the subject and tried to influence the United States to change its name to 'United States of Alleghenia.' 'Vesperia' was the next name thought of. One of the members of the society suggested the 'Country of Washington.' 'Freeland' and 'Freedonia' were the next two. One man thought the country should be called 'Cabotia,' after the real discoverer. Another said

we ought to go back to the Norseman and call it 'Vinland.'

All these attempts to change the name of the country were futile and unsuccessful, because they were in violation of the natural historic law. The name of every country comes by gradual growth. Before the Revolution the colonies were known as the American Colonies. In the Stamp Act 'American' trade is spoken of. In 1774 Patrick Henry said there was no longer any New-Yorker or Virginian, but only Americans. The treaty with England in 1783 applies to us alone the name 'America.' Washington in his farewell speech addresses his countrymen as 'Americans.' In the historic growth of two centuries and a half the single name 'America' has come to mean our country, our customs, etc. It is entirely right and modest for us to take the beautiful name 'America.' Let it be to us what 'England' is to the 'English,' and 'France' is to the French. Matthew Arnold said 'America holds the future.' Let us hope that this may prove true, and that this name 'America' may live through all the ages as the talisman of all that is good and noble."

THE RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY at its regular meeting on the evening of the 4th of November listened to an interesting address from Rev. Edward G. Porter of Lexington, Massachusetts, on "John Eliot and his Indian Bible." He said: "There is certainly no more interesting chapter in our colonial history than that which gives us the life and services of John Eliot. The man himself was interesting. The men of that time, it is an incredible fact, did not seem to

think their descendants would take any interest in their birth and education on the other side of the water. It has recently been found that Eliot was educated at Jesus college, Cambridge, receiving his bachelor's degree in 1622. It was a critical time in the old country. There was a ferment in the literary and theological as well as the political world. But he was not ready to submit to the requirements of the period in theology. There seemed to be, however, no opening for a man of liberal education but that. Eliot came under Hooker's remarkable influence, and was indebted to him, for his opinions were very much molded by the hand of Hooker. In 1631 Eliot came to Massachusetts in the good ship *Lion* with several people of distinction, including the wife and child of Governor Winthrop. He was received right royally. The First Church in Boston, whose pastor had gone to England, asked him to be their pastor during the other's absence, and he accepted. In the following year, 1632, the young lady to whom Eliot was engaged came over, and they were married shortly afterward in Boston. The union continued many years; she was a capable, lovely woman, and there is ample evidence to show that she was worthy of him.

Eliot found the Indians interested in becoming civilized. He often received calls from them, and soon installed one, 'a pregnant-witted young man' as he calls him, and Eliot greatly depended on him. He also had two or three lads in service. He used these opportunities to acquire the language. It was the language of the Massachusetts Indians, as Mather and others say, that branch of

the Algonquins with whom they came into closest contact. Your Indians in Rhode Island," said the speaker, "spoke a different language; even those of the Cape and Martha's Vineyard had a little different language, and Eliot could speak and preach to them only after some comparison of terms. With the western Massachusetts Indians he could not speak at all. The Algonquins have received more philological attention than any other kind of Indians. Some young men now in college are seriously considering to resuscitate this language by studying Eliot's Bible, his primer, etc., to read what Eliot wrote. He became fairly proficient in the language, and the more the Indians knew of him the better they liked him. He visited them in their villages, and they returned the visits, and he gave them many gifts."

The speaker declared that Eliot was a name to hold up before the audience as one that would compare with the best names in all history, a name that should be honored with those of the apostolic age or the age of the Reformation, names connected with God's work on earth. "To us belongs the agreeable duty of thus canonizing the names and services of such as Eliot."

THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its regular meeting on the 27th of October; Hon. C. W. Hutchinson, first vice-president, in the chair. The paper of the evening, "The Colonial Newspaper Press of Boston and New York," was read by Colonel William L. Stone, who said: "To deliver a lecture on the newspaper press without first paying our

respects to the devil and Dr. Faust would be considered not only a violation of all precedent, but—as regards those distinguished individuals—a positive breach of good manners. They have so long been associated together, not only in popular tradition but in books, that the greater part of the reading world seems to think that they were the original partners in the republic of letters. Indeed, the opinion is even yet quite prevalent that the devil has been a silent partner, though not a sleeping one, in every newspaper establishment since. The proposition to this extent is certainly inadmissible, and, yet from the moral condition of a large portion of the press, it must be confessed, there is a strong presumptive evidence that in the unhappy influences exercised by the personage referred to over the affairs of men, he is not altogether neglectful of the press." Colonel Stone described the introduction of the printing-press into the colonies, and traced the progress of printing with much skill. The publication of the first New York paper, the *Gazette*, in 1725, and the New York newspapers and their editors, were presented with several anecdotes which brought out the characters of the institution and the times distinctly.

The paper contained many passages of valuable history and a just estimate of men and events. As the son of an eminent New York editor, Colonel Stone inherits interest in his theme, and as himself a historian he possesses the capacity to treat it well. The society congratulated itself on having secured such an address from such an eminent source.

BOOK NOTICES

THE BOY TRAVELERS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Square 8vo, pp. 536. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1891.

This new volume by the celebrated author, Colonel Knox, traces the adventures of two youths in a journey through Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England, with visits to the Hebrides and the Isle of Man. These bright boys appear to have kept a careful record of what they saw and heard ; have been mindful of the history and geography of the countries visited : and describe in the most delightful manner the peculiar customs of the people among whom they have traveled. Frank and Fred are familiarly known to many of our readers, who have frequently traveled with them in other countries. But in this narrative they are accompanied by Frank's mother and sister Mary who have never been abroad before, and whose comments upon everything new and strange to them will greatly entertain the boys and girls who read the book. Nothing can be more instructive than the explanations given, Frank and Fred having become authorities on almost every theme. In Ireland they visited Blarney castle, went where the fairies dance, learned the origin of wakes, stopped in Dublin and Belfast, discussed the legends of the country, and indulged in anecdotes innumerable. Of course, they saw the Giant's Causeway, that great wonder, and they pause to tell us all about the first electric railway in the world, which was opened for a short distance in 1883, and to the Causeway in 1886. Frank enjoyed his novel ride over it immensely. He says : " We glided along as though on a descending grade—no smoke, no cinders, no dust, no steam, nothing whatever apparent to the eye, and a delightful air around us fresh from mountain and sea." Reaching Scotland by steamer the reader (who begins to feel as if he was himself on the route) is treated to much useful information about Glasgow, and its wonderful commercial progress since 1812. Says Fred : " Just see how the business has grown ; from that one steamboat in 1812, Glasgow had in 1882, an interval of seventy years, a fleet of six hundred and eighty-three steamers ! and this does not include the hundreds and thousands of steamers built for other parts of the United Kingdom and the rest of the world."

We cordially commend this new book to children of all ages. Colonel Knox is one of the best writers for the young of whom we have any knowledge, and no buyers will go amiss who include one or more of his charming volumes of travel in their list of Christmas presents for the household.

THE LEADING FACTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By D. H. MONTGOMERY. 12mo, pp. 359. Boston and New York : Ginn & Company. 1890.

This hand-book for the use of schools is admirably prepared, and presents in a clear, concise, connected manner the principal events in the history of our country. The author has based his work on a careful study of many recognized authorities, and has achieved brevity without the injury to truth which usually attends the difficult task. The maps and illustrations have been selected with discriminating skill, as needful for so small a work, which begins with the birth of Columbus and ends with the close of the celebrated year of the Washington Centennial, in three hundred and fifty-nine pages. It has an appendix containing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States and its amendments, a Table of States and Territories, Principal Dates in American History, a short list of books on American history—by no means complete, however—and a series of questions for examination covering the principal topics of the theme.

PRISONERS OF WAR, AND MILITARY PRISONS. A general account of prison life and prisons in the South during the war of the Rebellion, including statistical information pertaining to prisoners of war ; together with a list of officers who were prisoners of war from January 1, 1864. By ASA B. ISHAM, HENRY M. DAVIDSON, and HENRY B. FURNESS. 8vo, pp. 571. Cincinnati : Robert Clarke & Co. 1890.

Graphic personal narratives of experience in the various Southern prisons, more complete than any heretofore published, form the basis of this work, to which is added a general description of the prisons. " The privations of prison life try the mettle of an individual as nothing else can," says the author. " They bring out in bold relief all the littleness and meanness of human nature. The great majority of those who, subject to the ordinary conditions of earthly existence, are properly considered as high-minded, honorable persons, prove wanting in the balance under this test."

The first part of the volume contains the story of an officer who was captured in the famous charge by Sheridan upon the cavalry force of General J. E. B. Stuart, in which charge Stuart was killed. Interspersed through the narrative are anecdotes and incidents of prison life, forming a complete picture of a captive's experience.

The second part is a personal sketch prepared by a private soldier, which embodies an account of the charge made by the Confederates upon Goodspeed's and Simonson's batteries at the battle of Chickamauga, and the capture of the author while trying to remove wounded men from the field. Accounts of the ingenuity exercised for methods of escape brighten many of these thrilling pages. On one occasion the prisoners had constructed a bridge to the roof of a little house, which was about on a level with the window sill of the second story of the jail. If that roof could be reached, it would be possible to slide down into the back yard. The queer bridge was made of two long strips of wood and the boards from their bunks. When all was ready, they shoved out the bridge until the outer end rested upon the roof of the small house, and one of the prisoners crawled out upon it to cross over, when the moon suddenly looked out from a cloud just as the guard relief was coming on, and the bridge was discovered. The guard was quickly drawn up in line ready to shoot any man who should appear upon it. Says the writer: "Quietly and slowly the bridge was drawn in, so that they could not see it move, until it was brought far enough to balance it, when the external end was elevated and it was brought in on the run. As the end of the bridge went up into the air, a volley of musketry from the guards followed it, and next their fire was turned against the window. In about half an hour the door of our prison opened, and in came the guard on a tour of investigation. We were all, of course, fast asleep, some snoring lustily. After an application of the commandant's boot to the sleeping forms of those he first encountered, all woke with much surprise, and asked: 'What on earth is the matter?' 'Matter enough,' was the reply. 'Whar's that air bridge?' 'What bridge? What do we know about a bridge?' The bridge had been taken apart as soon as drawn in, and each one had his piece of board fitted in his bunk. After many questions we were drawn up in two ranks to be counted. Some one in the rear rank managed to make his appearance in two places and was counted twice. 'What does this mean?' yelled the captain. 'Whar did that air extra man come from?' It was explained that an outsider had climbed with a ladder to the top of the little building and thrown his ladder across to the jail window and asked to be taken in. The prisoners said they had pulled him in, that was all there was of it, and the guards abandoned further investigation."

The story of the author's escape from Andersonville with two companions is also described, and his travels by night through the swamps and fields of Southern Georgia, guided by a pocket compass which was lighted by fire-flies, and a piece of a torn map rescued from the embers of

a Confederate guard fire. This narrative is interspersed with anecdotes showing how the prisoners passed the time of their incarceration, their games, traffic in rations, their attempts at escape by tunnel and by disguises, recapture, and punishments.

TABULAR VIEWS OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY. A series of chronological tables presenting in parallel columns a record of the more noteworthy events in the history of the world from the earliest times down to 1890. Compiled by G. P. PUTNAM, A.M., and continued to date by LYND E. JONES. 8vo, pp. 211. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.

It will be remembered that the late George P. Putnam compiled a valuable chronology of historical events, which formed a part of his comprehensive cyclopædia on *The World's Progress*. This has been carefully revised, and we welcome with enthusiasm the new well-printed volume in separate form, which comprehends the former work with the added chronology of later years. It cannot fail to prove the most convenient and useful manual of dates extant. Teachers, authors, and scholars will find it invaluable. As a help to the memory, an arrangement has been adopted of placing in parallel columns on facing pages the events occurring throughout the world at about the same period of time. This calls in the powerful assistance of association in enabling the mind to grasp and remember important dates, by showing at a glance simultaneous occurrences in other countries.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH. From the planting of the colonies to the end of the civil war. By S. D. MCCONNELL, D.D., Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia. 8vo, pp. 392. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1890.

This is the first attempt in modern times to condense into a volume of convenient size the very interesting history of that portion of the Christian Church formerly known as "The Church of England in the Colonies," but since the Revolution styled "The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America." The greater attention paid now to all materials for history, the growth of a school of historians who are able to take the well-known facts concerning any period and deduce from them their real significance and relation to other historic facts and periods, makes the present an opportune time for the issue of this work written

with clearness, brevity, and full knowledge of the present canons of historic writing. Dr. McConnell possesses a vigorous and flowing style, and has evidently been a careful reader of American colonial history and a diligent student of the late English historians. His work does not come with the weight of authority that original research among manuscript sources can alone bestow, but he has put together from accessible printed sources a narrative of the chief events in the corporate life of the Episcopal Church which can be read by the busy men and women who cannot spare the time to peruse the stately quartos in which Bishop Perry has given a fuller history. Commencing with the era of colonization (A.D. 1600), the author sketches in a picturesque manner the successive immigrations of Churchmen to Virginia, Puritans to New England, Dutch Calvinists and Huguenots to New York, Swedes to Delaware, Roman Catholics to Maryland, Cavaliers to the Carolinas, and the result their intercourse had in overcoming prejudice, fostering a tolerant spirit, and out of many heterogeneous elements developing that character which we call American. He shows plainly why the Church of England was unable to gain any permanent foothold in the more northern colonies until the eighteenth century, for many of the immigrants were bitterly opposed. He gives their due place to the early efforts at Jamestown, Virginia, where from June 21, 1607, the Rev. Robert Hunt faithfully fed with the bread of life that portion of the flock of Christ committed to his care, until his death nearly thirteen years after; and of that short-lived venture of Sir Fernando Gorges on the coast of Maine, where on Sunday, August 9, 1607, the Rev. Richard Seymour, chaplain of the expedition, set up the cross of Christ, offered the prayers of the Church of England, and preached a sermon, probably the first ever delivered on the New England coast, "giving God thanks for our happy meeting and safe arrival into the country." The outcome of the zeal and devotion of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Bray, who in 1696 became the commissary of the Bishop of London in Maryland, his successful combating the irreligion he found then prevailing throughout the colonies, is prominently mentioned. His arousing friends in England, who on his representation formed those two powerful agencies for the spreading of Christianity throughout the world, and which still continue their fruitful labors, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (founded May 8, A.D. 1698) and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign Parts (chartered by William III. June 16, 1701), deserves the grateful acknowledgment of every American Christian. The intelligent beginning of missionary work in the American

colonies by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, commonly called "The Venerable Society," by the missionary tour in 1702-1703 through the colonies of that convert from Quakerism, the Rev. George Keith, and that intrepid pioneer missionary, the Rev. John Talbot, are sufficiently set forth. In the chapters upon "The New England Converts" and "The Great Awakening," the author treats comprehensively some of the essential features of New England church life. He sketches with slight but firm touches the causes of the Revolution and the attitude of the colonial clergy to the movement for independence, and notes how political principles and religious obligations were strangely mingled in those days which tried men's souls. With a list of the clergy who remained loyal to the crown, and due mention of those who like White, Provost, Muhlenberg, and others adhered to the cause of the colonies, and laymen like Washington, Henry, Lee, Hopkinson, Jay, Duane, Morris, prominent both in the field and at the council board, he closes his first part. The development of a system of government that would be American and not depart widely from catholic precedent, the admission of the laity to the councils of the church, the revision of the Book of Common Prayer, are topics upon which our author dwells with discriminating skill. The union, October 2, 1789, of the church in Connecticut with the general convention, and its consequences in a liturgy both conservative and catholic, the provision for the sitting of the bishops as a separate house with the power of originating legislation, are carefully considered. He relates with dramatic force the scene in the general convention of 1865 at Philadelphia, when several Southern bishops and clergymen attended, led by Bishop Atkinson of North Carolina, and Bishop Lay of Arkansas. With a glance forward to the permanent results of the war in modifying the relation between church and people, Dr. McConnell closes his well-written though incomplete sketch.

There is much to commend in his treatment of a great subject, but there are also points upon which opinions will widely differ. In the interest of historical accuracy, we would urgently call the author's attention to the misprints of dates, and specially to some matters where he does not seem to have fully verified his statements, notably the origin of Trinity church. It is to be hoped that in a second edition such blemishes may be removed. The volume should be read by all who wish to gain a general view of an important body of American Christians, and are interested in the study of the origin and growth of religion in our country. Dr. McConnell would have added to the value of his work by a fuller index, a chronological table, and a list of authorities upon the subject.

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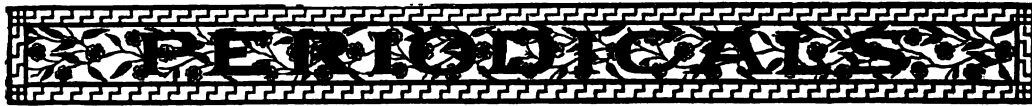
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Increase in Assets,	\$10,319,174 46
Surplus,	9,657,248 44
Increase in Surplus,	1,717,184 81
Receipts,	31,119,019 62
Increase during year,	4,903,087 10
Paid Policy Holders,	15,200,608 38
Increase during year,	473,058 16
Risks Assumed,	151,602,483 37
Increase during year,	48,388,222 05
Risks in force,	565,949,933 92
Increase during year,	83,824,749 56
Policies in force,	182,310
Increase during year,	23,941
Policies written in 1889,	44,577
Increase over 1888,	11,971

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Real Estate and Bond and Mortgage Loans,	\$69,361,913 13
United States Bonds and other Securities,	50,323,469 81
Loans on Collateral Securities,	9,845,500 00
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest,	2,988,632 79
Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit, etc.,	3,881,812 29
	\$136,401,328 02

Liabilities (including Reserve at 4%), \$126,744,079 58.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

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1885.....	46,507,139.....	368,981,441.....	108,908,967 51.....	5,012,034
1886.....	59,832,719.....	393,809,203.....	114,181,963 24.....	5,643,568
1887.....	69,457,468.....	427,628,933.....	118,806,851 88.....	6,294,442
1888.....	103,214,261.....	482,125,184.....	126,082,153 56.....	7,940,063
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